PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JULY 1993 • $4.95
CHARLOTTE LEWIS
THE GOLDEN CHILD IS A GROWN-UP SIZZLER
MONEY TALKS!
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS BARRY BONDS
PRIESTS AND SEX
WHAT'S THE STORY?
DAN GREENBURG
DISCOVERS WITCHES AND WOMEN
PLAYMATES AT BERNIE'S
BABES TO DIE FOR
07
35270
0 300955 0

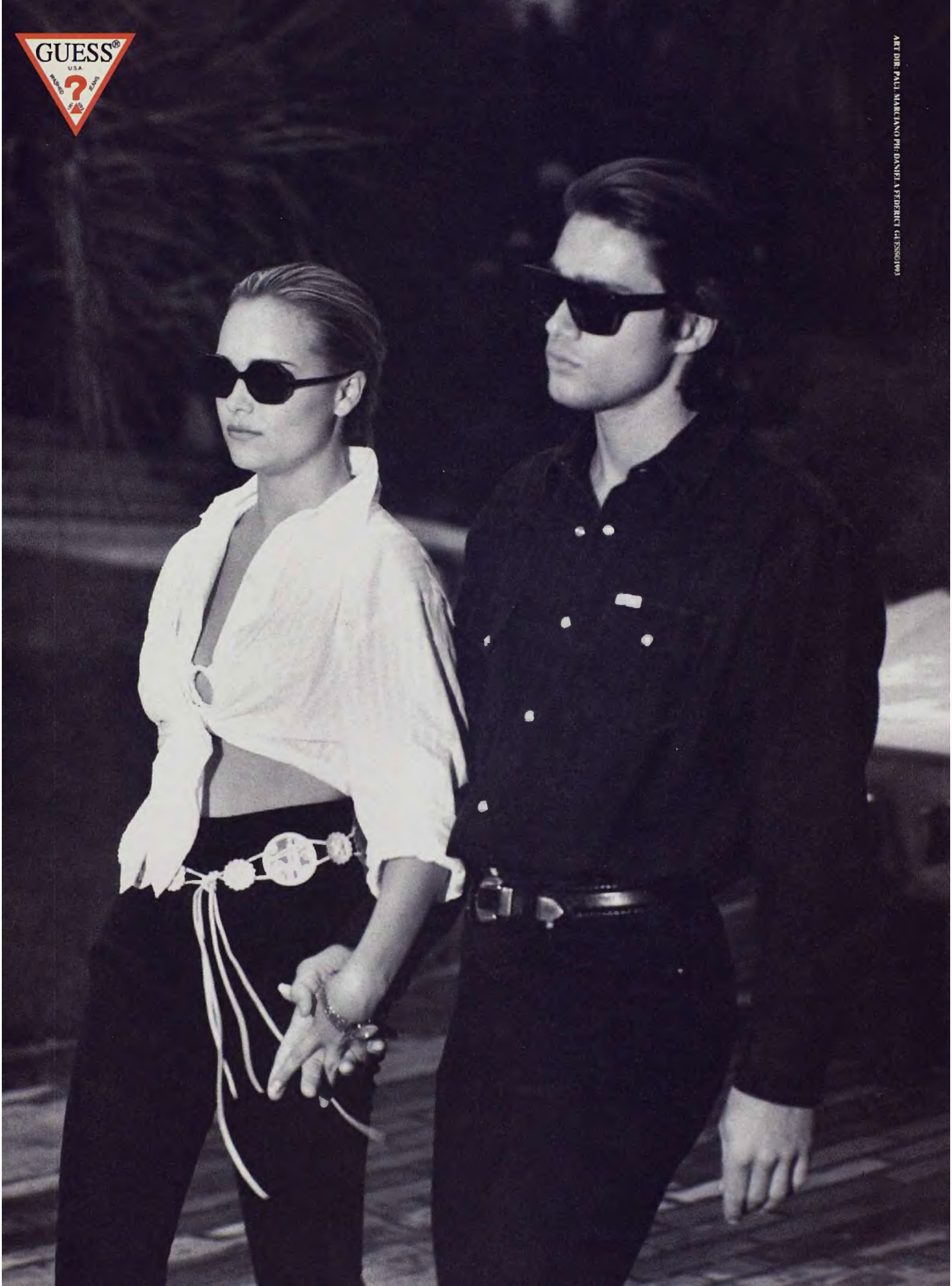
Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

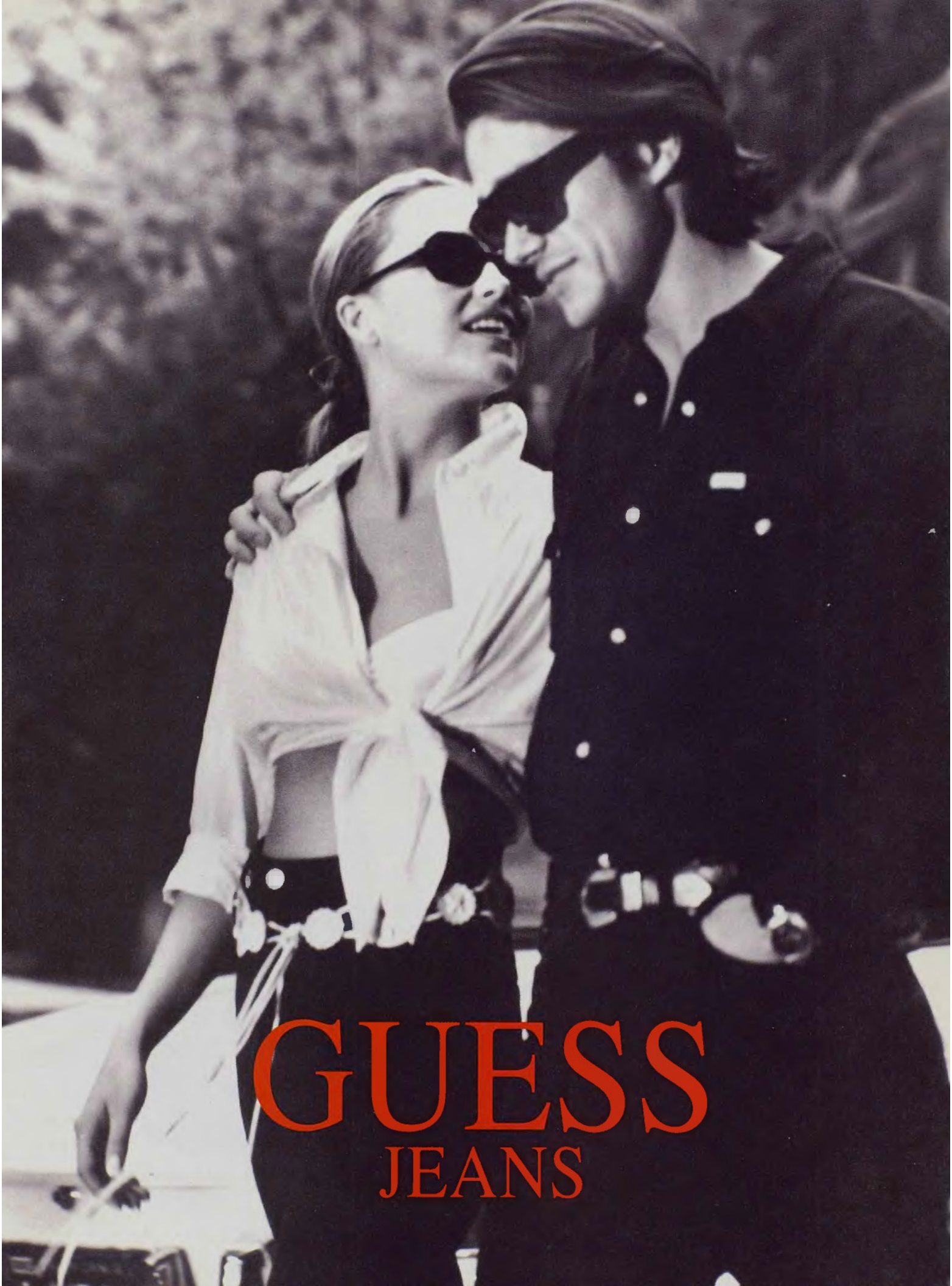
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

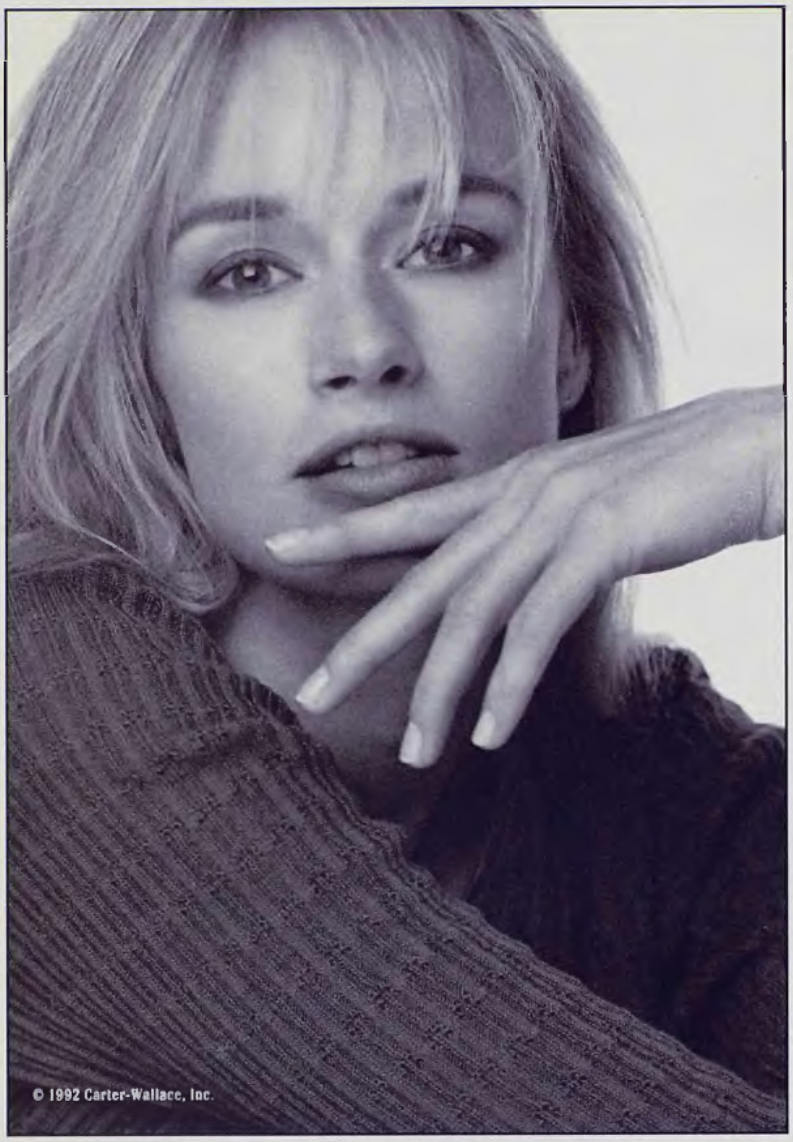
L

IT'S A KICK.

©1993 B&W T Co.


GUESS
U.S.A.
ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: DANIELA FEDERICI GUESS©1993


GUESS
JEANS




"WHEN
I'M
CLOSE
TO A
GUY,
THE WAY
HE
SMELLS
IS
IMPORTANT.
IT
REALLY
IS."

**GET XTRA XTRA PROTECTION AGAINST ODOR**
WITH NEW ARRID XX CLEAR DEODORANT.
GET A LITTLE CLOSER™

# PLAYBILL

IT'S SHAPING UP to be an annus horribilis for American Catholicism. During the past months, allegations of child abuse and sex with minors involving priests have driven the ensuing scandal from the confessional to the courts. Church watcher and *New York Daily News* Deputy City Editor **Charles M. Sennott** exorcises the wolves in shepherds' clothing in *Sins of the Fathers*. From the sacred to the profane: Justice **Antonin Scalia** represents the highest secular authority in the country—the Supreme Court. He's also one of the toughest guys ever to don a black dress. So why isn't he smiling? **Joe Morgenstern** does him justice in a *Playboy Profile*, *Scalia the Terrible*.

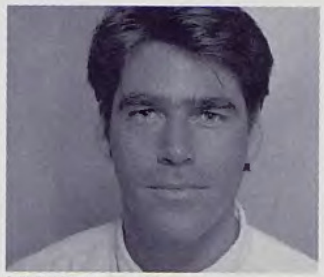
On a more conciliatory note, **Warren Farrell,** former board member of New York's chapter of the National Organization for Women, wants to rewrite the boy–girl game. Formerly a darling of the *feministas*, Farrell broke with NOW and earned the moniker "the Gloria Steinem of men's liberation" when he began critiquing feminism in his best-seller, *Why Men Are the Way They Are*. In part one of our excerpt from his new book, *The Myth of Male Power* (Simon & Schuster, due out in August), Farrell delivers an eloquent follow-up. **Kinuko Y. Craft** did the illustration.

**Barry Bonds,** the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, is another man who knows a thing or two about power. The superstar San Francisco Giant—who routinely hits more than 25 home runs a season—tells **Kevin Cook** about the burdens of a six-year, $43 million contract, life with father Bobby and having the strength to knock racism out of the park. Veteran actor **Rip Torn,** who spent years under a cloud in Hollywood, answers **Warren Kalbacker's** *20 Questions* about that dark time, as well as the light—particularly his role in cable TV's brightest comedy, *The Larry Sanders Show*.

Voodoo. Black magic. Spells. Our New York friend **Dan Greenburg** brings us a real-life fairy tale in which he twists an ancient form of girl power for his own lusty ends. Read *Witchcraft*, enchantingly illustrated by **Blair Drawson.** Our fiction this month is also about romance and the supernatural, as author **Terry Bisson,** winner of Nebula and Hugo awards, takes a journey to the land beyond the grave in *Necronauts*. It's the title story of Bisson's collection of stories that will be out this fall. The eerie art is by **Anita Kunz**. While the technology of Bisson's story is far in the future, the age of high-definition television is close at hand. **David Elrich** updates us on the big picture in *On the Scene*.

**Bambi Bembenek,** a former cop turned Playboy Bunny turned accused killer turned inmate turned fugitive turned media darling, is now free. *The Bambi Chronicles*, by **Mark Jannot,** tries to sort out whether she did or did not kill her hubby's ex-wife. Old salt **Reg Potterton** dissects another intriguing creature in his homage to *Homarus americanus* in *How to Love a Lobster*. While you're in mind of the deep, check out the couture in our feature on jet skis and swimwear (photographed by **John Konkal**).

But our real catch of the month is the wild Irish-Arabian rose and budding actress **Charlotte Lewis.** As a Tibetan priestess in *The Golden Child*, she made us swoon with symptoms of the Asian flu; her pictorial is another cause for delirium. Screenwriter **Michael Angeli** tracks her ascent. Then cool down with the frozen summertime treat *Lucky Stiff*. The iced star of *Weekend at Bernie's 2*, **Terry Kiser,** skates through his experience of shooting the movie in a pictorial with a refreshing six-pack of lively Playmates. Rounding out the menu is stunning Playmate of the Month **Leisa Sheridan,** who says she loves dogs. There's hope for us yet.

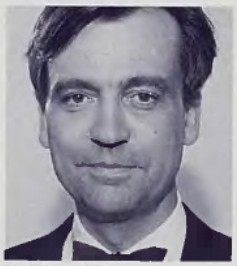

SENNOTT

MORGENSTERN

FARRELL

CRAFT

COOK


KALBACKER

GREENBURG

DRAWSON

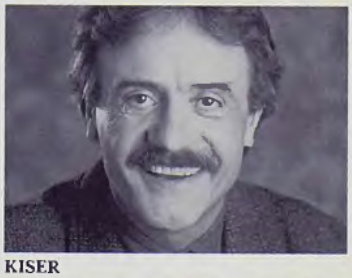
BISSON

KUNZ

JANNOT

POTTERTON

KONKAL


KISER

**Playboy** (ISSN 0032-1478), July 1993, volume 40, number 7. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

# Just met our dates for dinner.

Cooking tip. Boil the water. Chill out with Smirnoff.

Perfect.

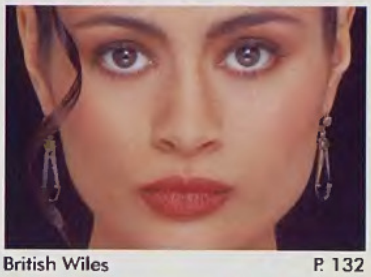
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain. © 1993 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.

# PLAYBOY

vol. 40, no. 7—july 1993


CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **PLAYBILL** | | 5 |
| **DEAR PLAYBOY** | | 11 |
| **PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS** | | 17 |
| **MEN** | ASA BABER | 38 |
| **WOMEN** | CYNTHIA HEIMEL | 40 |
| **THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR** | | 43 |
| **REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK:** **WHY I'M NOT AFRAID OF TERRORISTS—opinion** | ROBERT SCHEER | 47 |
| **THE PLAYBOY FORUM** | | 49 |
| **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARRY BONDS—candid conversation** | | 59 |
| **SINS OF THE FATHERS—article** | CHARLES M. SENNOTT | 74 |
| **LUCKY STIFF—pictorial** | text by TERRY KISER | 78 |
| **WITCHCRAFT—romance** | DAN GREENBURG | 84 |
| **BEACH MUSCLE—fashion** | HOLLIS WAYNE | 88 |
| **PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WAVE JUMPING** | CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN | 157 |
| **NECRONAUTS—fiction** | TERRY BISSON | 94 |
| **WALK ON THE WILD SIDE—playboy's playmate of the month** | | 98 |
| **PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor** | | 110 |
| **THE MYTH OF MALE POWER—article** | WARREN FARRELL | 112 |
| **20 QUESTIONS: RIP TORN** | | 114 |
| **THE BAMBI CHRONICLES—article** | MARK JANNOT | 116 |
| **PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living** | | 120 |
| **SCALIA THE TERRIBLE—playboy profile** | JOE MORGENSTERN | 124 |
| **HOW TO LOVE A LOBSTER—article** | REG POTTERTON | 128 |
| **BRIT FORCE—pictorial** | text by MICHAEL ANGELI | 132 |
| **PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE** | | 173 |

British Wiles P. 132

Lobster Love P. 128

California Dreamer P. 98

Manpower? P. 112

**COVER STORY**

Still in her teens when she played Eddie Murphy's Tibeton soulmote in *The Golden Child*, Charlotte Lewis has happily graduoted to worldly roles both on screen and in PLAYBOY's poges. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photogropher Stephen Wayda. Thonks to Estilo's Robert Ramos for styling Charlotte's hair and Cloutier's Karen Kawoharo for Charlotte's makeup. Our Rabbit woves hello.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: MAY 1993. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611.


CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1993 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

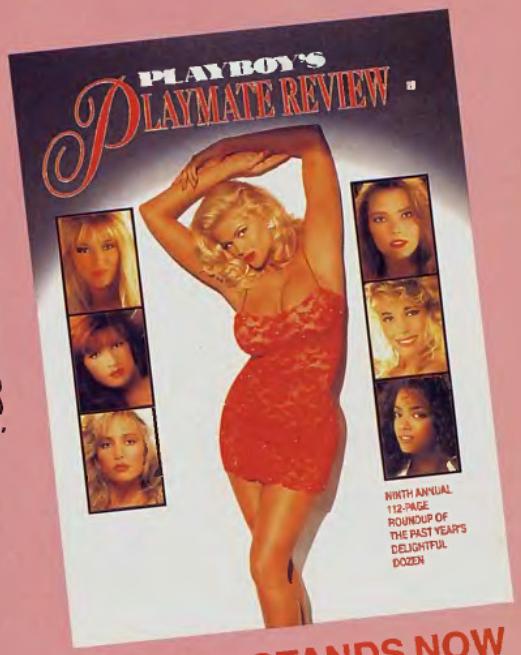

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 STEVE CONWAY, ANDREW GOLDMAN, DOANE GREGORY, KARI RENE HALL, MATT HAMMARLUND, LARRY LASZLO, RON MESAROS (2), RANDY O'ROURKE, ROB RICH (2); P. 12 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 22 CONWAY, FEGLEY; P. 26 CONWAY; P. 35 © JUDY LYNN; P. 99 J. CRANHAM; P. 132 PATTI PERRET © 1991, PHOTOFEST; P. 176 CONWAY. P. 112 "THE MYTH OF MALE POWER" © BY WARREN FARRELL. FRANKLIN MINT CUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. CBS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 AND WINSTON CARD BETWEEN PAGES 26-29 IN ALL DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. SALEM INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 150-151 IN OHIO NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. NEWPORT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 56-57 IN MICHIGAN SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO Y CONTENIDO EN TRÁMITE PARA MÉXICO. CONSTANCIA DE RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN MÉXICO SEGÚN EXPEDIENTE 35246 DEL 19 DE FEBRERO EXPEDIDA POR LA DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DEL DERECHO DE AUTOR DEPARTAMENTO DE RESERVAS.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

# TWELVE "10s"

*Playboy's Playmate Review* presents expanded coverage of the magazine's 1992 centerfolds, including Playmate of the Year 1993 Vickie Smith *sans* those famous jeans. This is a book you don't want to miss. On sale now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #PPFT9308. (Source Code 39538)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #PPFT9308. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39538, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.




AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1993, Playboy



# PLAYBOY CATALOG

SENSUOUS VIDEOS,
EXQUISITE LINGERIE,
ROMANTIC PRODUCTS
FOR COUPLES

FOR A FREE CATALOG,
SEND YOUR NAME AND
ADDRESS TO:

Playboy
P.O. Box 809
Dept. 39553
Itasca, IL 60143-0809

© 1993 Playboy.



# PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
*editor-in-chief*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*

## EDITORIAL

**ARTICLES:** JOHN REZEK *editor;* PETER MOORE *senior editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* MATTHEW CHILDS *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* ED WALKER, BETH TOMKIW *associate editors;* **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *assistant editor;* JOHN LUSK *traffic coordinator;* DOROTHY ATCHESON *publishing liaison;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* VIVIAN COLON *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* MARY ZION *lead researcher;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, JACKIE CAREY, REMA SMITH *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS *(automotive),* CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*

## ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* KELLY KORJENEK *assistant director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/paste-up;* PAUL CHAN, JOHN HOCH, RICKIE THOMAS *art assistants*

## PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* LINDA KENNEY, JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor/entertainment;* STEVE CONWAY *associate photographer;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *librarian;* ROBERT CAIRNS *manager, studio/lab*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*

## PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, CARRIE LARUE HOCKNEY, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

## CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

## ADVERTISING

PAUL TURCOTTE *national sales director;* SALES DIRECTORS: DON SCHULZ *detroit,* WENDY C. LEVY *midwest,* JAY BECKLEY, KIM L. PINTO *new york,* WILLIAM M. HILTON, JR. *northwest,* STEVE THOMPSON *southwest*

## READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

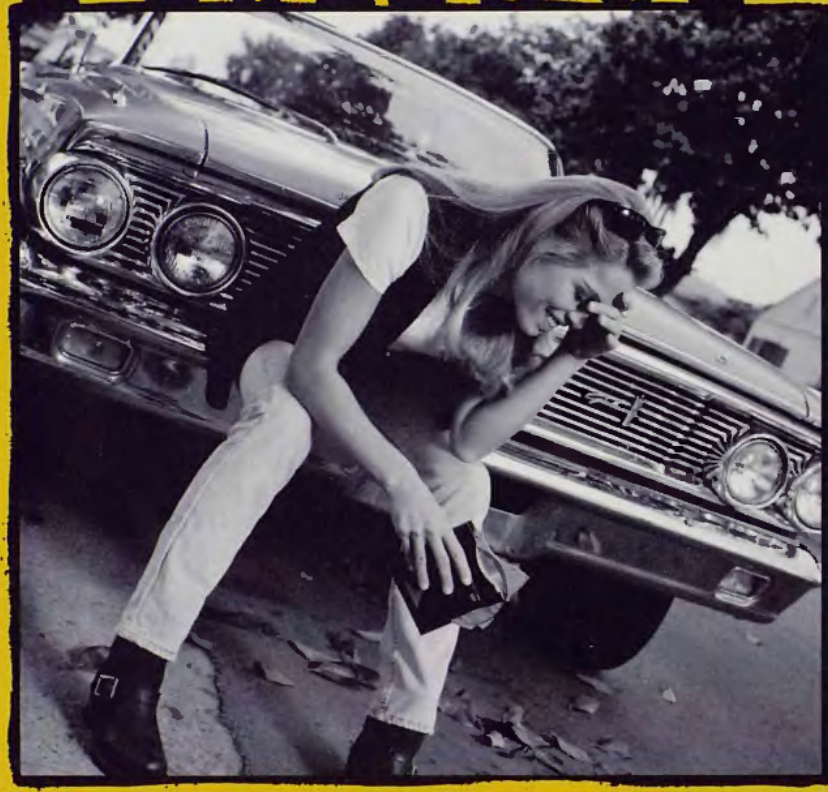
## ADMINISTRATIVE

ERIC SHROPSHIRE *computer graphics systems director;* EILEEN KENT *editorial services director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

## PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

# Pioneer Rules



RULE #89

## INSIDE EVERY RADIO IS A CD PLAYER TRYING TO GET OUT.

Sure, there are plenty of ways to play CDs in your car. But none is quite as smart as the device you see on the left. The Pioneer® FM CD Changer. Easily installed, it plays CDs through an FM frequency on your existing stereo. That means you don't have to ditch a perfectly good stereo in order to have perfectly great sound. And we offer 6- or 12-disc units, each one giving you hours of your own music with no interruptions (good news, unless you happen to like commercials). Call us at 1-800-PIONEER, ext. 934, to learn more about our FM CD Changers. And unlock the personality that's hidden inside everyone's stereo.

PIONEER®
*The Art of Entertainment*

©1993 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA

**LABORATORY TESTING PROVES:**

# PEARL DROPS® CLEANS 35% BETTER THAN REMBRANDT®* FOR HALF THE PRICE.

*REMBRANDT IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEN-MAT CORPORATION.

© 1993 CARTER-WALLACE, INC.

**AND PEARL DROPS IS GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY DAY.**

TO HELP GET YOUR TEETH THEIR WHITEST USE PEARL DROPS WHITENING TOOTHPASTE.

# DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
OR FAX 312-440-5454

**FRANK ZAPPA**

Thank you and Contributing Editor David Sheff for the April *Playboy Interview* with Frank Zappa. I appreciate his being the newest inductee into the Playboy Music Hall of Fame.

I was in the ninth grade in 1969 when I first listened to *Absolutely Free* and *Freak Out* by the Mothers of Invention. Now, in this day of making one's fortune through lawsuit, an attorney might say I have a pretty good case against Frank Zappa: I was raised in an affluent suburb of New York City, the son of a well-to-do stockbroker, but I lost interest in the pursuit of the almighty buck after listening to Zappa—especially *Brown Shoes Don't Make It* and *Plastic People*.

Rather than blame Zappa for my decision to snub material wealth, however, I thank him for opening my eyes to the reality of our American hypocrisy. Thanks to Zappa, I believe I'm a little less of a plastic person and, I'm sure, a lot happier for it.

James N. Streicher
Truth or Consequences,
New Mexico

I've never written to a magazine before, but I am very moved by your Frank Zappa interview. I am not a fan of Zappa's music, but I have tremendous respect for his battle against censorship. I laughed so hard at his (self-reported) antics, I cried. I cried again when I read of his battle with cancer. His honesty is stunning.

I know Frank wouldn't want to be called a hero, but to me he is one.

Wesley A. Riggs
Lawrence, Kansas

If more parents taught their children about the real world and emphasized self-expression, as do Frank and Gail Zappa, the world would be a much safer place. Frank is battling cancer with grace, style and dignity.

My hat is off to you, Frank Zappa. May your fortunes be many and your pains be few.

Greg Branham
Nevada, Missouri

**ECO WARRIORS**

*Eco Warriors* (PLAYBOY, April), by Dean Kuipers, is an excellent article on aggressive environmental activism. I enjoyed it immensely and was heartened to see that my organization, the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, was prominently featured.

As always, PLAYBOY is in the vanguard when it comes to reporting controversial issues. Kuipers hits the nail squarely on the head when he points out that the real threat represented by people such as myself is that we challenge the public's denial of ecological reality.

People generally prefer fantasy and illusion. For this reason, actors, musicians and entertainers have more credibility in American society than do ecologists.

PLAYBOY has done the planet a great service in providing a look into the reality of people who have made a commitment to both the earth and the future.

Captain Paul Watson
Sea Shepherd Conservation Society
Santa Monica, California

Paul Watson and his band of ignorant eco sleuths found a U.S. boat in an 8 million-square-mile area of unmarked ocean and they harassed it, claiming it slaughters dolphins. What the Sea Shepherds did not know or did not care to know is that that particular boat is owned by a company that has spent a bundle of its private dollars on methods to reduce and eliminate dolphin mortality in that fishery.

In addition, the Sea Shepherds incorrectly thought that fishing for tuna that swim with dolphins is illegal. Just the opposite. Concentrating the fishing in the Pacific on the older yellowfin (which swim with dolphins) provides fishermen

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JULY 1993, VOLUME 40, NUMBER 7, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3578 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 8560 SUNSET BOULEVARD, WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.

NOW TRY
NEW PEARL DROPS® BAKING SODA

©1993 Carter-Wallace, Inc.

WHITENING TOOTHPASTE.

with clean catches of primarily large fish, the perfect fish to harvest to keep the fishery healthy. It is, however, illegal not to release the intermixed dolphins before putting the fish on board. The fishermen of the eastern Pacific do this very carefully and have release rates of an almost perfect 100 percent as verified by on-board government observers. No one needs to ram boats, cut nets or put people's lives at risk over the issue. There are no big, bad, wicked, evil fishermen in this ocean, just occasional ignorant ones.

I do not believe anything the eco extremists have to say. They are simply using environmental issues as their cause to attack their favorite enemy—people.

Teresa Platt
Coronado, California

**FLIRTING WITH FEMINISTS**

Thank you, Glenn O'Brien. Your article *Flirting with Feminists* (PLAYBOY, April) hits the mark. If I hold a door for a woman, it's not because I think she's incapable of opening it herself. I would hold the door for anyone—it's called common courtesy.

And could we please get over this language thing? Using "he" as the pronoun when gender is not clear may have started out sexist, but now it's just part of our language. Do we really need to change all masculine references that may imply that women are subordinate? Can't "women" and "woman" just be words and not symbols of oppression?

I treat women as being equal to me—except for the ones that I treat as being better than I. If anything, I give women the benefit of the doubt more than men because, let's face it, they look better, smell better and are generally more pleasant to be around.

Bret Miller
Seattle, Washington

**CINDY CRAWFORD**

The April issue is great, and the absolute topper is *20 Questions* with Cindy Crawford. Although she speaks of her "ugly days," I must say that this woman could wear burlap and have acne and she would still be beautiful.

Richard Lewis
Dallas, Texas

**STREISAND'S ACTIVISM**

My compliments to *Reporter's Notebook* author Robert Scheer for his April article, "Stars Are People, Too," in which he illuminates the noble and charitable intentions of former PLAYBOY cover subject Barbra Streisand. Too often, media reporters take potshots at celebrities, and Streisand has been an easy target for years. Scheer took the brave but unpopular stand of defending Streisand's unwavering support of civil liberties and the fight against AIDS. Three cheers to PLAYBOY as well for staying innovative and politically correct in between those knockout pictorials.

Todd Sussman
North Miami Beach, Florida

**NICOLE WOOD**

PLAYBOY has brought to my door a host of gorgeous young women, and the April issue is superb. Playmate Nicole Wood is absolutely awesome. She has the kind of girl-next-door quality (next door to whom, I don't know, because it's definitely not next door to me) that is always appealing.

Ron Miller
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

It's fantastic that besides having the self-confidence to pose for a great pictorial, Nicole Wood has the self-assurance to want to skydive. Skydiving is an incredible experience of freedom far beyond what most people ever know.

If Nicole is sincere in wanting to skydive, she should contact the United States Parachute Association at 703-836-

3495 to locate a drop zone near her. I know that we at Hartwood Paracenter near Washington, D.C. would more than welcome her.

Good luck with your first jump, Nicole.

Daniel Zacharias
Woodbridge, Virginia

Being a working cowboy up here in the Powder River country of Wyoming, I can attest that sensual pleasures are few and far between for us boys punching cows among these sage-covered hills.

To this buckaroo, Nicole Wood is as refreshing as a warm chinook in the middle of a bitter-cold winter. If she ever gets tired of the fast track, she can share my campfire and coffee any time.

Kirk Davis
Gillette, Wyoming

**WOOFS FOR HEIMEL'S BELIEVING IN DOG**

Congratulations to *Women* columnist Cynthia Heimel for writing "Believing in Dog" (PLAYBOY, April) and to PLAYBOY for printing it. It's about time that the problem of dog and cat overpopulation was addressed. Heimel's statistics are accurate (8 million or more homeless dogs and cats die annually in shelters and pounds) and her compassion is hard to ignore. People need to understand that spaying and neutering stops the killing. In Dallas/Ft. Worth last year, 200,000 animals were put to death, costing taxpayers more than $1.5 million. Littering not only costs lives but money, too.

Enid Breakstone
Dallas, Texas

Cynthia Heimel makes several valuable points about dogs in her April *Women* column. I must take exception, however, to her observations about breeders and dog shows.

Most breeder-exhibitors are very responsible in their breed practices. The best studs are bred to the best bitches to retain the dominant qualities of the pure breeds as outlined in the official breed standards established by the parent clubs. These standards are written by conscientious breeders to preserve the original qualities and purposes of the pure breeds.

A dog show is not a beauty contest but a competition to determine which representative of each breed most closely meets the requirements of the official standards. The dogs are judged on their structure, gait and temperament. The dogs described by Heimel have no place in a show ring.

Every sport or fancy has its bad apples, which all responsible members deplore, but please do not lump all breeding farms together as puppy mills. The American Kennel Club is working hard to eliminate these problem operations, as are the local kennel clubs.

Much of Heimel's column is correct, especially the information about neutering and the advantages of adopting older dogs, but she presents a misconception of the responsible breeder-exhibitor.

Charlee Helms, Chairman
West Texas Kennel Club
Public Education Committee
Midland, Texas

**ELVIS FANS ALL SHOOK UP**

In your April issue's *Raw Data* you erringly placed the date of Elvis Presley's death in 1974, when actually he succumbed on August 16, 1977. Get with the program.

Tom Kreiser
Maple Heights, Ohio

*Yikes. Well, you have to admit, when we make an error, it's a beaut. We're hiring extra help in the mailroom to handle the volume from folks who think the King still walks among us.*

# What will your underwear be doing a year from now?

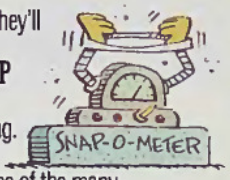
**Chances are, if they're BVD® UNDERWEAR, you could still wear them.**

Because our comforts are made to last.

Unlike most of our competitors, we're picky about cotton. **VERY PICKY.**

That's why we **COMB OUR COTTON** so only the longer fiber remains. The rest we reject. Then we knit more of this incredibly soft, incredibly strong fiber into every square inch of our briefs, so they'll hold up longer.

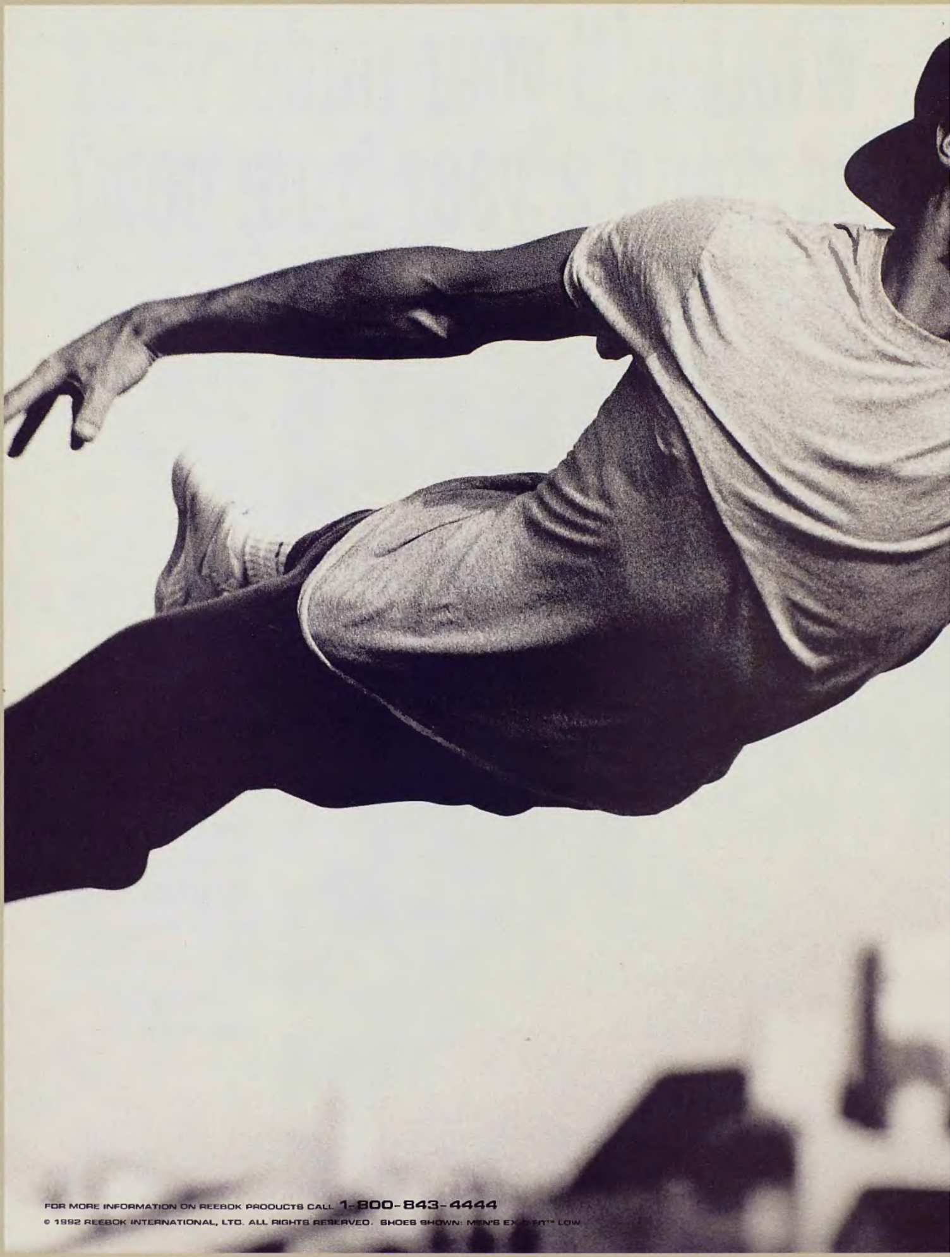
And our legbands are made with Lycra*-spandex, so they'll **KEEP THEIR SNAP** after loads of washing.




These are just three of the many reasons you'll enjoy our riches long after other underwear have started second careers as shoe shine rags.

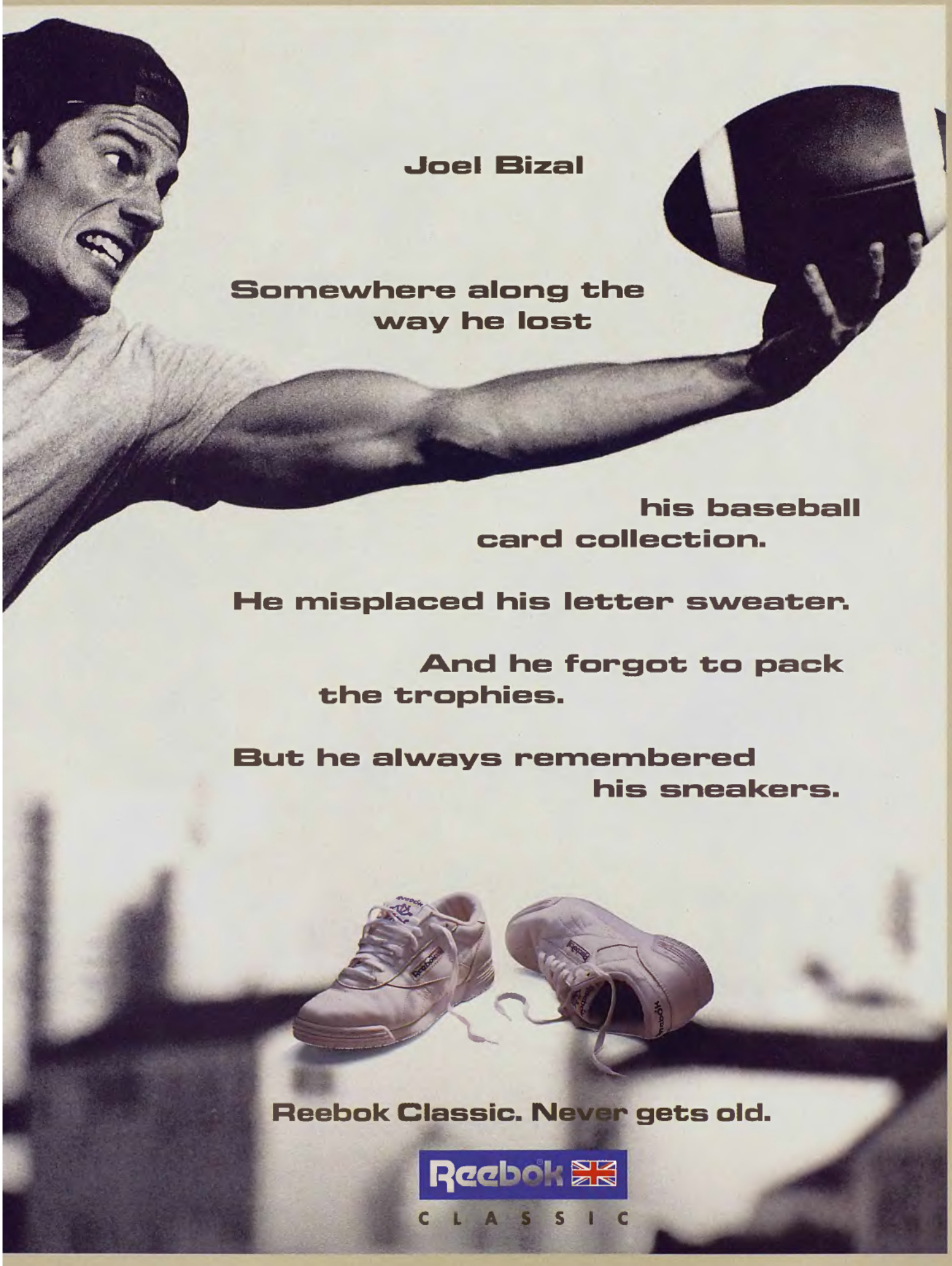
**THE NOT-SO-BRIEF BRIEF.™**

©1993 The BVD Licensing Corp. *Dupont Reg. Trademark



FOR MORE INFORMATION ON REEBOK PRODUCTS CALL 1-800-843-4444

© 1992 REEBOK INTERNATIONAL, LTD. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. SHOES SHOWN: MEN'S EX[illegible] FIT™ LOW


Joel Bizal
Somewhere along the way he lost
his baseball card collection.
He misplaced his letter sweater.
And he forgot to pack the trophies.
But he always remembered his sneakers.
Reebok Classic. Never gets old.
Reebok
CLASSIC

# Win

## a Star Clippers Cruise complete with Captain & Crew

*See the Captain Morgan display at participating stores.*

*One Grand Prize winner will receive a 7-Day Star Clippers Cruise for six to the Caribbean, plus $1,000 spending money!*

*100 Second Prize winners will receive a Captain Morgan beach towel.*

*Plus hundreds of other prizes!*

*10 First Prize winners will receive a 4-piece set of Ciao! luggage.*

*So enter the "Key to Adventure" Sweepstakes. And remember, Captain Morgan Rum is the Key to many Adventures in Taste.*

# Captain Morgan

ORIGINAL SPICED RUM

***Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.***

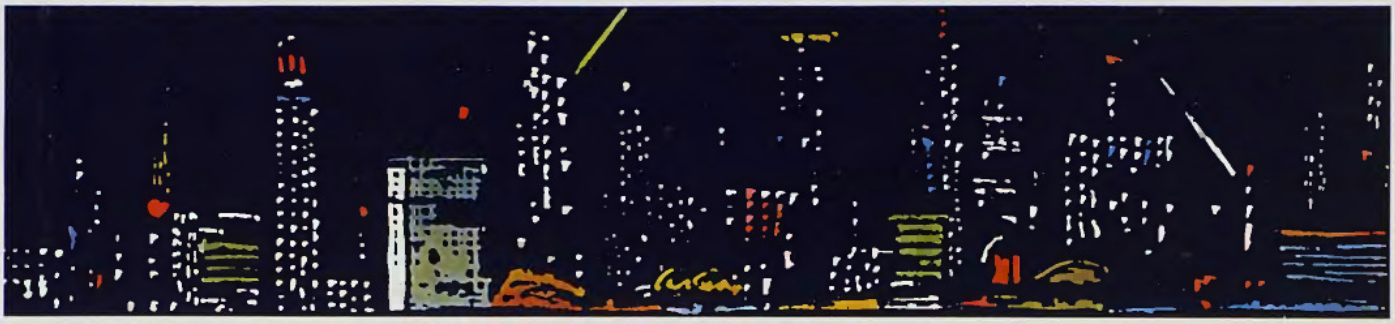
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE RECEIVED BY 10/31/93. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., age 21 or older. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram and Sons, Inc., The House of Seagram, their families, its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising or promotional agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Texas and where prohibited by law. ALTERNATE MEANS OF ENTRY: Hand-print name, address and age on a 3" x 5" card and mail to Captain Morgan "Key To Adventure" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 1448, Ridgely, MD 21683. Cruise must be taken by October 31, 1994. Available cruise dates are restricted to non-peak period. Blackout dates: seven days prior to and following all major U.S. holidays (Presidents' Day, Easter, Memorial Day, July 4th, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day). All entrants agree to be bound by official rules which can be obtained by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Captain Morgan "Key To Adventure" Sweepstakes Official Rules, P.O. Box 547J, Ridgely, MD 21660.

Ciao!

STAR CLIPPERS

Puerto Rican Rum with spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 Proof) • Captain Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD © 1993

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



### ROMEO'S REVENGE

There are a number of ways to deal with a romance gone bad. When Darby Romeo, a 24-year-old Los Angeles woman, broke up with Ben, she decided to start a magazine, and was soon joined by friend Kerin Morataya. Romeo calls her bimonthly glossy *Ben Is Dead*. With a circulation of 14,000, it is dedicated to covering L.A.'s demimonde. After Samir Husni—a scholar of magazines and the head of the magazine program at the University of Mississippi's journalism department—had familiarized himself with *Ben Is Dead*, he remarked, "I thought I'd seen every weird thing imaginable until I read it."

A recent article, "The Inside Scoop of Dead Animal Pickup," featured a guy named Mark who disposes of dead pets so wealthy Angelenos don't have to. One of his anecdotes began, "There was this dead cat stuck on a heater, and I was trying to scrape it off." Other articles have included beauty tips for junkies, herbal recipes for increasing orgasms and regular interviews with Romeo's dad. One story on Texas thrash band the Skatenigs focused on the group's musings about anal sex and earwax.

The editors maintain a candid relationship with their readers: Morataya participated in the magazine's vibrator review, and Romeo wrote about being bulimic. "We work out our problems through the magazine," Romeo says. "The readers are my friends and I don't mind telling my friends my problems. [My mom] wishes that I wouldn't be so honest—she won't let any of my family read it."

### UNFORGOTTEN

Our favorite ad in the *Hollywood Reporter*'s collector's issue was a full page devoted to Clint Eastwood that said, "Thanks for making our day." The ad's sponsor was Smith and Wesson.

### THE LONE KLUTZ THEORY

Last year retired Dallas police officer James Leavelle—the man handcuffed to Lee Harvey Oswald when Oswald was shot—was showing newsman Bob Porter how he grabbed Jack Ruby's gun to prevent a second shot. Using the same model weapon as Ruby, Leavelle accidentally shot Porter in the arm, sending him—like Kennedy and Oswald before him—to Parkland Hospital.

•

When the Clinton administration put a $20 maximum value on meals to which White House personnel may be treated, Washington restaurants rose to the challenge. Tiberio, a downtown Italian eatery, is advertising its ethical lunch special—which includes an entree, a glass of wine, tax and tip—for the totally aboveboard $19.99. If only a military hammer or toilet seat were that cheap.

### FROM COUTURE TO CUCARACHA

Perhaps inspired by her husband, Ric Ocasek, Paulina Porizkova, fashion model and mother of three, has written a children's book with a cockroach as its hero. *The Adventures of Ralphie the Roach* takes place in Roachtown, a small village behind a cupboard shelf in an empty New York house. The book tries to make roaches more appealing. However, the conclusion, in which a gazillion roaches congregate in the kitchen in a twitchy show of solidarity, actually may compel children to grab the Raid.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

### TREASURED TOONS

Joshua Arfer, head of collectibles sales at Christie's East, is bullish on Americana—especially in the face of the tenuous fine-arts auction environment. "These days," he says, "we're gearing more toward American culture." He should be bull-moosish on the genre now that a Dudley Do-Right (a character that originally appeared on *The Bullwinkle Show*) lunch box and thermos that sold for $2.25 in 1962 has been auctioned for $2200.

### WHEELING, DEALING AND STEALING

Carjacking, the latest crime craze, may change the way Hollywood moguls fuel their image. Driving expensive foreign autos turned L.A.'s elite into sitting ducks. However, even buying American provides no assurance of safety. Hollywood publicist Jeff Ballard was followed home in his new Jeep Cherokee by a couple of thugs toting AR-14 automatics. Although Ballard parted with the keys, the joyriders parted with a spray of bullets; one nailed Ballard in the shoulder. Other hapless victims in carjack city, who might now recommend driving junkers, include a Creative Artist Agency talent agent, the producer of TV's *Family Ties* and romance novelist Jackie Collins, who, in true spunky heroine style, actually managed to foil her assailant. Perhaps she scared him off by relating the plot of her new novel.

### STREETWISE SALARYMAN

In Japan, where every student is required to take six years of English classes, it's becoming apparent that much of that instruction doesn't help Japanese tourists and businessmen who come to the United States. Hence, ratings of TV

# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### FACT OF THE MONTH

Bogus orders for Domino's pizza increase by 15 percent during broadcasts of *The Simpsons*.

### QUOTE

"It takes no skill, lasts less than a minute and you can brag to your friends how terrific you were. No wonder men love it."—WRITER JIM MULLEN, REFLECTING ON THE PERILS AND REWARDS OF BUNGEE JUMPING

### QUERY QUEST

Number of questions in the new All-American edition of Trivial Pursuit: 4800.

•

Number of questions submitted by players across the country: 2173. Number of their questions that were used: 1302.

### INDELIBLE INK

Amount paid at auction for the paperwork constituting Babe Ruth's 1919 baseball contract with the New York Yankees: $99,000. Top salary the Babe earned in a single season: $80,000.

•

Amount paid for Amy Fisher's beeper contract: $1430. For a letter written by Charles Manson: $825. For a letter written by Jean Harris, convicted killer of Dr. Herman Tarnower: $385.

### NORTHERN COMFORT

Going rate for the Comfort Inn room in Ohio that President Clinton used while campaigning for his economic package: $125. Special rate for any government employee: $42.40. Price paid by the president: $40.

### HOT HEADS

Price teenagers in Japan are paying for a trendy dreadlocks hairdo: $468. Price of a baseball cap with fake dreadlocks sewn into the sides: $37.

### COLD FEET

In 1970, percentage of American men aged 30 to 34 who had never married: 9.4. Percentage in 1991: 27.3.

### EVERYTHING HAS ITS LIMITS

According to a report in the *Journal of Urology*, the load-bearing capacity of the erect human penis: 5 to 6 pounds.

•

Estimated percentage of cases of chronic impotence, as found in a study at the Boston University Medical Center, that are caused by injuries to the penis during intercourse or masturbation: 10 to 15.

### BARREL OF MONKEYS

Amount requested by the U.S. Air Force for the lifetime care of chimpanzees retired from the space program: $6.4 million.

### BARREL OF PORK

Amount for which George Steinbrenner sued the Navy and the U.S. Maritime Administration to recover cost overruns of his American Ship Building's contracts with the government: $37.3 million. Amount awarded to Steinbrenner by Congress in the 1993 federal budget: $58.3 million.

•

Salary for 1993 of Yankee outfielder Danny Tartabull: $5 million.

### ALIMONY ENVY

According to the American Divorce Association of Men, estimated percentage of divorced women today who receive alimony: 15. Percentage of men who receive alimony from ex-wives: less than 1. —BETTY SCHAAL

shows such as *Kyosen's Unusable English*, which parodies the plight of hapless Japanese overseas, have soared. The Japanese feel vulnerable in the U.S. and have an image of an America where cash-laden Japanese tourists are easy prey for gun-toting locals. (A 16-year-old exchange student was shot dead in Louisiana last October when he failed to understand the idiomatic usage of the word freeze shouted by a man wielding a gun.) The government has produced safety films to warn Japanese of the hazards they may face when traveling abroad. But a Mitsubishi executive diminishes the usefulness of what he considers some of the more naive warnings, such as how to identify a safe neighborhood: "It turns out it's pretty easy. The good blocks have a lot of big, empty buildings that we Japanese paid too much money for. On the bad blocks, everything's burning."

### ELECTRONIC HEAVEN

Israel's telephone company has started a fax service that sends messages to God by way of Jerusalem's Wailing Wall. The Roman Catholic Church in Vincenza, Italy now accepts confessions by fax. And members of Brooklyn's Lubavitcher Hasidim are selling beepers programmed to inform members when the Messiah arrives.

### THE LAST MEAT MARKET

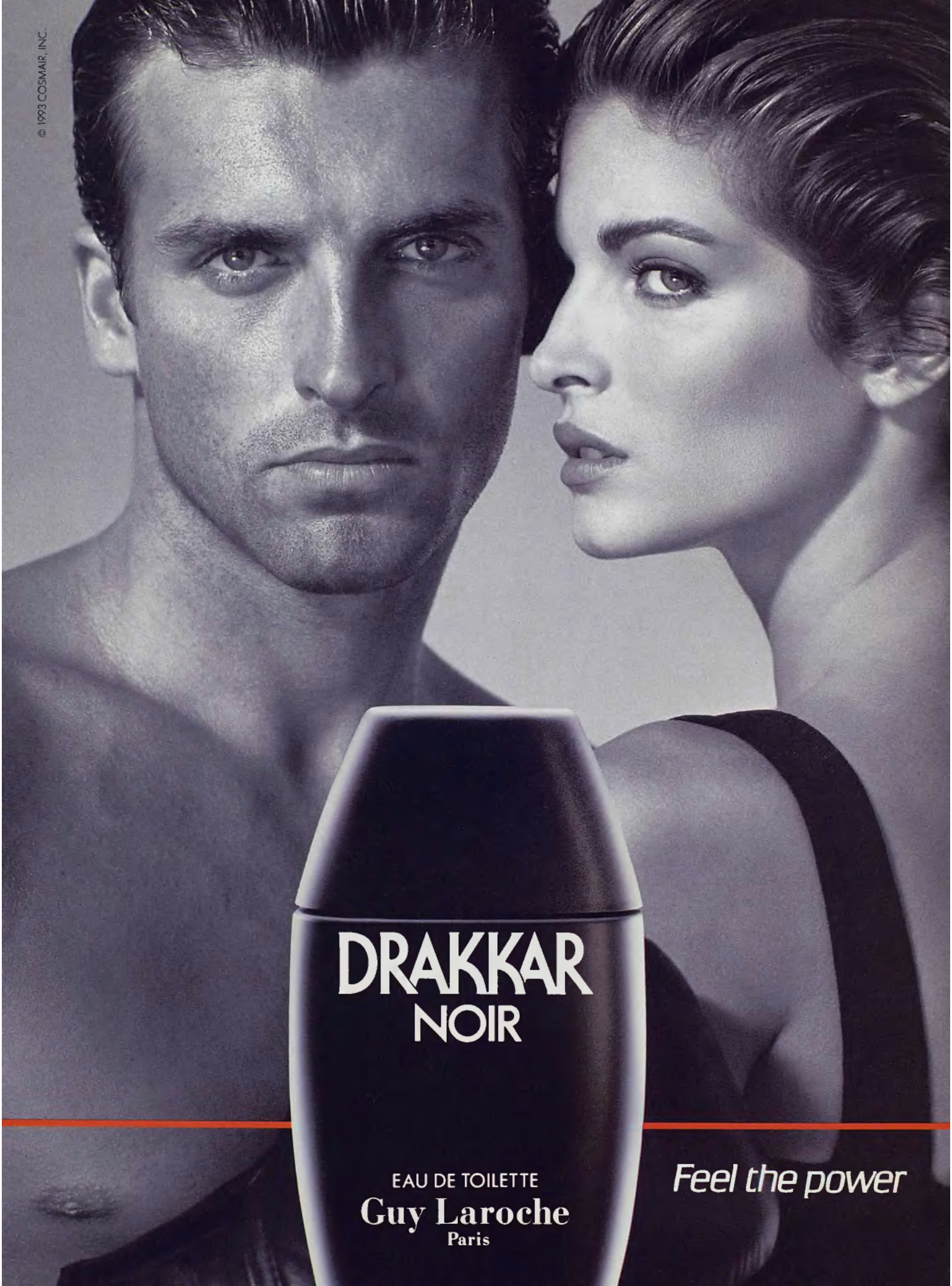
In response to a chilling problem, the town of Newcastle, Wyoming has enacted an ordinance that prohibits couples from having sex while standing inside a store's walk-in meat locker.

### GONE A-COURTIN'

A Cook County, Illinois criminal court judge was interviewing prospective jurors when a woman indicated she didn't believe she could be an impartial juror. In private, she told the judge that she and her boyfriend often invited other women to share their bed, noted that she was attracted to the female prosecutor and assistant public defenders and concluded that she would not be able to concentrate on the case they were presenting. In what was described as a first for the court, she was excused.

### UNEASY LISTENING

A Florida entrepreneur with a curious sense of nostalgia is marketing a 60-minute audiocassette titled *A Night in Vietnam*, which replicates the sounds of "an actual night during my (and your) tour of duty," complete with "crickets, helicopters, artillery and LZ perimeter conversation." Should this aural reprise of a nightmare sell well, we expect such follow-up releases as *The L.A. Riots—Dawn to Dusk*, *Hurricane Hugo: Blowin' in the Wind* and *Sarajevo's Greatest Hits*.


© 1993 COSMAIR, INC.
DRAKKAR
NOIR
EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris
Feel the power

# MUSIC

### DAVE MARSH

LL COOL J began his career as the original badass teenage rapper. His early hits had anger, audacity, wordplay as deft as it was def and monstrously heavy grooves. He's also one of the few rappers to pull off a credible ballad. ***14 Shots to the Dome*** (Def Jam) features big brags, sleek seductions and wordplay that Elvis Costello might envy if he weren't busy making the world's dullest album, *The Juliet Letters*. While never as draining as Elvis C, Cool J is almost as self-referential, which undermines his virtues. Who cares that he doesn't like to get out of bed in the morning?

Ice-T, on the other hand, offers nothing cutting edge on his tracks and his rhymes rarely rise above serviceable. Yet ***Home Invasion*** (Priority) ranks with the most intense rock and raps ever made. It's as if an about-to-be-assassinated pop star wrote his own eulogy. Ice-T retains his great wit, but many of these stories and sermons are frigid like a morgue, and the likelihood of his own murder sounds too credible. *Home Invasion*, after all, is the album Time Warner dumped when Ice-T wouldn't back down from his attacks on cops and the government. There aren't many ways left to shut him up, though record retailers may not carry the record. So Ice-T raps as if his life depends on it. If he's too vulgar for your taste, you're missing the point.

FAST CUTS: Brother Joe May, ***Thunderbolt of the Middle West*** (Specialty): The best from one of the great powerhouse voices of gospel's early golden age will clear your head after Ice-T. Further proof that the king of pop and Boy George didn't invent musical androgyny.

Willie Nelson, ***Across the Borderline*** (Columbia): Willie's best album in years pairs him with the right songs (mostly contemporary singer-songwriter stuff, if you include Peter Gabriel in that category) and the right collaborators (mostly latter-day folkies, if you include Sinéad O'Connor in that category). The highlight is not the Dylan material.

---

### VIC GARBARINI

The idea of Jimmy Page joining forces with Robert Plant wanna-be David (ex-Whitesnake) Coverdale may strike many listeners the same way it would have if George Bush had selected Dana Carvey as his VP. While ***Coverdale/Page*** (Geffen) may not be Led Zep redux, neither is it the bloated platinum blimp many had feared. Coverdale's vocal aping of Plant is less an issue here than is his tendency, as a middling songwriter, to restrain

JOE FOURNIER

Ice-T's *Home Invasion*.

---

New stories and sermons from Ice-T, brags from LL Cool J and Digable Planets' secret weapon.

---

Page's adventurous eclecticism. Still, Page hasn't played with this much flair and fire since *Physical Graffiti*. Ultimately, his ability to blend shadow and light by balancing acoustic Eastern tonalities with misty Celtic mega-riffs ignites the chemistry between the two, particularly on the longer workouts. What could have been a spandex-stretching embarrassment becomes, at the very least, the guilty pleasure of the year.

FAST CUTS: Dwight Yoakam, ***This Time*** (Reprise): When he wraps his unvarnished scorch-and-twang tenor around a haunting charmer such as *A Thousand Miles from Nowhere*, or rocks out with true grit on *Fast As You*, Yoakam is modern Nashville's most authentic link to the heartfelt traditions of the music.

---

### ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Jazz-rap has been a great idea since Ron Carter played bass with A Tribe Called Quest, since Public Enemy's sonics boomed—hell, since Jack Kerouac burped up spontaneous bop prosody. Well-meaning crews from New York's Gangstarr to L.A.'s Freestyle Fellowship dabble in it. But Digable Planets goes all the way. Not only does the music of ***Reachin' (A New Refutation of Time and Space)*** (Pendulum) swing, the lyrics' light-footed seriousness is worthy of the jazzmen sampled—Art Blakey and Sonny Rollins, who infiltrated *Billboard* singles charts courtesy of Digable's *Rebirth of Slick*.

The conceptualizer is a black boho with jazz in his blood whose tag is Butterfly. His main man, Doodle Bug, connects to the hip-hop tradition. But the group's secret weapon is a young woman called Lady Bug. The faintly Brazilian lilt and articulation of her vocal attack makes her the first female rapper to split the difference between homegirl and interloper. She's a smart musician who grew up on the stuff, and smart listeners will love her to death.

FAST CUTS: Soundtracks are often the best rap overviews these days, but not all of them get as much play as *Juice* or *Boomerang*. ***Trespass*** (Sire/Warner) is state-of-the-art hard-core—gritty, violent, misogynistic, convincing as both music and rhetoric. ***South Central*** (Hollywood Basic) links the dancers of the post-Chic era (six great *Good Times* permutations) to the B-boys of today. And ***CB4*** (MCA), compiled by the film's co-producer (and my colleague) Nelson George, is a complete tour, from the race war of MC Ren's *May Day on the Front Line* to the pop mysticism of P.M. Dawn's *The Nocturnal Is in the House* to the parody of CB4's *Straight Out of Locash*.

---

### CHARLES M. YOUNG

Even if you agree with the battle cry of Primus fans—"Primus sucks"—there's no denying the musical skill of Les Claypool, who was everybody's bassist of the year in 1992. The rest of his band—Tim Alexander on drums, Larry Lalonde on guitar—weren't slouches, either. Nonetheless, Primus' previous album, *Sailing the Seas of Cheese*, annoyed me. Both the weirdness and the funk seemed forced and precious. And I didn't want to think about cheese that much. I like ***Pork Soda*** (Interscope) more. The weirdness feels less annoying, the funk is largely absent and Claypool's six-string bass riffs reveal a spectacular musical imagination. He uses all six strings, sometimes all over the neck with dizzying speed, sometimes in a highly accessible—if strange—groove. Lyrically, Claypool aspires to Captain Beefheart–style surrealism seasoned with a dash of Butthole Surfers, but the imagery doesn't knock me out like his command of sound does. Fortunately, his voice is low in the otherwise clear mix, so I don't have to listen much to him "sittin' around the house swillin' down them cans of swine."

FAST CUTS: David Bowie, ***Black Tie White Noise*** (Savage Records): Having failed to

capture the public's imagination with Tin Machine, Bowie reprises *Let's Dance*, his greatest hit. Given his reputation for being on top of trends, it's surprising he didn't go techno instead of disco, and who will care in this age of grunge? Nile Rogers' production is, however, hard to fault, and it will make you dance.

Lisa Germano, ***Happiness*** (Capitol): Her fiddle solos in John Mellencamp's road band stopped the show, and here Germano again steps out on her own. Her breathy, sexy voice creates a powerful sense of intimacy with her personal-pronouns-from-an-alternate-universe lyrics. The music is sort of folk-alternative, an original blend of influences halfway between Enya and Mellencamp. She can hypnotize you and make you think. The fiddle still knocks you out.

---

**NELSON GEORGE**

As a comedian, Eddie Murphy has overcome the homage to his mentor, Richard Pryor, and crafted his own telegenic, wiseass persona. On TV, in movies and in concert, Murphy has been his own man, replacing Pryor as the reigning king of black comedy.

As a recording artist, however, Murphy is still struggling to develop his own voice. On his third musical effort, ***Love's Alright*** (Motown), Murphy remains trapped by his fascination with his forebears—the Beatles, Jimi Hendrix and, especially, Prince. Songs such as the title track and *Cuteness* owe a deep debt to the Minneapolis master, and they aren't the only tracks that suggest an overkill of Princely delirium. Covers of the Beatles' *Good Day Sunshine* and Hendrix' version of *Hey Joe*, while ably executed by a band that includes guitarist Ernie Isley and bassist Larry Graham, only serve to highlight Murphy's old school ties.

Murphy actually displays quite a bit of musicality, but more as a songwriter-arranger than as a performer. The all-star cut *Yeah* deftly blends the voices of superstars Garth Brooks, Luther Vandross, Michael Jackson, et al., saying the same word, into a surprisingly entertaining novelty. *One*, a percolating house-music track, and the clever story song *Desdamona* suggest there's more to Murphy's musical interest than vanity and admiration. The key to his long-term success is to break free and inform his records with the same wit, irreverence and insight that distinguish his humor.

FAST CUTS: Joi, Tonya and Di are Jade, a female vocal trio from California whose debut LP, ***Jade to the Max*** (Giant), is quite promising. This effort includes one great single, *Don't Walk Away*, a real good dance song, *I Wanna Love You*, and a fine cover of an Emotions classic, *Don't Ask My Neighbor*. These girls aren't En Vogue, but they have serious potential.

# FAST TRACKS

## ROCKMETER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coverdole/Page | 2 | 8 | 4 | 4 | 7 |
| Digable Planets *Reachin'* | 9 | 7 | 4 | 8 | 8 |
| Ice-T *Home Invasion* | 8 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 8 |
| Eddie Murphy *Love's Alright* | 3 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 4 |
| Primus *Pork Sodo* | 9 | 8 | 9 | 3 | 8 |

**PHONE SEX DEPARTMENT:** **Def Leppard's** *I Wanna Touch You* is being used in a TV ad for a phone-sex hotline. Is the band mad enough to sue? No way. It is amused.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** The soundtrack to **Tina Turner's** movie bio will be out any minute with Tina recording new versions of old **Ike** and Tina hits. **Angela Bassett** will play Tina and **Laurence Fishburne** will play Ike. . . . For the movie bio of jazz great **Anita O'Day,** *Let Me Off Uptown*, interactive technology on the video will allow viewers to retrieve historical info about the period and certain aspects of the singer's life. O'Day will do her own music on the soundtrack. . . . *The Crying Game* producer **Stephen Woolley** is making a movie, *Backbeat*, about **Stu Sutcliffe,** the "fifth" Beatle. Sutcliffe, a school friend of **John Lennon's,** left the band to resume his career as a painter, but not before introducing the Beatle haircut. The film stars **Stephen Dorff** and **Sheryl Lee.** . . . **Judy Collins** plans to produce a film based on her novel *Shameless*, about a photojournalist and her adventures with sex, drugs and rock and roll. . . . **Michael Jackson** has formed a second production company to make "message movies" and may write some scripts himself.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Executives from Jim Beam bourbon have put together a country-music talent search for unsigned artists. If you send them a tape by the end of July, you might be one of five finalists flown to Nashville, where the winner will have a chance to perform live on the *Jim Beam Country Caravan*. For more info, check with the talent-search folks at ARS, 43 N. Canal Street, Chicago, IL 60606. Send a legal-sized, stamped, self-addressed envelope. . . . Look for **Tears for Fears'** first LP of new material in four years. . . . Well, you missed the ninth annual **Dylan** Convention—a chance for fans to perform their own interpretations of his songs. A different kind of Bobfest, in Seattle, this time. . . . **John Mellencamp's** new LP has a summer release. . . . With *Tommy* on Broadway and an original cast recording in the works, look for the latest **Pete Townshend** album, *Psychoderelect*, out soon. . . . *Beauty and the Beast* may be expanded into a Broadway-style musical for adults, with special effects. . . . **Teddy Riley** is going into the fashion biz with a line due out in the fall. . . . *Crawdaddy*, the dean of rock magazines, published its first issue two years before *Rolling Stone*, then went out of business in 1979. It will be revived as a quarterly newsletter by its founder, **Paul Williams;** subscription is $12 a year (P.O. Box 611, Glen Ellen, CA 95442). . . . Faber and Faber will publish *The Death of Rock and Roll* this month. Untimely demises and morbid preoccupations are featured in **Jeff Pike's** exploration of the death-rock connection beginning with **Robert Johnson's** pact with the Devil. . . . We do like to give you the trends, but sometimes we don't know what they mean. Manager **Doc McGhee** plans to launch a marriage of home shopping and music on the Home Shopping Network. Fans can see bands, then call up to buy merchandise and LPs and to get fan-club information. McGhee will focus on developing acts. Anyone who thought music belongs to the purist missed the Eighties. —BARBARA NELLIS

# WIRED

## WHERE THE INTERACTION IS

NTN Communications, a producer of interactive TV programming for hotels and bars, tells us it is now offering its shows to cable and satellite. That means for about $10 a month you'll be able to wield a remote control and challenge other cable viewers to games tied to sporting events such as the World Series and the Super Bowl. You may soon also pit your skills against fellow

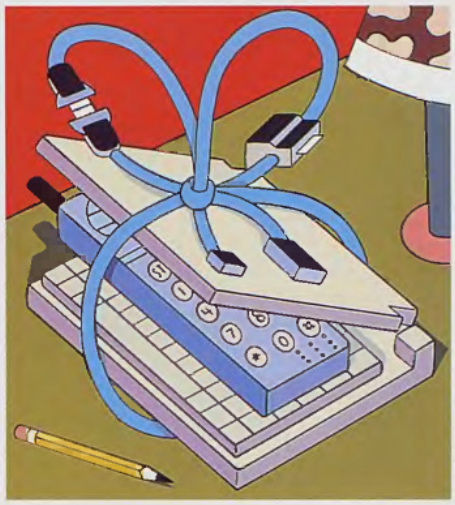
watchers of *Jeopardy!* or *Wheel of Fortune* and play games tied to special broadcasts such as the Academy Awards. Aside from being a lot of fun, there's incentive to play: As you score points, you'll qualify for prizes, including cars, trucks and Caribbean cruises. In some states, you can even place bets on horse races. Also in the works is programming for new widescreen TVs, and we hear you may eventually be able to access CD entertainment by Sega, 3DO, Pioneer and others, without the special hardware.

## ROAD WARRIORS

In some cities, auto theft and carjacking have become epidemic, but the latest security devices make these crimes a lot tougher to get away with. Several companies, including Peripheral, Hofco and KTK, have created $250 to $400 black-box systems that, when activated by a secret button or time delay, trigger a series of loud blasts after a carjacker has commandeered your vehicle and driven a certain distance. Some even kill the car's ignition and prevent the motor from restarting. There are also $600 to $1200 "smart" cellular phones from Pioneer, Alpine and others that call you at a preprogrammed number when someone breaks into your car and drives off. (Some phones require a separate security system to operate.) But the most lethal weapon we know of is coming down the pike. Secure Products International is marketing a Hot Seat system that uses voice-synthesis circuitry to warn thieves to abandon your vehicle. If they don't, Hot Seat will zap front-seat occupants with a nonlethal, 50,000-volt jolt and then set off a concealed canister of colored smoke. Our choice: shocking pink.

## THE CELCOM SOLUTION

Good news for business travelers: Electronics companies are starting to understand the way you think. Celcom, a new device from Command Communications, allows you to send and receive voice, data and faxes by linking a laptop computer to a cellular phone. Why not just use a modem? Because airports, hotels, automobiles and other places where we frequently do business don't always have the appropriate phone lines. With Celcom you avoid the connection problem by using cellular lines instead. Here's how the product works: A Celcom cable hooks your IBM-compatible computer to one of 50 brands of cellular phones. Using special software, you can pull up a



directory of phone numbers, select an entry and hit a command key to send the chosen material. Receiving information is equally simple—you just give out your cellular-phone number. The price: about $280. We're told Mac and personal-digital-assistant users can expect their own versions soon.

## WILD THINGS

Ideal for previewing camcorder footage at home or on the road, the 8" x 3" Fujix P401, pictured below, is the world's first video projector to combine a 40mm f/2.4 lens (for projecting images up to 40 inches) with a three-inch monitor screen. Powered by either an AC adapter or a standard camcorder battery, the P401 also features built-in stereo speakers with volume control. Price: $800. • Panasonic recently introduced an IQ-Series of pint-sized VHS and VHS-C camcorders. Yes, IQ stands for intelligence quotient, and that means all those confusing buttons that control functions such as focus, iris, shutter speed and white balance are gone. The technology is still there, but it's invisible to the user. All you need to do to get great footage is point and shoot. Prices range from $800 to $1100. • On the car-stereo front, Pioneer just released the world's smallest 12-disc magazine-style CD changer, the $500 CDX-M12. In addition to a built-in preamplifier and antivibration technology, the M12 has programming capabilities that allow you to store up to 32 track selections for 16 different magazines.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

You always come back to the basics.™

DRINK RESPONSIBLY. IT'S ONE OF THE BASICS. Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof). ©1993 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY.

# BOOKS

## By DIGBY DIEHL

SUCCESSFUL best-selling novelists have a way of repeating themselves. It is obviously a smart strategy to please the readers who put you on the lists by giving them more of what they like. But stylistic repetition can establish a formula from which some writers never diverge.

Scott Turow, a Chicago lawyer-novelist, has no such problem. In his third novel, ***Pleading Guilty*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), he is deep in the familiar territory of the Kindle County legal system (this time at the law firm of Gage & Griswell), as he was in his first number-one best-seller, *Presumed Innocent*. And he gives us a remarkable portrait of his first-person protagonist's inner life (this time lawyer McCormack Malloy), as he did in his second number-one best-seller, *The Burden of Proof*. But *Pleading Guilty* is a leaner, tougher, more tightly plotted book, more of a hard-boiled puzzle than a legal thriller.

In *Pleading Guilty*, Malloy is searching for a missing law partner, Bert Kamin, and $5.6 million of a client's money. Mac gets this assignment because he's an ex-cop and because he worked closely with Bert. It is Mac's last chance to hang on to his $228,000-a-year job, a position that has been badly eroded by his alcoholism.

Mac heads for the Russian Bath, where a bunch of heavy-lidded ethnic types tell him that Bert has been hanging out with a bookie named Archie. Next he goes to Bert's apartment, where he finds a dead man stuffed into the refrigerator. Minutes later he is caught breaking into a hotel room by his old nemesis from the police force, Gino "Pigeyes" Dimonte.

What distinguishes *Pleading Guilty* from Turow's earlier work the most, however, is the brilliantly imagined voice of Mac Malloy. He's street-smart but lawyer-educated; he's suspicious, cynical and analytic but hopelessly romantic. He appears to stumble luckily through this labyrinthine case but comes up with astonishing deductions.

This novel is a deceptively quick read, a cliff-hanger that keeps you racing through the pages, matching wits with its twists and turns right up to the deft, startling conclusion. Turow's decision to try something new has paid off: *Pleading Guilty* has the freshness and energy of a confident writer reaching out. His readers have more thrills and fun—and it feels as if Turow did, too.

In addition to this first-rate novel, summer brings fine nonfiction. Karen Stabiner's entertaining and keenly intelligent study of a year in the life of the Chiat/Day advertising agency, ***Inventing Desire*** (Simon & Schuster), is a dazzling

Scott Turow's *Pleading Guilty*.

A leaner, tougher novel from Turow; Halberstam on *The Fifties*.

piece of reporting. In 1989–1990 she was given total access to the inner workings of what *Advertising Age* had just dubbed "the agency of the decade," and she draws us into multimillion-dollar dramas of the industry in scene after scene of riveting power struggles.

As she unveils the world of international advertising, Stabiner tells the stories behind campaigns such as the Energizer Bunny and the Reebok bungee-jumper. She does such a persuasive job of engaging the reader in the personal emotions of these struggles that we feel a surprising jolt of triumph when Chiat/Day wins the Nutrasweet account at the end of the book.

Such a triumph would appear hilarious to the denizens of Herbert Gold's ***Bohemia: Where Art, Angst, Love and Strong Coffee Meet*** (Simon & Schuster). Gold invites you to sit down with him for an espresso at Enrico's while he takes you on a tour through time and offbeat geography to discover artistic communities everywhere. "You can start a sentence in North Beach in San Francisco, continue it in Greenwich Village, finish it in Chelsea, Saint-Germain-des-Prés or at the Blue Bird Cafe [in Moscow], and be speaking a common language although the cities surrounding these enclaves are strange to each other. The artists and their satellites—coffee drinkers, trendsetters, talkers and strollers—form a permanent brotherhood which recognizes itself at a glance in Copenhagen, Havana, Port-au-Prince or Lawrence, Kansas."

Gold is a charter member of that brotherhood. For decades he has traveled the world in search of bohemia, and his engaging discourse on outlandish people and events flows with the charming ease that only a veteran novelist can conjure. In an unassuming way, this is Gold's autobiography, the saga of a man who has been drawn to the most colorful scene of the moment all his life. He delivers it like Jewish rap—a chatty, jumbled, poetic mix of memory and history that warmly evokes the voice of that grand bohemian Walt Whitman.

Jack Kerouac and the bohemian Beats were part of the scene David Halberstam describes in ***The Fifties*** (Villard). But they are only a small part of the sweeping postwar world Halberstam spreads out in this massive work of social, political and cultural history. Although his survey of the decade is comprehensive, Halberstam emphasizes his key perceptions with insights into people that allow us to pull back the curtain of history and step in for a moment.

Joe McCarthy, Elvis Presley, the Korean War, quiz-show scandals, automobiles with fins, the atomic bomb, McDonald's hamburgers, Levittown, Tennessee Williams, Dwight Eisenhower, Hugh Hefner, *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka*, *I Love Lucy*, *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, the VW Beetle, Nixon and JFK—all are there in a fresh, critical context. Halberstam argues that this was the pivotal decade of the 20th century.

### BOOK BAG

***Falling Off the Map*** (Knopf), by Pico Iyer: He explored some of the world's most remote places in *Video Night in Kathmandu*. Now Iyer returns with more strange tales—this time from a journey to the world's loneliest places.

***Hardboiled*** (Allen & Unwin), edited by Stuart Coupe and Julie Ogden: An anthology of crime fiction from the likes of Lawrence Block and Andrew Vachss.

***I Can't Tell You Anything*** (Penguin), by Michael Dougan: Meet a lonely man with a quirky habit, a drunken stranger from Alaska with money to burn and a cast of peculiar people in this autobiographical collection of comic-strip stories with a wry twist.

***The Cop Shop*** (Addison-Wesley), by Robert Blau: An investigative reporter covers crime on the streets of Chicago in a gritty firsthand account.

***Volunteer Slavery: My Authentic Negro Experience*** (Noble Press), by Jill Nelson: Journalist Nelson tells the story of her stint at *The Washington Post* and spares no one—not even herself. Dirt gets dished, but important points get made, too.

# From Julius Caesar to Lawrence of Arabia, history was shaped by the warrior's blade!

**Now you can own magnificent re-creations of ten spectacular battle knives representing great armies of the past.**

They are the blades of legend. The Dagger of Achilles. The Rapier of Cortez. The Shōgun's Tanto.

Wrought of tempered steel, these are re-creations of the most important and distinctive battle knives of all time. Combined to form the definitive collection—spanning 3,000 years of history.

Here are sculpted pommels and crossguards. Hilts electroplated in sterling silver or 24 karat gold. Even unusual shapes—such as the diamond-shaped Stiletto of Garibaldi and the Cinquedea of Lorenzo de' Medici, named for its size—"five fingers wide."

The price, $165 for each knife, payable in monthly installments.

Collection shown in hardwood frame measuring approximately 38¼" wide.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

■ THE JAMBIYA OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
Shown actual size.

## The Blades of the Conquerors. Embellished with Accents of Silver or Gold.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

**Please mail by July 31, 1993.**

Please enter my subscription for *The Blades of the Conquerors*, consisting of ten richly detailed re-creations of great knives of the past, wrought in tempered steel and selectively embellished with 24 karat gold or sterling silver electroplate and other fine materials.

I need SENO NO MONEY NOW. I will receive one new blade every other month, and will be billed for each knife in two equal monthly installments of $82.50,* beginning prior to its shipment. The custom-designed hardwood wall display rack with its identifying brass plaque, a Certificate of Authenticity, and specially written reference notes for each imported knife will all be sent to me without additional charge.

**Plus my state sales tax and $3. per knife for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

© 1993 FM

13001-6ZQC/F/I-28

International Military Archives
c/o The Franklin Mint Armoury Collection
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

## CALL OF THE WILD

No beating around the bush: The safari jacket is one of the hottest looks in summer outerwear. Generally khaki-colored and roomy with large expandable pockets, the style has been updated by several designers in order to meet the fashion demands of the urban jungle. Robert Stock's slim-fitting version in off-white silk ($175), for example, is a cool alternative to a sports jacket. So is the brown, taupe and sage-green checked model from Nigel's Drape Clothing ($395). For a more casual look, Dolce & Gabbana offers a tan three-button cotton bush jacket ($825, shown here), which goes great with jeans and a T-shirt. Donna Karan also takes a relaxed approach to safari styling. Her current DKNY men's collection includes a washed-cotton jacket that comes in muslin and features a hood that can be hidden inside the collar ($345). There's even a gray suede safari jacket by Industria ($1365). Happy hunting.

## HOT SHOPPING: THE HAMPTONS

A summer playground for old money and new moguls, literati and rock stars, the Hamptons give Manhattan a run for its money. Mark, Fore & Strike (87 Main Street, East Hampton): Preppie classics for country types. • Carol Rollo—Riding High (14 Jobs Lane, Southampton): A hot spot for those who crave contemporary clothing. • Amagansett Square (Main Street, Amagansett): A square of off-price outlets with trendy brand-name goods. • Above the Potatoes (One Main Street, East Hampton): Hip threads ranging from beachwear to Ivy stripes and plaids. • Springer's (39 Newtown Lane, East Hampton): Everything from classics by Paul Smith to fashions from companies such as Patagonia.

### CLOTHES LINE

"You need more clothes for white-water slalom than you do for other sports," says 1992 Olympic gold medalist **Joe Jacobi**, "but most of it is stuff you can wear in the real world, too." When it's cold, for example, the white-water champion wears "fuzzies," Patagonia's pile sportswear. In hot weather he dresses in activewear made of a moisture-resistant fabric, Cool Max. And when the weatherman promises inclement conditions, he stays warm and dry in his Gore-Tex jacket. Currently competing in the summer-long Finlandia race, Jacobi will soon be off to train for the 1996 Olympics. When he's not shooting the rapids, he stays dry in "lots of Ralph Lauren, khaki pants, untied Reeboks and my trillion baseball caps."

## DISCO REDUX

The bad news is that Seventies styles are back. The good news is that the new designs aren't tacky like the originals. Take pants. Calvin Klein has given his stovepipe jeans ($72) a looser fit than the peg-legged versions we remember, and Silver USA's "big guy" styles follow suit in blue and blue-black denim and cotton twill ($52). Of course, if you want the real thing, UFO sells unused Seventies flares in denim, twill, corduroy and velvet ($20 to $40). To top off these pants styles, look for loose-fitting, boldly colored striped shirts such as Silenzio's multistriped denim cotton ones ($35) or Bon Homme Shirtmakers' cotton style with berry-and-mustard stripes ($27). And when you get the fever on a Saturday night, all white still works—but leisure suits don't. Try a white linen jacket by Byblos ($578) with white jeans.

## AIDS CRUSADE

First seen at the 1991 Tony Awards, the red-ribbon lapel pin has become a nationwide symbol of compassion for (and solidarity with) people with AIDS. In fact, the pins have become so prevalent that several jewelry designers are rallying to the cause with their own interpretations. James Arpad, who created a crystal-pavé arrangement on red leather for Elizabeth Taylor, now sells that exact style ($100) as well as enamel versions in three sizes ($20 to $30). Jeffrey Lawrence for Lawrence Bentley has designed AIDS pins, pendants and earrings in red satin, velvet, grosgrain, epoxy and enamel ($5 to $10). And then there's Jo Gelbard's 14-kt. gold, ruby and enamel pins, cuff links and stud sets ($65 to $500). Whatever the price, a portion of the proceeds from the variations is donated to AIDS organizations.

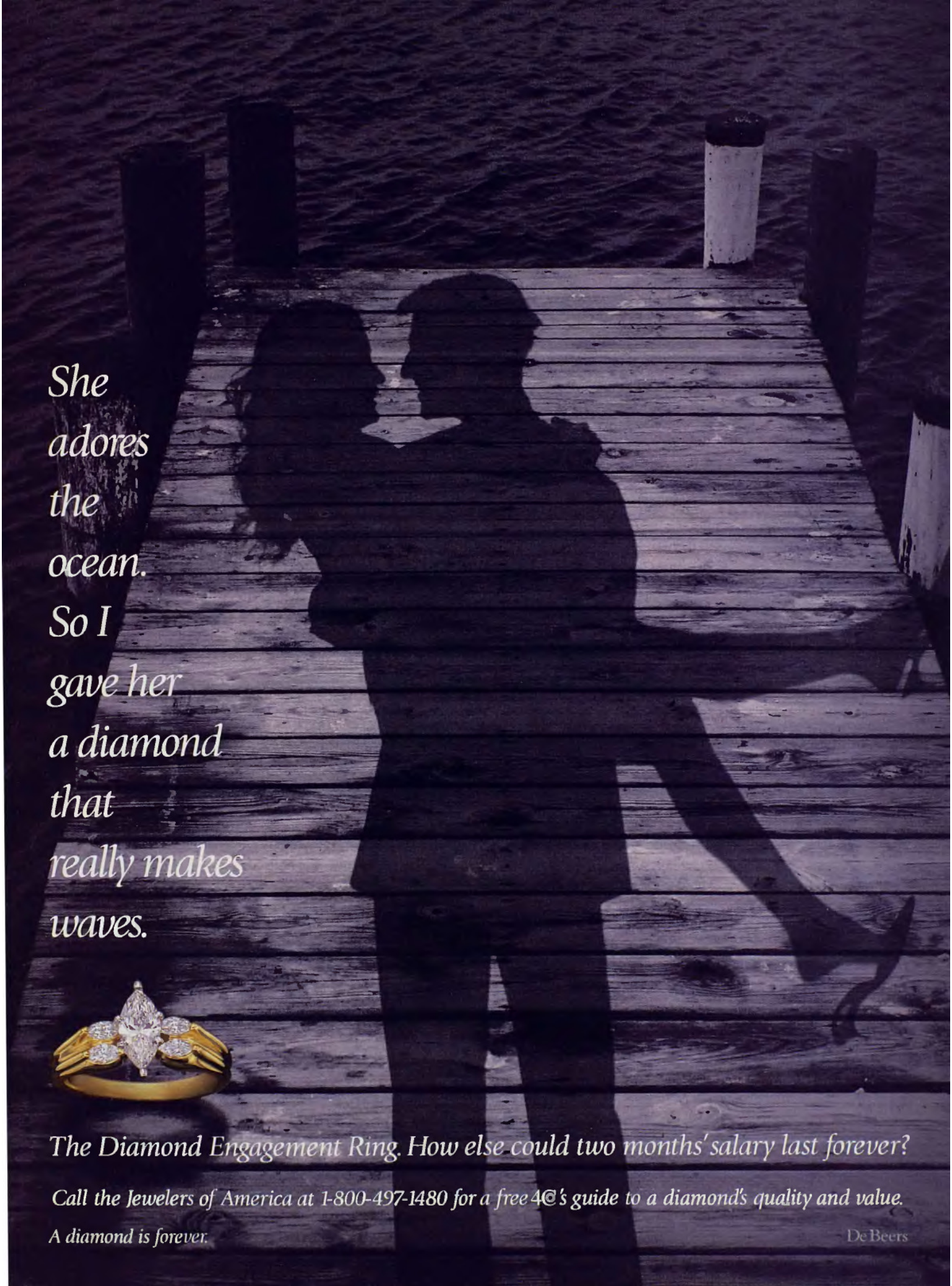
MARTIN HOFFMAN

## STYLEMETER

| GOLFWEAR | IN | OUT |
|---|---|---|
| SHIRTS | Earth- and jewel-tone textured-piqué knits; relaxed, drapey fit | Muscle-hugging knits; synthetic blends; stiff, pointed collars |
| BOTTOMS | Long, neutral-colored walking shorts; brushed natural fabrics; loose fit | Flashy colors; loud plaids; polyester pants; tennis-style shorts; knickers |
| OUTERWEAR | Roomy zip-front jackets; muted and dark-tone weather-resistant fabrics | Tightly fitted windbreakers; preppie pastels; bright plaids |



Where & How to Buy on page 171.


She adores the ocean. So I gave her a diamond that really makes waves.
The Diamond Engagement Ring. How else could two months' salary last forever?
Call the Jewelers of America at 1-800-497-1480 for a free 4C's guide to a diamond's quality and value.
A diamond is forever.
De Beers

# WINSTON WEEKENDS

## GET THE GEAR!

**Winston Weekend Gear can make your weekends more fun!**
**Get free Gear with your "Worth A Winston" pack proofs.**

Brought to you by Winston King.

18 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

All Promotional Costs Paid By Manufacturer.

# WIN A WEEKEND!

**You could win one of 21 great Winston Weekends! Entry forms are in the Winston Weekends Calendar Catalog.**

**Every weekend, there's something fun going on all over America. We've found the best weekend events and put them in our Calendar Catalog. Look for it at your favorite store.**

**Start saving those proofs. The weekend's almost here! That's worth a Winston.**

**WIN A SHOPPING SPREE WEEKEND!**

You can hit the fabulous new Mall of America℠ in Minneapolis with $2500 to spend!

**WIN A SEATTLE SEAFAIR WEEKEND!**

You can watch the Unlimited Hydroplane race from the Winston Skybox!

**WIN A MIDNIGHT SUN WEEKEND!**

You can fly to Nome, Alaska, for the Festival of the Midnight Sun!

© 1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY for sweepstakes entry. Void where prohibited. See Calendar Catalog at stores for complete sweepstakes rules. Offer limited to U.S. residents who are smokers age 21 years or older. All orders and entries must be received by December 31, 1993.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

READERS OF Virginia Woolf's 1928 novel know that to make any movie version of ***Orlando*** (Sony Classics) is an act of daring. All the more credit to British adapter and director Sally Potter for reworking Woolf's fanciful tale. It's a witty, wondrous art film about a character whose life story lasts 400 years and involves a sex change from male to female. *Orlando* recaps centuries of English history with gender-bending aplomb. Actress Tilda Swinton manages to be both androgynous and seductive as Orlando, a young man who wakes up as a woman one 18th century day and dryly addresses the camera to say: "Same person, no difference at all—just a different sex." Quentin Crisp, in drag, plays Queen Elizabeth I and takes time to fondle Orlando, who is clearly more interested in a worldly Russian beauty named Sasha (Charlotte Valandrey). Later, in Victorian England, the female Orlando rides off on horseback with a swashbuckling American adventurer (played dashingly by Billy Zane). At the brainteasing climax of his/her career as a nobleman, poet, foreign ambassador, lover, author and mother, Orlando shows up whizzing through modern London astride a motorcycle. Familiarity with the book may help to explain it all. But don't bet on it, just go for it. Questions about life, love, sexual identity and self-discovery are scattered like confetti through Potter's vibrant *Orlando*—a cinematic somersault of spectacular dimensions. ¥¥¥¥

•

What would happen if the president of the United States, comatose after suffering a stroke while flagrante delicto, were replaced by a hired look-alike who turns out to be a much nicer guy? That's the premise behind ***Dave*** (Warner), in which Kevin Kline plays the head of a Baltimore employment agency when he isn't doubling for President Bill Mitchell. Sigourney Weaver appears to be having fun as the First Lady, a do-gooder who suspects that the changed man in the White House can't possibly be the corrupt political hack she married. Producer-director Ivan Reitman, who broke the bank with both *Ghostbusters*, has a screenplay by Gary Ross (co-author of *Big*) that's as full of broad liberal strokes as a Frank Capra comedy starring Jimmy Stewart. Such insiders as John McLaughlin, Oliver Stone, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Senator Alan Simpson play themselves to add a piquant touch of authenticity, while Charles Grodin, Kevin Dunn, Frank Langella and Ben Kingsley (he's the disgraced vice president waiting in the wings) supply excellent comic relief. *Dave* touches all the right buttons for audiences who don't believe a thing they hear from Washington. ¥¥¥

Swinton and Valandrey oddly coupled.

A sexual enigma, a White House impersonator, gambling men and damsels in distress.

•

In one hilarious scene in ***Sleepless in Seattle*** (TriStar), a woman tearfully recaps the entire plot of an old Deborah Kerr–Cary Grant heartbreaker called *An Affair to Remember*. Tom Hanks co-stars with Meg Ryan in co-author/director Nora Ephron's witty romantic comedy about a Seattle widower whose son Jonah (Ross Malinger) phones a radio call-in show to say that his dad needs a new wife. While we know Ryan will turn out to be the one, *Sleepless* turns out to be a major, sweet surprise. ¥¥¥½

•

James Spader and Mandy Patinkin stretch their talents in provocative new directions in ***The Music of Chance*** (I.R.S./Trans Atlantic). Directed by Philip Haas from an adaptation of a bizarre novel by Paul Auster, the movie features Patinkin as Jim, a rootless former fireman who gets away from it all in his BMW. He picks up a greaseball gambler on the highway (Spader as Jack, a wild card quite unlike his usual Mr. Cool) and detours into a face-off with fate. The strangers lose everything they have, including the car, and incur a $10,000 debt playing poker with two odd millionaires (Joel Grey and Charles Durning). They subsequently become prisoners in a shack on the rich men's estate, working off what they owe by building a stone wall across an open field. A menacing gatekeeper (M. Emmet Walsh) oversees their backbreaking, soul-destroying chore, which never seems to end. Whether Jim and Jack are true captives or just trapped by their own destinies is a question unanswered in *Music of Chance*. This mysterious and compelling psychodrama supplies rich food for thought, which means skip it if you prefer a movie that's pure popcorn. ¥¥¥

•

Three young New Yorkers take turns sharing a studio apartment in ***The Night We Never Met*** (Miramax). Kevin Anderson owns the pad—he's a swinging stockbroker, about to be married but not about to give up his bachelor lair. Matthew Broderick plays a store manager with too many noisy roommates; he wants privacy. Annabella Sciorra plays a married dental hygienist who craves a touch of city life to ease suburban boredom. It's a clever idea with spirited performers, but there's too much talk and too little conviction. The comedy shows signs of strain—especially in an irrelevant subplot featuring Jeanne Tripplehorn as a foreign bimbo whose thick accent is meant to be funny. It's just one of the handicaps that short-circuit *Night We Never Met*, which looks promising but is probably headed straight for video. ¥¥

•

About as French as you can get, the subtitled ***Un Coeur en Hiver*** (*A Heart in Winter*) (October Films) is a highly cerebral love triangle. Claude Sautet, who won France's César for directing the film, gets a fine performance from André Dussollier, who took home his own César as best actor in a secondary role. Co-stars Daniel Auteuil and Emmanuelle Béart round out the cast. The exquisite Béart plays a famed violinist who so enchants Dussollier—head of a firm that repairs fine violins—that he gives up both his marriage and extramarital exploits to live with her. She, however, becomes passionately obsessed with his unassuming partner, played by Auteuil, a detached bachelor whose indifference is puzzling at first. Everything works out in a flood of tears and civilized emotional turmoil. All in all, it is eroticism played like chamber music. ¥¥¥

•

Actress Liv Ullmann makes her debut as a director with the Danish-language ***Sofie*** (Arrow Entertainment), the saga of

# More colorful than beer.

JACK DANIEL'S
COUNTRY
COCKTAILS

A little Jack Daniel's.
A lot of great taste.

Cordial 5.9-7% alcohol by volume (11.8-14 proof). Bottled for Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor. Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352.

# INTRO

# DCC.

**The new cassette that plays and records digital sound without making your existing cassette collection obsolete!**

**PRESENTING everything you've ever wanted in a music medium. Digital Compact Cassette is the long-awaited recordable digital medium from Philips, the company that invented both the cassette and the compact disc.**

## FLAWLESS DIGITAL SOUND

DCC uses the latest digital technology to record and play back up to 120 minutes of full-range music on a standard-sized cassette. DCC features the sound you're used to hearing from a digital source... crystal clear, without a trace of hiss or distortion.

## PORTABILITY

DCC is the most rugged portable medium yet. It's the only way to enjoy true digital sound without wobble, distortion or mistracking as you jog, run or ski to your heart's content. It's also the only way to experience pothole-proof digital sound in your car. Portable DCC players will be available this summer.

# A SMALL MIRACLE.

© 1993 PolyGram Records, Inc.

## PLAYS ALL CASSETTES

Stepping up to DCC will not mean shelving your entire collection of conventional cassettes. In addition to playing and recording digital sound, all DCC players are designed to play standard cassettes, chrome cassettes, metal cassettes, and cassettes recorded with Dolby B and C noise reduction. A new state-of-the-art medium that doesn't make everything else obsolete...now that's a miracle!

## THE DCC EVOLUTION BEGINS!

All of these artists and hundreds more are now available on prerecorded DCC:
Bryan Adams, Bon Jovi, Boyz II Men, Jose Carreras, Robert Cray, Billy Ray Cyrus, Cathy Dennis, Placido Domingo, Drivin-N-Cryin, Extreme, Shirley Horn, I Musici, Herbert von Karajan, The King and I, Yevgeny Kissin, Bob Marley, Kathy Mattea, John Mellencamp, Van Morrison, Luciano Pavarotti, P.M. Dawn, Lionel Richie, Shakespear's Sister, Sting, U2, Suzanne Vega, Vanessa Williams.

To order please call toll-free 1-800-221-8180.

**DCC. HOW TO HEAR THE FUTURE WITHOUT GIVING UP THE PAST.**

DIGITAL dcc COMPACT CASSETTE

Leonard: more Sam than Bruce.

## OFF CAMERA

He is not your usual Hollywood hunk, but he certainly is happening. At 24, **Robert Sean Leonard** has three movies in release—playing a skeptical young Nazi in *Swing Kids*, a yuppie stockbroker in *Married to It* and the romantic Claudio in Kenneth Branagh's new *Much Ado About Nothing*. This fall he will also appear briefly but notably as the son of Jeremy Irons in Martin Scorsese's *The Age of Innocence*. "If it hadn't been for *Dead Poets Society*, though, I wouldn't be where I am," says Leonard, best remembered by audiences as the sensitive student in that Robin Williams hit.

Leonard recently opened on Broadway as Marchbanks opposite Mary Steenburgen in George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*. One critic noted, "We leave remembering Leonard." Another wrote, "Robert Sean Leonard earns most of the evening's laughs." A couple of negative critiques sent him straight home to his TV. "I watched *Singin' in the Rain* on video. That always cheers me up on gray days." As for his burgeoning movie career, Robert Sean admits he "campaigned shamelessly" for his *Much Ado* role when Branagh came to Prague to play a few scenes in *Swing Kids*. "I got out my dog-eared copy of the play and talked about it a lot. When Branagh left behind a copy of the screenplay and an offer, I almost fell over." As an actor, his role models include James Stewart, Montgomery Clift and Sam Waterston. "When I told that to one producer—I won't name him because he might give me a job some day—he sort of sneered, adding, 'But Waterston isn't even a leading man.'" Leonard takes this in stride, saying, "Half the people who make movies are full of shit. It's a popularity contest, a lot like high school. I just know I'd rather be Sam Waterston than Bruce Willis."

a young Jewish woman in 1886 Copenhagen. Compelled by her family to marry her cousin Jonas (Torben Zeller), a sober storekeeper from Sweden, she gives up her dreams about an exciting non-Jewish painter (Jesper Christensen). The subsequent decades pass slowly—too slowly at times—but actress Karen-Lise Mynster triumphs in a title role that Ullmann herself might have played a few years ago. Mynster's Sofie endures childbirth, frustration, tedium and dark thoughts about infidelity, until one day she discovers she has become an aging widow. Sofie looks back at a life more short than sweet—and her grown son faces the same choices she once made, between dutiful conformity and passionate self-realization. Ullmann directs with sensitive attention to details that suggests she has learned a lot from her long association with Ingmar Bergman. She has also cast two superb actors as Sofie's parents: Erland Josephson, another Bergman veteran, and Ghita Nørby, Danish star of the 1991 Oscar-winning *Best Intentions*. Taking her good time—altogether two and a half hours—Ullmann condenses one woman's story into an eloquent, universal family album of filmed memories. ¥¥¥½

•

Set in Yugoslavia in happier days, ***Tito and Me*** (Kino International) is a small-scale but charming political satire written and directed by Goran Markovic. The *Me* of the title is Zoran (Dimitrie Vojnov), a plump ten-year-old boy in 1954 Belgrade who wins a chance to go on a sort of children's crusade to Marshall Tito's birthplace. Before the pilgrimage ends—with an overzealous group leader coming unglued en route—Zoran decides he prefers Tarzan, food, girls and Gary Cooper to a limp handshake from Tito. Thus Markovic gently spoofs the cult of personality in something close to a kiddie-show format. ¥¥

•

In a godawful comedy called ***Made in America*** (Warner), all the chemistry between Whoopi Goldberg and Ted Danson must have occurred offscreen. The cheerless idea is that Whoopi has a teenaged daughter, conceived way back when, by artificial insemination. Much too late, she is informed that the sperm donor was probably a white man—even worse, an obnoxious auto salesman played by Ted Danson as a loudmouth who rides an elephant in his TV commercials. Their uneasy family reunion segues into sight gags about a runaway pachyderm, bicycle accidents and a seduction scene, the worst when Danson wrestles Whoopi onto a bed after telling her: "I don't mean to be crass—but my sperm has been in your body." Crass isn't the word. ¥

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***American Friends*** (Reviewed 5/93) An Oxford don joined by the ladies. ¥¥¥
***American Heart*** (6/93) Jeff Bridges among some Seattle street kids. ¥¥¥
***Benny & Joon*** (5/93) Brother-and-sister act with weirdo tenant Johnny Depp in the wings. ¥¥¥
***The Dark Half*** (6/93) Tim Hutton's other self is a ruthless killer. ¥¥½
***Dave*** (See review) Not such a rotter but a ringer for the president. ¥¥¥
***Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story*** (6/93) Commendable bio of the kung fu star (whose son, Brandon, also died young on a film set this spring). ¥¥¥
***House of Cards*** (5/93) Comes tumbling down around Kathleen Turner. ¥½
***Indecent Proposal*** (Listed only) Redford's now-famous $1 million bid for Demi Moore in a sleek, sexy romantic fantasy. ¥¥¥
***Made in America*** (See review) Whoopi meets Ted in a misbegotten farce. ¥
***Map of the Human Heart*** (4/93) Two long-lost lovers from the Arctic kept apart by race. ¥¥½
***Much Ado About Nothing*** (6/93) Branagh delivers Shakespeare for laughs. ¥¥¥¥
***The Music of Chance*** (See review) How two born losers lay a stone wall to pay a gambling debt. ¥¥¥
***The Night We Never Met*** (See review) New Yorkers share an apartment. ¥¥
***Orlando*** (See review) Grand film from an almost unfilmable novel. ¥¥¥¥
***The Pickle*** (5/93) Mazursky's bad movie within a bad movie gets worse. ¥
***Riff-Raff*** (4/93) Getting down with workers on a London high rise. ¥¥½
***Romper Stomper*** (5/93) Way down under with Australian skinheads. ¥¥¥
***Sleepless in Seattle*** (See review) A phoned-in affair to remember ¥¥¥½
***Sofie*** (See review) A woman's world, as eloquently directed by the great Ullmann. ¥¥¥½
***The Story of Qiu Ju*** (5/93) Gong Li plays a gorgeous peasant who won't say yes to the system. ¥¥¥¥
***This Boy's Life*** (4/93) As an abusive stepdad, De Niro really shines. ¥¥¥½
***Three of Hearts*** (6/93) Two lesbians find out what man trouble means. ¥¥¥
***Tito and Me*** (See review) Yugoslavian lad gets fed up with a legend. ¥¥
***Un Coeur en Hiver*** (See review) French triangle with a deft twist. ¥¥¥
***Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography*** (6/93) A feast for film fans. ¥¥¥½
***Wide Sargasso Sea*** (6/93) All about the woman displaced by Jane Eyre. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VINTAGE SERIES

THE VINTAGE SERIES.™

TIMELESS
SIMPLICITY
AND
ULTRA-SOFT
VINTAGE
LEATHER.
FOR THE
COMFORT OF
A BYGONE
ERA.

FOR YOUR NEAREST L.A. GEAR DEALER CARRYING THE VINTAGE SERIES CALL 1-800-788-7810.
PICTURED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: VINTAGE MATCHPOINT, RACER & COURT PLAYER

LA GEAR

# VIDEO

## GUEST SHOT

When he switches on the VCR, veteran stand-up comic **Robert Klein** likes to laugh—a lot. "I have a very large video collection," says the host of E! Channel's *Stand-Up/Sit-Down Comedy* show, "and the tapes I take off the shelf again and again are the films of W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers." Klein is also inspired by the early works of Jerry Lewis and the antics of Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy. "Then there's Gleason in the *Honeymooners* and Silvers in *Bilko*," he adds. Nothing from this era, Bob? "The only contemporary movies I have are the *Godfathers*—the first two. I'm specifically omitting *Part Three*. Coppola and Mario Puzo must have played a lot of tennis during that one." —DONNA CDE

### VIDEO SIX-PACK
this month: good grooming

***Betsy's Wedding:*** Director-star Alan Alda's comic take on Nineties nuptials, inspired by his own daughter's knot-tying.

***Here Comes the Groom:*** Bing Crosby croons his way back into Jane Wyman's fickle heart in Capra's snazzy 1951 rice opera.

***The In-laws:*** Uptight dentist Alan Arkin meets crackpot CIA spook Peter Falk when their kids marry. Hilarious.

***A Wedding:*** Robert Altman's quirky 1978 satire of a society wedding, featuring Mia Farrow, Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett and Lauren Hutton.

***The Wedding March:*** Esteemed 1928 silent-screen opus about wickedly corrupt European nobility, directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim.

***The War of the Roses:*** And sometimes love fades. DeVito's dark comedy features Turner and Douglas as the miserable-ever-after combatants. Already a cult classic. —TERRY CATCHPOLE

### VIDEOSYNCRASIES

Facets Video's African-American Video Catalog includes more than 800 titles—from Oscar Micheaux's silent gems to civil rights documentaries. Call 800-331-6197 for a free copy. . . . What do Superman, Fritz the Cat and Zippy the Pinhead have in common? They're all headliners in Pacific Arts' ***Comic Book Confidential*** ($14.95), a videode to 60 years of the comic-book industry. Best segment: the attempted cleanups by Fifties censors. . . . From the award-winning team of Faith and John Hubley comes ***Art and Jazz in Animation,*** the 12-film centerpiece of *The Hubley Collection* (Lightyear). The audiovisual odyssey combines fine art with the musical magic of such masters as Quincy Jones, Ella Fitzgerald and Dizzy Gillespie. Four tapes, $60 each.

### TABOO ON TAPE

MGM/UA's *Forbidden Hollywood* series replays the racy gems that led to the 1934 establishment of the notorious Production Code. Old stuff—but 'twas divine decadence while it lasted.

***Blessed Event:*** Lee Tracy is a Winchellesque gossip columnist who prowls New York in "the BVD hours of the night," digging up dirt on society swells. Dick Powell debuts as a "pansy" crooner.

***Employees' Entrance:*** Nineteen-year-old Loretta Young finds herself in a compromising position (horizontal) under a ruthless department-store manager.

***Female:*** Auto exec Ruth Chatterton seduces male employees by night, ships them off to the boonies in the morning. But the comedy runs out of gas when she falls for car designer George Brent.

***Ladies They Talk About:*** Gun moll Barbara Stanwyck is the "new fish" at San Quentin, where she talks tough and plots revenge against the radio reformer who sent her up the river.

***Madam Satan:*** In De Mille's only musical, socialite Kay Johnson lures back her two-timing husband by masquerading as a hell-raising vamp. (Check out her barely-there costume in the dirigible party scene.)

***Our Modern Maidens:*** In this silent 1929 jazz-age drama, Joan Crawford is a flapper who attracts a whip-toting diplomat while her fiancé (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) knocks up her houseguest, a naive lass named Kentucky. —DONALD LIEBENSON

### LASER FARE

Happy days are here again? Apparently: Doris Day has begun popping up on disc. MGM/UA has issued a deluxe letterbox edition of her 1966 romantic farce, ***The Glass Bottom Boat,*** while MCA/Universal's ***Pillow Talk*** (1959) replays Day's first—and best—teaming with Rock Hudson. . . . Fresh from the rockumentary beat, a pair from Warner Reprise: ***The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle,*** Julien Temple's 1980 chronicle of the Sex Pistols, and ***Ray Charles: The Genius of Soul,*** further proof that a man is more than the sum of his diet Pepsi spots. . . . This month's hot collectible: early Bond on disc (***Dr. No, From Russia with Love*** and ***Goldfinger***)—but not the packages now available from Voyager and Pioneer. The real find is Voyager's original release of this 007 threesome—complete with trailers, stills, spoofs and a roundtable chat track with the films' creators—that was allegedly nixed by Bond flick producer Cubby Broccoli. (Seems Cubby didn't cotton to comments about Lotte Lenya's sex life or Sean Connery's expanding gut.) The disc is said to be circulating through the underground market for about 500 bucks. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

## VIDEO MOOD METER

| MOOD | MOVIE |
|---|---|
| DRAMA | ***A Few Good Men*** (Cruise and Nicholson face off in military courtroom; Jack steals the picture), ***Enchanted April*** (holiday in Italy liberates four English ladies; Miranda Richardson is tops), ***School Ties*** (cool new kid in Fifties WASP prep school is Jewish; a sleeper that vonished too soon). |
| COMEDY | ***Hero*** (media queen Geena Davis overlooks grubby Dustin Hoffmon in search for plane-crash savior; Preston Sturges lite), ***Eating*** (Henry Jaglam's love letter to girl talk; the topics: men and food), ***Pole to Pole*** (Pythan Palin's your wry guide on expeditian to Antarctica in A&E hit; four-tape set). |
| BIG BIOS | ***Malcolm X*** (rich but preachy history of the slain Black Muslim; Denzel saves Spike's ass), ***Chaplin*** (Robert Downey, Jr., earns his Oscar nomination in Attenborough's biopic of the Little Tramp—but it ain't Gandhi), ***Hoffa*** (a whitewash, sure, but masterful; Nicholson's Jimmy eases the labor pains). |
| ACTION | ***Bad Lieutenant*** (crooked, drug-addicted cop attempts one good deed; Keitel goes way over the top), ***Stalker*** (Tarkovsky's dour post-apocalyptic road movie; worth enduring subtitled Russian), ***Trespass*** (treasure hunters battle drug thugs in slick Walter Hill shoot-'em-up). |

# discover black & gold

Get the edge. Over any menthol you're smoking now. The smooth edge. Benson & Hedges black & gold.

BENSON HEDGES

Available in limited areas.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

Lights: 13 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine—Regular: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# MEN

## By ASA BABER

Recent studies indicate that a serious epidemic is sweeping the male population of this country. It is called ATD, and it is no joke.

ATD stands for Ascending Testicles Disorder. At last report it strikes 98 percent of American men at least once in their lives, and it can hit any male at any time after puberty.

*Time* magazine calls ATD "a frightening prospect for the men of America, and yet one that they richly deserve, given their sordid history of patriarchy and pomposity." *The New York Times* calls ATD "God's gift to radical feminism—and it's about time." And a recent issue of *GQ* has Alan Alda posing in a special pictorial called "I Have Perpetual ATD, But I Still Go to the Beach!"

According to Dr. Rudolph Budweiser-Grolsch of the Centers for Testicular Control in Atlanta, both the inception and the progression of ATD are entirely predictable.

"The first symptom for most men is psychological," Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch said. "There is a sudden attack of enormous self-doubt. The man becomes unsure of himself. He has a deep sense of anxiety, his hands shake a lot and he feels puny and overextended."

"I feel that way when I bet too much on my next putt," I said.

"You don't understand," Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch said, smiling. "ATD occurs when a man encounters criticism and mockery and anger from the women in his life. It is not an ordinary anxiety attack. It is a testicular attack."

"I still don't understand," I said.

"Just watch," he said.

He pushed the PLAY button on his VCR. "This is a videotape of you, Asa Baber, at the 92nd Street Y in New York City last year. A thousand people were in that audience, and most of them were seriously feminist women. Listen to the soundtrack: Are they not hissing like snakes at the mere mention of your name? Do you hear the booing and the catcalls?

"Please note," Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch said as he tapped the TV screen with a pointer. "As you walk onstage you are already in the preliminary stages of ATD."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Observe the anxiety you exhibit as the women attack you. Look: You are pale. You are sweating. You have a desperate but unconvincing smile on your face. And you can hardly walk because you are holding your crotch with both hands. That is a sure sign of ATD.

DARREN THOMPSON

## WHY ATD IS NO JOKE

"Now here," Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch continued as the tape played, "you are about to speak—but listen! Your voice! What is happening to your voice?"

"It's cracking," I said.

"Precisely! You are now in the middle stages of ATD."

"I was just nervous!" I cried.

"No!" Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch shouted. "Why are macho men like you so filled with denial?"

He rewound the tape. "Here in freeze-frame is an X-ray picture of you at the first moment of that evening. Note the position of your testicles. As tiny as yours are, note how they hang down between your legs."

"OK," I said, nodding.

"Now, keeping the X-ray camera on you, let me go frame by frame."

"Gee, just like John Madden."

Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch ignored me. "Using this illustrator, I'll circle your testes. Now, watch. What is happening to your testicles as you speak and the women boo and hiss and dismiss you?"

"They are moving up into my belly!"

"Yes. Exactly. They are ascending. They are returning to their prebirth state. Under the fire of this feminist attack, as these women express their contempt for you, your only wish is to return to the womb."

"But why?" I asked.

"Let us remember the psychological basis of ATD: Your testicles are ascending because your entire body is trying to become a fetus again."

"I want to be a fetus again?"

"Yes!" the doctor said.

"But why?"

"Because the womb was the last place where a woman really protected you. This is what ATD is all about. You are so frightened of female abuse that you will do anything to escape it, including emasculate yourself!"

"You mean that I need female approval so much that I become a ball-less and fetal creature in the hope of returning to the womb and getting that approval?" I asked.

"Watch," Dr. Budweiser-Grolsch said as he started the videotape again. "There you are, trying to speak over the hissing, and what do we hear as we progress? Your voice is changing even more. It is getting higher and higher. We are not three minutes into your talk and you are a soprano."

"Maybe a countertenor?" I asked.

"You are soprano at this point. The tape proves it and the women know it. Hear their laughter? You are becoming more pale, you suck your thumb while you talk, your little balls have ascended and are climbing past your appendix, you have wet your pants. And look! You are lying down in the prenatal position and calling for your mommy."

"That's ATD?" I asked.

"That is a full-blown case of ATD."

"But I get ATD all the time."

"Yes, we know. We have other tapes of you. You are a mess."

"Will I ever be free of ATD?"

"Of course not," the doctor said.

"Why not?"

"Because you yearn for the love of good women. You like to look at them, smell them, taste them, tease them, confront them, joke with them. So your testicles are fated to ascend and descend and ascend again on a daily basis for the rest of your life. Face it, Baber: You're doomed. You are ATD's poster child."

"Great news, Doc. Sort of," I said.

# Treat your dad to a few rounds in Scotland.

## You and your father could win a trip to one of Scotland's finest golf courses.

Cut out this label and bring it to your J&B retailer or Golf Pro Shop.

Compare it to the label found on promotional counter cards, or displays of J&B bottles. If your J&B game piece doesn't match the label on the display, you're a Prize Winner.

### Grand Prize
All-expense-paid trip for two to Scotland plus a set of Taylor Made Clubs. (Restrictions apply)

### 1st Prize
A complete set of Taylor Made Golf Equipment.

### 2nd Prize
A Golf Digest instructional video. (1,000 winners)

### 3rd Prize
One Sleeve of Golf Balls. (2,000 winners)

Taylor Made
The #1 Driver and Metal-wood on the PGA tour of the past 7 years...and counting.

## Justerini & Brooks since 1749

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Game terminates on the earlier of August 31, 1993 or when supply of game labels is exhausted. Game is open to US residents 21 years of age or older. For a complete set of official rules send to Diamond Promotion Group, 11 East 36th Street, New York, New York 10016. Photo © Tony Roberts. © 1993 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ

# WOMEN

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Jill thought she was getting married to Alan this weekend. She got the dress and the license. She told everyone—her hairdresser, her cousins, all her ex-boyfriends. It was to be a small, semi-spur-of-the-moment wedding, but she was excited.

Then he called it off. No explanation.

"What do you mean, no explanation?" I screamed into the phone. "He must have said something."

"Oh, he tried to make a big joke of it. Something about how he didn't really want a whole bunch of blenders and placemats."

"That's insane."

"I know it's insane. I didn't even care that much about getting married. It was his idea. Now I'll have to tell everyone it's off. I'm so goddamned humiliated. Do you think that's why he did it? Because of his father?"

And then we did what women do, especially women who have had many years of shrinkage. We analyzed. We dissected. We came up with theories: His father left Alan's mother when Alan was six, so Alan wanted to humiliate Jill the way his mother was humiliated. Or he was punishing Jill for what his last girlfriend did to him. Or maybe he just had an incredibly indirect way of dealing with anger.

This process takes about an hour and a half, in the middle of which my call-waiting beeped.

"Well, Jim's packing," said Charles. "After all I've done for him, he says he doesn't love me enough. We're so good together, we laugh at the same jokes. What the hell does he want?"

Jim and Charles hadn't been getting along since Jim lost his upscale job. He is now working a menial job for five dollars an hour. Charles, who still has his cushy job, is paying the mortgage and car payments and picking up the check in restaurants. I'd never liked the subservient look on Jim's face when Charles picked up the check.

"Mom, can I have twenty dollars?" asked my kid.

"Shut up, I'm on the phone," I said imperiously.

"He's just trying to scare you, Charles," I said. "He doesn't mean it. He wants to be sure you love him."

"Shit. He should get down on his knees to thank me, instead of this."

BECKY HEAVNER

## MONEY, POWER, SEX

"Maybe that's the problem. You pay for everything. Maybe he feels too goddamned thankful."

"Oh, come on, money isn't an issue."

"Then why did you say 'after all I've done for him' and 'he should get down on his knees to thank me'?"

"Those were just figures of speech," Charles said as my kid threw something at me. I told Charles I'd call him back.

"What?" I snapped at my kid.

"I need twenty dollars for the smog check on my car," he said. "I have an appointment at the garage."

"Did you do the dishes? Bundle the papers? Put the laundry in the drier?"

"I have an appointment!" he yelled.

"I don't care!" I yelled back.

So he started the dishes and the telephone rang.

"Oh, God, oh, God," said Jill. "He has a hundred dollars in the bank. His business is really doing badly. He's scared to death about money. He doesn't want to marry me when he's feeling so weak and vulnerable, especially since I'm, well, kind of rich. I'm going to forgive him."

"Why the hell not?" I said.

I hung up, stared into space, then cooed to my kid, "Kid, here's the twenty. Go to your appointment. I'll take care of all this stuff."

"Huh?" he said, slack-jawed.

"Why should you be my slave just because I have all the money?"

"What drugs are you on?" he asked.

"Just get the hell out of here, OK?"

He did, and I lay down on the sofa, my mind racing. Money. It can destroy the best relationships.

Money supposedly is power. But if you have all the money, you find yourself wondering, Does she really love me? Is she just hanging around for the meal ticket? This makes you feel nervous and angry and injured. You start demanding things. She owes you. You decide to abdicate emotional responsibility because you're shouldering all financial responsibilities. Next thing you know, you're sitting alone in restaurants.

It's even worse if you're the one with no money. You have no power. You must be accommodating even when you're steaming with indignation. You have to subjugate yourself. Having no power in a relationship turns you essentially into a child. Since you have no say over your life, you become infantile. You wheedle and pout and act sneaky. Next thing you know, you're having an affair.

How many women with little or no financial power do I know who are afraid of their husbands? How many of them preface their conversations with "Don't tell Fred this, but. . . ."

So what do you do? Does the one with money always get to be boss?

With my kid, I know what will happen. Eventually someone will give him a job and he'll move out and feel fully grown up and I'll scream and moan with loneliness for a couple of months and then everything will be fine. But what about couples?

I phoned all the happy couples I know. All three of them. They said the same thing: "We share the money," said Jack. "We never think about whose it is, it's just ours," said Susan. "Who cares about money, anyway?" said Bob.

I made a conference call and asked Jill and Charles if they wanted their relationships to prosper. They said sure.

"It's simple," I said. "Give up your control of the money. Have joint bank accounts."

"Get the fuck out of here!" they screamed in unison.

"I read that one out of 40 men dresses up in ladies clothing. Now we've had 39 **PRESIDENTS**. One of these guys was **PRANCING** around the White House in a **PROM DRESS**, right?"

Joy Behar
WOMEN ALOUD
Weekdays at 9am and 3pm.

COMEDY CENTRAL™

# NOTHING IS SACRED.®

**WATCH THE ONLY 24 HOUR, ALL-COMEDY CABLE CHANNEL.**
*Don't get it? That's a really good reason to call your cable company and complain.*

© 1993 Comedy Partners. All Rights Reserved.

"It's a drag to have to stop to put one on."

# GET REAL

The heat of the moment can burn you for a lifetime.

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few years ago most of the women I dated were reluctant to have casual sex. Now many are quite willing. Has casual sex made a comeback? Or am I better at seduction than I used to be?—A. R., East Meadow, New York.

*Practice makes better (if not perfect), so chances are you've improved over the years. But yes, casual sex is on an upswing. At least that's what Samuel and Cynthia Janus found in their recent "Janus Report on Sexual Behavior," a survey of the sex lives of 2765 Americans, about one third of whom were single. When asked how sexually active they were compared with three years ago, about one fifth of the singles—both men and women—said more, and about one quarter said much more. Some said they were less or much less active—but only about half the number who said they were more or much more active. The Januses say fear of sexually transmitted diseases is less of a deterrent to casual sex than it was a few years ago. Single respondents said they could prevent disease through safe sex and, as a result, saw no need to limit their sexual activity.*

Why do women have hymens? What good are they if all they do is break?—C. R., Washington, D.C.

*No one knows for sure, but naturally there are theories. Many cultures consider the hymen—a flap of tissue that partially covers the vaginal opening at birth—nature's seal of approval for brides. Tradition holds that a woman who remains a virgin until her wedding night will feel discomfort and bloody the sheets when her hymen ruptures. But sex researchers long ago established that, in many cases, there isn't much pain or blood when the hymen breaks, or that it stretches but remains intact, or that the woman doesn't have one to begin with. As for its practicality, researcher Charles Panati reports that some anthropologists believe children in much earlier eras learned about sex through mimicking adults, and that the hymen may have developed to grip a boy's small penis. (Those same anthropologists need more to do.) The ancient Greeks actually elevated the tissue to deity, as they seemed to do with everything they didn't understand. Hymen was the god of marriage. A new husband, upon entering his virgin bride, would shout, "Hymen, O Hymenaeus!" In her book "Female of the Species," Bettyann Kevles suggests the hymen may still have a purpose among modern mammals—but only in whales (it keeps the water out).*

My son likes to play DJ and create rap tracks. How can he do it like the pros while minimizing damage to the LPs he's using?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

*Since he needs to slide records back and forth, and sometimes spin them backward*

*quickly on the turntable, the usual rubber mat won't work. Buy a yard or two of smooth felt at a fabric shop. Cut it to fit the turntable platter. Now the records will slide easily. Most major phono-cartridge companies offer special replacement styluses for many cartridge models. These have a spherical tip rather than the higher-performance elliptical tip. Although you can use an elliptical stylus, it will eventually wear the record groove, since it's shaped like a snowplow. The spherical tip is shaped like a ballpoint pen, so it cues easier and does less damage. A few major manufacturers sell CD players that imitate some of the features of LP turntables. You may have to search to find them, and they cost more than regular models. With CDs you can toss the felt: The scratching takes place electronically.*

Recently, while recovering from a severe cold, I sucked on mentholated cough drops for my scratchy throat. When my girlfriend and I went to bed that evening, I went down on her as usual, but my breath was still affected by the menthol. To my surprise, she went wild, screaming so loudly I thought the neighbors would hear. She had the most intense orgasm I have ever witnessed. When she recovered 15 minutes later, I blew lightly on her and she immediately had another orgasm. After further exploration, we concluded that the cough drops were the spice in this incredible experience. Can mentholated cough drops cause any medical problems?—J. B., Brookhaven, Mississippi.

*You can use cough drops to enhance your sexual pleasure to your heart's content, as long as you lick the plate clean. (Otherwise you might upset the pH balance of the vagina.) We don't mean to detract from your discovery, but there are couples already familiar with these oral pleasures. Other items known to have a similar orgasmic effect are Pepsodent toothpaste, Binaca, Pop Rocks and chocolate body paint. Bon appétit.*

When I unpacked my gear after moving, I found my VCR and receiver had died in transit. I'm far from the store where they were purchased, so where do I take them for repair?—E. A., Phoenix, Arizona.

*The first rule is to take your gear to the manufacturer's repair facility. If you live in the vast void between repair centers, call the manufacturer for its nearest location and ask for a repair authorization. Most companies provide 800 numbers. Then ship your shocked units to that repair center. While manufacturers are often outrageously expensive—and sometimes incompetent—you usually have recourse if the unit is returned unfixed. Furthermore, manufacturers can obtain their own parts faster than most independents. If speed is of the essence, you can ship next-day air. A few companies will give these shipments priority. Seek in-home service for large TVs. If you choose to patronize an independent service center, look for one that has been in business at least 25 years and is authorized by the manufacturer. Ask your new friends and colleagues for suggestions. Insist that servicers use identically branded parts when possible and that the defective replaced parts are returned to you. One last rule: If the component is more than ten years old, give it to charity and buy a new one.*

Back in college, I fell in love with an extremely attractive Southern woman. One day, in the midst of a baby-oil back rub, she casually remarked that she was glad I didn't have hair on my back. "I could never love someone with a hairy back," she said with a shudder. Now, several years later, I have a back full of hair and a complex. While I try to accept it as natural, my ex-girlfriend's comment haunts me, and I can't help suspecting that most women feel as she does. Are there any permanent corrective options, or should I enroll in a New Age class to help me accept my inner (and outer) wild man?—B. B., Portland, Oregon.

*Better to throw that demon off your back than to resort to corrective hair-pulling. Rest assured, there are women out there who will love the wild—and natural—you. Just as there are women who like them short and others who like them tall, some like them wild and woolly.*

After hearing for years that condoms are the best protection against AIDS, I read that they don't block transmission



ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

SOLAR Energy

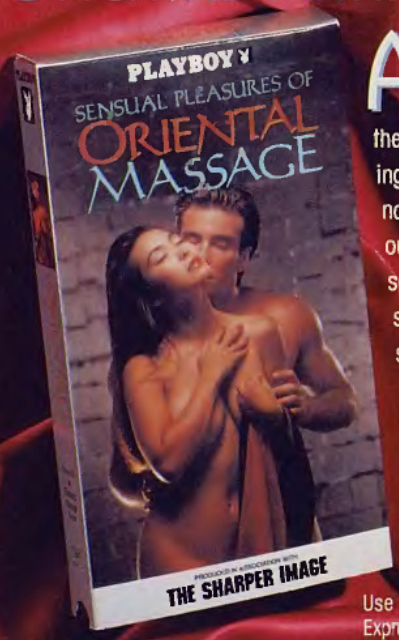
It's time to turn up the air conditioner. When tanned, terrific girls walk about in summer dresses or T-shirts and cutoffs, they cause heat waves. When you see them in *Playboy's Girls of Summer*, they'll heat things up even more. On sale now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #PMFT9307. (Source Code 39536) ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #PMFT9307. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39536, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

© 1993 Playboy

ORIENTAL MASSAGE VIDEO




Attractive nude couples demonstrate the soothing and stimulating arts of healing massage while easy-to-follow expert narration guides you through the sensuous steps of the art of touch. Body and spirit are united as you and your lover share the intimacy of centuries-old massage practices. VHS. 50 min.

WAS $29.95
NOW ONLY $19.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-423-9494
Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for the item number QJ1623V (VHS) for $19.95. (Source Code: 39555)

ORDER BY MAIL
Use your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39555, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

© 1993 Playboy.

of HIV. Do they or don't they?—E. N., Amherst, Massachusetts.

*They do, but not perfectly. Recently, researchers stretched latex condoms over a penis-shaped form and subjected it to the temperatures, pressures and other conditions of intercourse. Then fluid containing particles the size of HIV was released from the tip of the penile form into the condoms. Twenty-nine of the 89 condoms tested leaked some of the particles. But the researchers said that even the leakiest condom offered 100,000 times more AIDS protection than no condom at all. Condoms are like automobile brakes: They fail occasionally, but that's no reason to stop using them.*

Down in our little corner of Texas, things are heating up at the local adult theaters. It seems that quite a few couples, including us, are engaging in the time-honored tradition of show-and-don't-tell when the lights are low. These are mostly planned performances, which can range from the relatively tame showing of skin to raucous gymnastics over the seats. We were at one recently where the audience of ten or so gave the couple a standing ovation as they left. Do you know if this is a trend in other parts of the country? Is it legal?—J. O., El Paso, Texas.

*Hello, does the name Pee-wee Herman mean anything to you?*

Should I bother to take my radar detector along on my next trip to Europe? Will it work overseas?—G. K., Boston, Massachusetts.

*It's better than nothing. Cincinnati Microwave advises that it does sell radar detectors in England but warns that overseas cops sometimes use different frequencies. Here, the FCC mandates frequencies for police radar guns. Overseas, these can be changed by the police, so a U.S. radar detector that's fixed on several specified bands may not pick up the correct signal in, say, Germany or France. A tip: Motorists in Europe, especially in Italy and France, will often flash their lights if the policia stradale or gendarmes are lurking around the next curve. You can call them in England at 011-44-634-388-755 for specific information on which bands work in which countries.*

I have always wanted to make love in a whirlpool, but my girlfriend can't seem to get lubricated enough for me to insert my penis into her vagina. Do you know of any products that we can use to help us? Also, can you catch a venereal disease from the water in a public hot tub?—E. P., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

*You need a lubricant that doesn't dissolve in water, as petroleum jelly and K-Y jelly do. Slippery Stuff Gel is a non-water-soluble lubricant made expressly for your purposes. It's available through Adam and Eve for $9.95. Call 800-765-ADAM. And you can't catch a*

*sexually transmitted disease from a whirlpool, just from what you do in one.*

**A** beautiful woman I was passionately in love with recently broke up with me and I feel like hell. She says she knew how strongly I felt about her, but that she could never return my emotions. I am heartbroken. Whenever I've been dumped, my friends have said, "She feels as bad as you do." I would take comfort in knowing that she also feels like shit, but I'd find it hard to believe. Women seem to walk away so easily.—D. A., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*As much as we'd like to tell you that she's sharing your misery, the truth is that your ex is probably relieved. Being the object of such rapt attention can be uncomfortable. A recent Case Western Reserve University study found that men are more likely than women to fall in love with someone who does not return their feelings. (Makes us wonder what happened to the women who loved too much.) But look at it this way: How much satisfaction can there be in a one-way relationship? Stop obsessing over what you can't control. It's time to move on.*

**W**hen I used to play LPs, I shelled out big bucks replacing needles. Experts terrified me that a worn needle would wreck my records. Now I play only CDs. Should I worry about the laser burning out? Will it damage my discs if it starts to fail? How long do lasers last?—K. E., Denver, Colorado.

*Forget the claim that a diamond is forever. Diamonds used in phonograph needles wear out, but lasers are forever. Or at least as forever as transistors and other solid-state devices. CD player manufacturers estimate lasers last from 5000 hours to eternity. They agree that CD players have not been around long enough to determine the laser failure rate. The mechanism that moves the laser along the disc will fail long before your player's electronics. Unless a defect in manufacturing causes premature failure (usually in the first 100 hours), your laser may outlive you.*

**M**y 36-year-old boyfriend can get an erection about a half hour after he comes. I'm not complaining, but I thought men over 30 took longer—like at least a few hours—to get it up again?—K. B., Glenbrook, Nevada.

*Some do, but some don't. Sex experts from the ancient Chinese to Masters and Johnson have observed that as the years pass, men generally have a longer refractory period—the time it takes to raise a new erection after orgasm. The key word here is generally. There are no absolutes in sexuality, including the time from orgasm to next erection. Want to really shorten the refractory period? Use your mouth and hands.*

**T**his is weird. Lately I've been having a little trouble ejaculating. Are there any sexual moves you know that could help?—S. W., Asheville, North Carolina.

*University of Missouri psychologist Joseph LoPiccolo suggests you experiment with different orgasm triggers. These include: squeezing scrotum and testes, caressing your scrotum, stimulating your anal area, contracting pelvic muscles, holding your breath, tensing muscles in your legs and throwing back your head. In addition, check with your physician or pharmacist about any drugs you might be taking. Many prescription and over-the-counter medicines can impair ejaculation.*

**D**o some masturbation techniques better approximate intercourse than others?—J. K., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

*The "Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices" suggests stimulation techniques that resemble the kind of things a partner might provide: thrusting against a pillow, rubbing with fingers, use of lubricants and anal and nipple stimulation. The book lives up to the name "unusual" by also suggesting the use of liver in a milk carton.*

**I**'ve heard that vasectomies might be linked to prostate cancer. Is this for real? What should I do?—I. S., Freehold, New Jersey.

*Relax, and see your urologist regularly. Two studies that were recently published in the "Journal of the American Medical Association" showed an increased risk of prostate cancer in men who have had vasectomies. But doctors call the association "weak." Two other studies have shown no increase in post-vasectomy risk of prostate cancer. And scientists see no biological reason why the two should be connected. The purported link between vasectomy and prostate cancer may well be an example of the selection bias inherent in these two studies. Most vasectomies are performed by urologists, and urologists diagnose most prostate cancers. Men who have had vasectomies are more likely than average to see their urologists frequently, and as a result, to have their prostate cancers diagnosed. Early this year researchers who reported the vasectomy–prostate cancer link published info from the same study showing that men who have had vasectomies have a lower overall death rate than men who have not. Urologists urge men not to get too worked up over these studies. Just visit your urologist regularly for a digital rectal prostate exam, and possibly for a prostate-specific antigen blood test, the latest advance in prostate-cancer screening.*

---

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

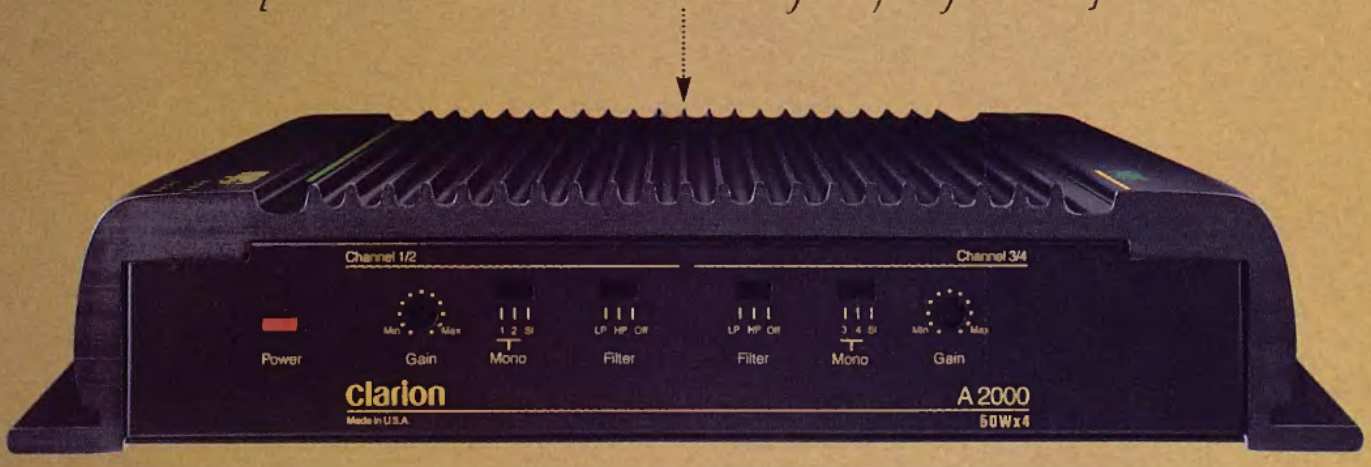
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.
© 1992 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY

Imported Vodka, 40% and 50% Alc/Vol (80° and 100°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

*Feast your ears on the powerplant for the new world order: a 200-watt technological wonder which includes such features as built-in, four-channel electronic crossovers. High current, MOSFET switching transistors for delivering more power with less heat. And connectors plated in gold for a superior signal transfer. And, when installed by an authorized Clarion dealer, it is backed up by a two-year warranty. Something not commonly found on weapons as powerful as this. Just call (800) 487-9007 to hear more.*

**THE COLD WAR IS OVER. THIS IS WHERE THE TECHNOLOGY WENT.**

*[ Our Pro Audio A2000. The height of high-tech. ]*




clarion™
CAR AUDIO

*Created with a healthy respect for technology and a complete disregard for limitations.*

© 1995 Clarion Sales Corporation, 661 W. Redondo Beach Blvd., Gardena, CA 90247-4201. Clarion Canada, Inc., 2239 Winston Park Dr., Oakville, Ontario L6H 5R1 Canada.

# WHY I'M NOT AFRAID OF TERRORISTS

*far more dangerous are the thugs of state. we know who they are—we helped put them there*

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Terrorism is on the rise. That's what the headlines say. But it's just not true. Although the number of terrorist incidents has been down for years, all it takes is one showy incident such as the bombing of the World Trade Center for the media to go wild with speculation. Terrorism is a salable commodity.

Terrorism captures our imagination because of its suggestion that all of us, even in the most secure fortresses, are vulnerable. The horrible violence committed by states, ordinary criminals or by one side or another in a civil war is usually exempted from the category of terrorism. Here, we are talking about ideologically motivated hijackers and bombers, the people we love to read about because they are so purposefully scary. The fear, pumped up by the media that thrive on this sort of footage, is irrational. Statistically, the possibility of slipping in the shower dwarfs the danger to one's life posed by terrorists.

Terrorist acts are designed to electrify a television audience and to maximize exposure. But up against the true traumas of this world—famine, civil war, religious fratricide—they are not significant as a source of human suffering. Six dead in the World Trade Center bombing represents a tragedy, but that's the drive-by shooting toll on a wild weekend in Los Angeles.

In the entire world, with its 5 billion people, a mere 200 died in 1990 and only 81 in 1991 from terrorism, according to the State Department's counterterrorism office. In a recent report, it noted that the ballyhooed threat of Saddam Hussein's worldwide terrorist campaign fizzled miserably.

Terrorism is down because the end of the Cold War means that the bases of financial and other support provided by both sides for political gangs of the left and right are now gone. The Soviets are no longer around to support the Japanese Red Army, and we no longer send Stinger rockets and AK47s to "freedom fighters" in Afghanistan. The Afghan resistance attracted Islamic fanatics from all over; they pop up trained and armed everywhere there is trouble. And it is former Afghan freedom fighters who are now accused of blowing up the World Trade Center.

The real problem is not with the spectacular acts of terrorism by stateless gangs directed against civilian targets. The greater menace lies in civil strife, in which righteous combatants feel no qualms about, and even take delight in, the massacre of innocents. How can one compare the strife in the Balkans with the attack on the World Trade Center? Hundreds of thousands of lives have already been uprooted in the former, and the end is not in sight. Thousands are killed on a "good" day of religious rioting in India, but the incident will barely make the U.S. evening news.

The serious threat to the world from religious fanaticism lies far less in isolated terrorist acts than in the ability of religious leaders to mobilize the masses to overthrow reasonable governments. That's what happened in Iran when the ayatollah came to power, and it is about to occur in Algeria, where Moslem fanatics won a majority in the recent election.

Lest we place too much blame on Moslem fundamentalists, we should point out that the Serbs guilty of ethnic cleansing claim to be devout Christians, and that there are Jewish fanatics on the West Bank who go in for a bit of mayhem.

Nor is it as easy to draw the line between ideological and state terrorism. Anwar Sadat, who was assassinated in 1981, was himself accused of participating in an assassination plot before he came to power. And Menachem Begin, the Israeli leader with whom Sadat negotiated a worthy peace accord, was once in the business of blowing up British soldiers.

The Algerian government, still led by men who killed French soldiers, now brands the fundamentalist opposition as terrorists. But the fundamentalists won a major election and were about to take power peacefully and democratically when their activities were banned. Is the opposition now a revolutionary or a terrorist force? The label is often in the eye of the beholder.

Double standard is the name of the game when it comes to terrorism and, indeed, most international political posturing. The U.S. has declared Iran the major backer of international terrorist organizations. Despite a policy that forbids compromise with terrorism, both the Reagan and Bush administrations bargained with the ayatollahs.

We support the struggle of the Shiites in Iraq and protect them with our aircraft, even though their headquarters and financiers are in Tehran. On the other hand, we have done our best to topple Muammar el-Qaddafi in Libya and Hussein in Iraq, even though both, beasts that they are, stand as obstacles to the Islamic revolution led by Iran.

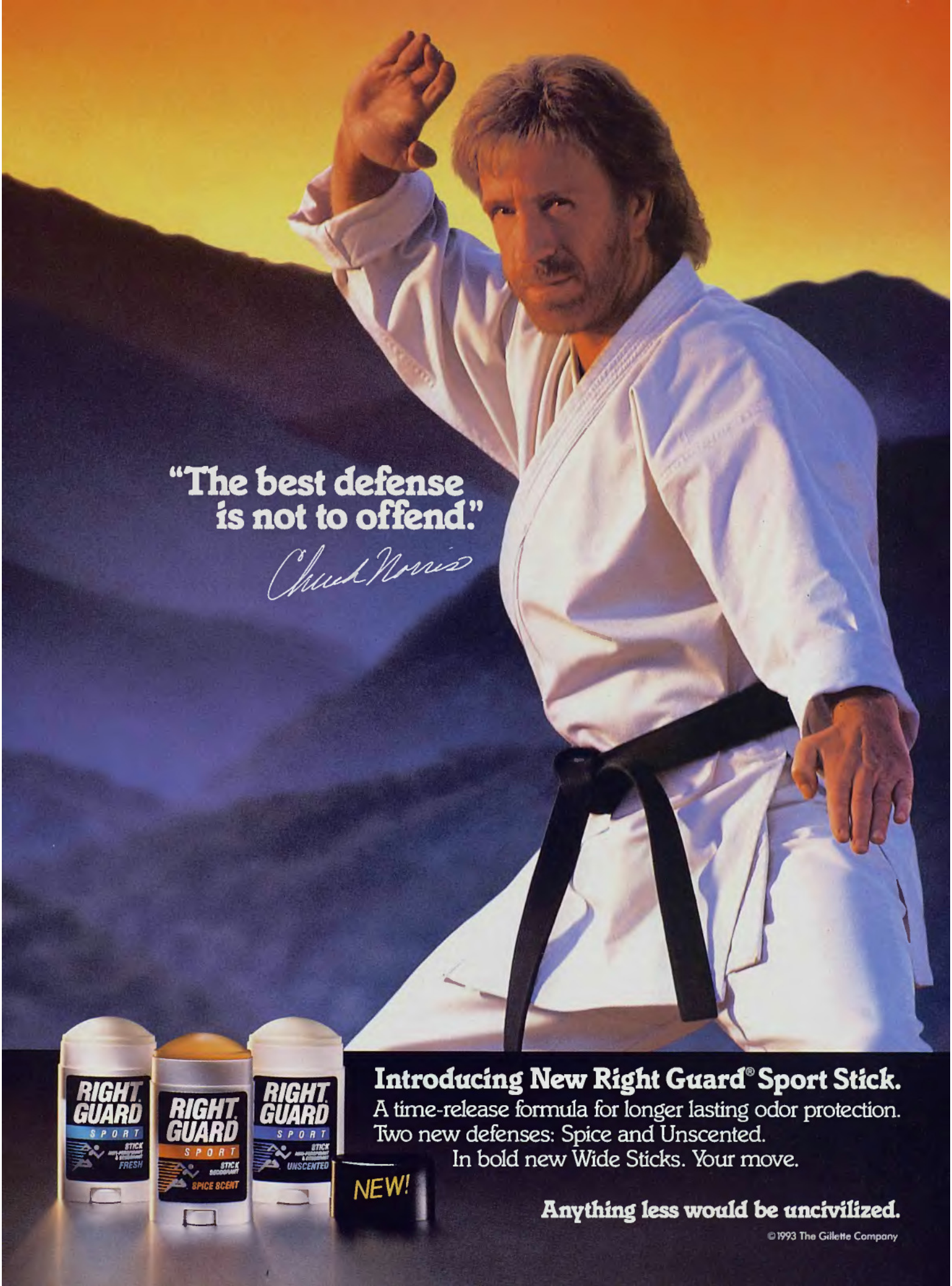
"If you destabilize Libya, you destabilize North Africa," said one diplomat quoted in *The Washington Post*. "One of the few positive things you can say about Qaddafi," he added, "is that he is a bulwark against the Islamicists because they are the only force that could be dangerous to his rule."

We have led a boycott of Qaddafi because he refuses to turn over men accused of blowing up Pan Am flight 103 in 1988. On the other hand, we are chummy with Syria, an even more important backer of terrorist groups, because it supported the U.S. position in the Gulf war.

Still, the good news is that terrorism—not violence against civilians but the bolt-from-the-blue kind witnessed with the World Trade Center bombing—is down. The techniques for fighting terrorists have vastly improved and the bases for their activity have shriveled.

The State Department expert on terrorism concluded that "the international community has made tremendous progress over the past decade. Today, it is the terrorists who are on the defensive." But the State Department added the caution that "as long as there are resentments, antagonisms, grievances, there will be some who will turn to violence, including violence against innocent civilians, to serve their political ends."

Economic, religious and ethnic oppression is deeply felt, and in the modern age of television communication—worldwide and live—people may think that with a sudden violent act, they can set this world right with them and their god. The odd but promising thing is that so few have tried.


"The best defense is not to offend."
Chuck Norris
RIGHT GUARD
SPORT
STICK
FRESH
RIGHT GUARD
SPORT
STICK
SPICE SCENT
RIGHT GUARD
SPORT
STICK
UNSCENTED
NEW!
Introducing New Right Guard® Sport Stick.
A time-release formula for longer lasting odor protection.
Two new defenses: Spice and Unscented.
In bold new Wide Sticks. Your move.
Anything less would be uncivilized.
© 1993 The Gillette Company

# GUN CONTROL SCRAPBOOK

point counterpoint at point-blank range

## BEARING ARMS

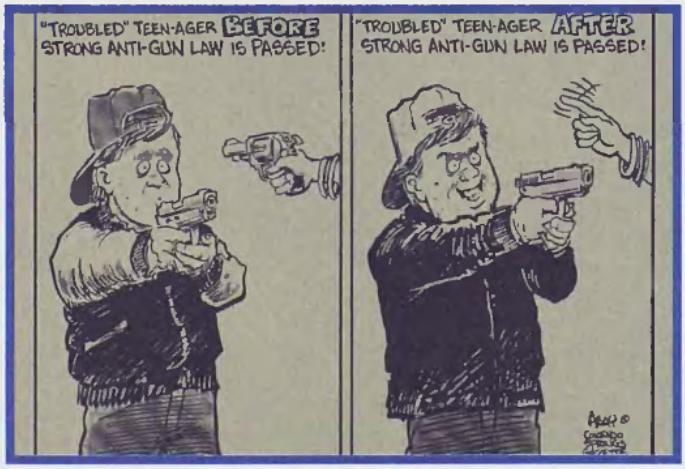
By WILLIAM J. HELMER

A less charitable person might argue that the knee-jerk, bleeding-heart liberals demanding more gun control are trying to make firearms the scapegoat for the failure of their own social policies. But that wouldn't be fair to the progun reactionaries whose political policies created a lot of those social problems in the first place.

I'm prepared to concede that the U.S. has a serious violence problem and that guns play a major role in it. But let's try to put that problem in perspective. The homicide rate today is about the same as it was in the early Thirties, when there were few gun laws, and the same as it was in the late Seventies, after thousands of gun laws had been passed. And, bad as it seems, today's urban violence is pretty tame compared with a century ago, when no one ventured forth after dark without a knife or pistol.

More people are getting killed these days because there are a lot more people—and we're more aware of their deaths because television brings them into our living rooms. In spite of the drive-by shootings and the rampages of the deranged, the mortality rate for the dreaded handgun remains around five per 100,000. Nearly all the killing occurs in a few high-crime neighborhoods in our largest cities. The average U.S. citizen is more likely to be killed by one of the 200 million cars in this country than by one of the 200 million guns.

The knee-jerk response to this is usually that any gun law that saves even one life is a good law. If saving lives is really the goal of *(continued on page 52)*




## GUNS R US

By REG POTTERTON

Looking for an argument? Try gun control. Just make sure you don't take the wrong side in the wrong company or you might get your face blown off. Where guns are concerned, logic is dead and panic rules.

There are so many statistics about guns and the troubles they cause that most people are sick of hearing them. We know that the firearm-homicide rate in the United States is much greater than that of other industrialized nations. And we know that life in our streets, schools and suburbs is more violent this year than last year. We don't need to be reminded—city dwellers have known it for 30 years—that fear makes a mockery of the freedom we're supposed to enjoy in the frightened land of the free and the barricaded home of the brave.

These are only some of the reasons why 80 percent of the population favors increased gun control. A rational person would say nothing can be gained by adding to the mountain of American corpses. Yet there are those who try to convince the rest of us that the way to achieve peace and security in a society such as ours, with its conflicting scramble of ethnic, social, linguistic, economic and religious communities, is to allow ownership of all sorts of guns. They assert that the Second Amendment to the Constitution—with the phrase "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed"—guarantees the privilege of private ownership of guns. But they often leave out the opening clause ("A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state") because it gets in the way of the notion that the heavily armed *(continued on page 50)*

## GUNS R US

continued from poge 49

citizen is all that stands between democracy and tyranny.

Such is the philosophy of the National Rifle Association, which spent $10 million during the last election to convince lawmakers that it is in our best interest to live in a country where guns are readily available to almost any adult with the money to buy them. They were available to David Koresh's followers, for instance, and still are to members of the Aryan Nation. These groups fit the NRA's idea of a well-regulated militia.

Let's take a look at how the NRA has used the Second Amendment to advance democracy: It has made it easier for criminals to acquire and deal in guns. It has persuaded lawmakers to reduce the penalty for the unlawful sale of weapons to felons from a felony to a misdemeanor. It has made it legal to buy a machine gun manufactured before 1986.

As Representative Charles Schumer, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Crime, wrote in *The New York Times* this year, "The NRA's opposition to a ban on military-style weapons, to armor-piercing bullets that kill police officers and to the Brady Bill's waiting period to buy a handgun has nothing to do with any loss of constitutional rights; it has everything to do with making life more dangerous for law-abiding people and easier for criminals. Criminals, terrorists, fanatics and unstable people might begin each day by giving thanks to the NRA."

There are those who would say that the people who run the NRA care little about what happens in this country or to its citizens, that what the NRA cares about is perpetuating the NRA.

But not me. When I think about the gun lobby, I think of a sealed barrel of toxic waste that was dropped many years ago into a pure spring-fed pond teeming with life. The barrel sank to the bottom where, inevitably, corrosion set in. Now the poison is seeping into the water and contaminating everything it touches. Unless the barrel is removed, all life in the pond will be killed.

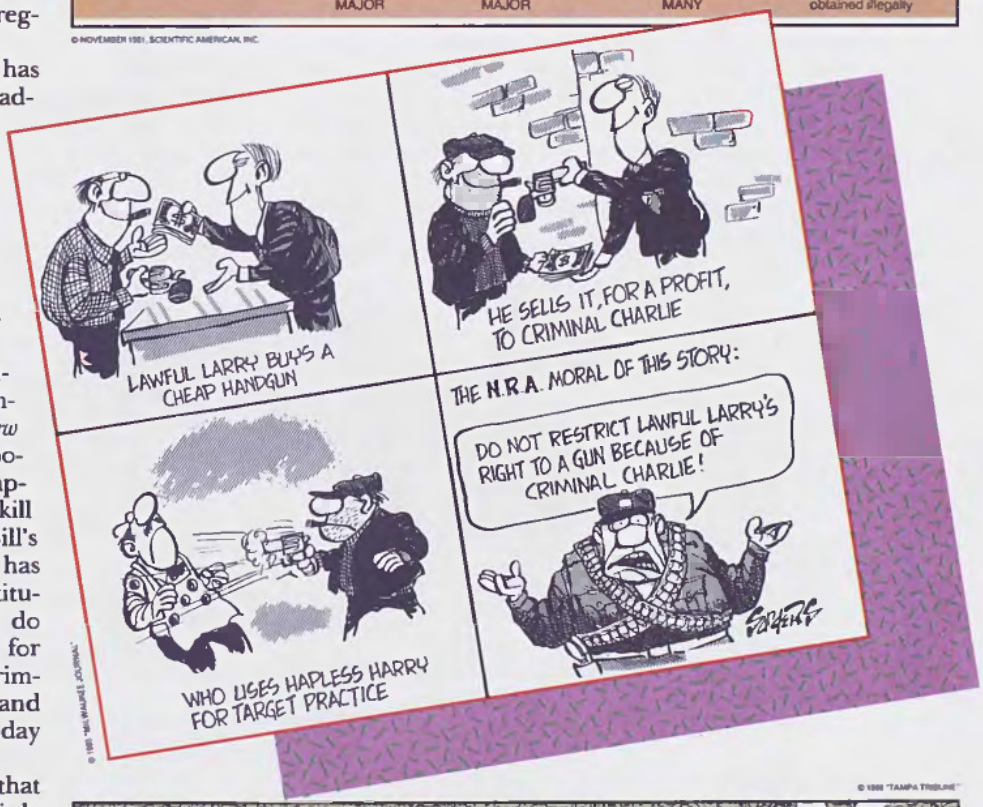
Do we really want to prolong what is nothing less than a form of self-inflicted national genocide, with its attendant legacy of generational guilt, vengeance and hatred? Or do we stop the killing by whatever means it takes?

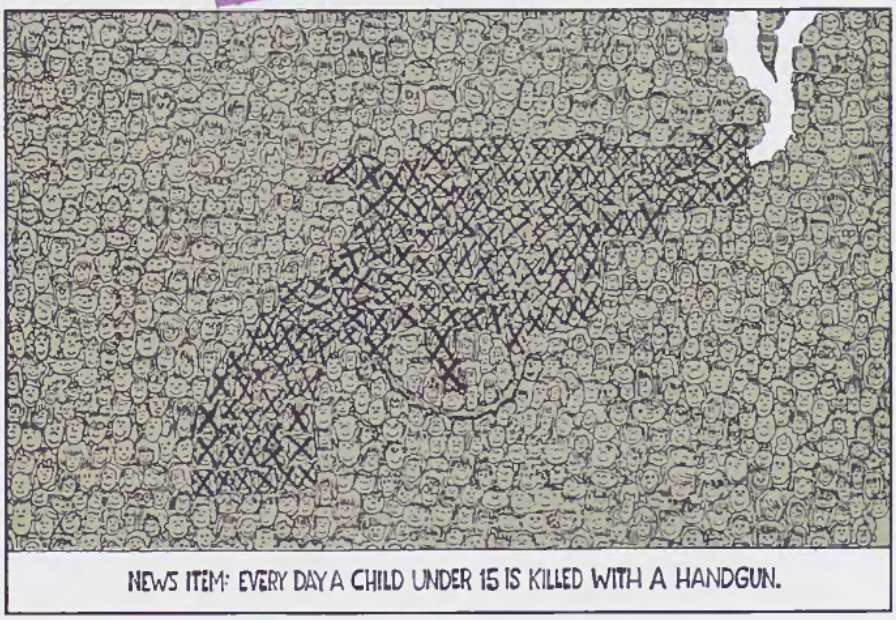
The only way to achieve a reduction in firearm homicides is to enforce a

### Strategies for Gun Control

| STRATEGY | COST AND INCONVENIENCE | EFFECT ON LEGITIMATE USES OF GUNS | POTENTIAL NUMBER OF LIVES SAVED | PROBLEMS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **STOP DANGEROUS USES** Extra punishment for crimes commited with guns and laws that regulate the proper use of guns | MINOR | MINOR | FEW | Weak threat, no logistical barrier to prevent gun misuse |
| **STOP DANGERDUS USERS** Laws that prohibit convicted felons from buying guns | MINOR | MINOR | FEW | Ineffective against those willing to lie about criminal record |
| Gun licenses for those who are not convicted felons and gun registration | SOME | SOME | SOME | Difficult to monitor tens of millions of guns |
| **REDUCE SUPPLY OF FIREARMS** Restrictions on ownership of exotic firearms | MINOR | MINOR | SOME | Little control over guns obtained illegally |
| Restrictions on ownership of handguns | MAJOR | MAJOR | MANY | Costly, interferes with legitimate uses, little control over guns obtained illegally |

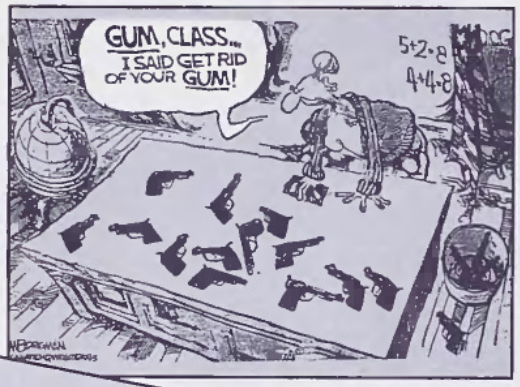
© NOVEMBER 1991, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, INC.


LAWFUL LARRY BUYS A CHEAP HANDGUN
HE SELLS IT, FOR A PROFIT, TO CRIMINAL CHARLIE
WHO USES HAPLESS HARRY FOR TARGET PRACTICE
THE N.R.A. MORAL OF THIS STORY:
DO NOT RESTRICT LAWFUL LARRY'S RIGHT TO A GUN BECAUSE OF CRIMINAL CHARLIE!

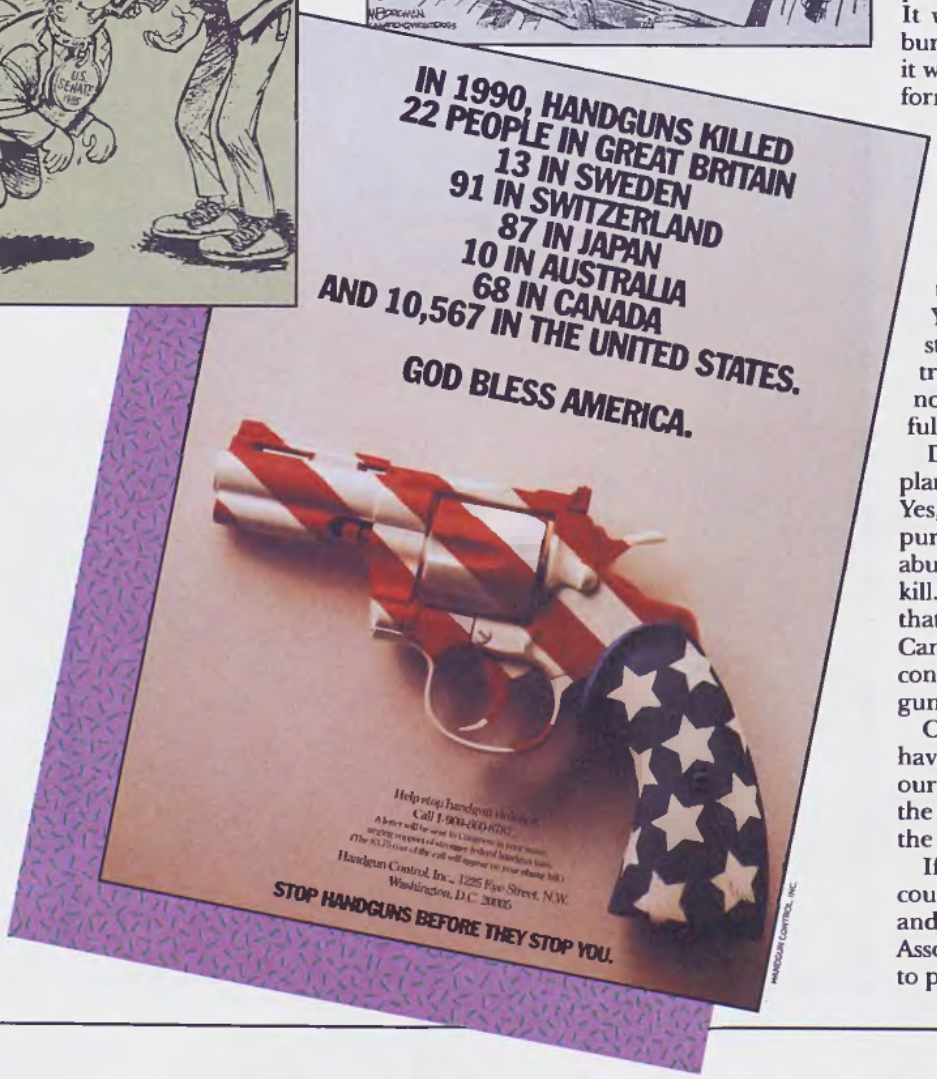


TRIBUNE MEDIA SERVICES

© 1991 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE




© 1991 HERBLOCK / "WASHINGTON POST"


IN 1990, HANDGUNS KILLED
22 PEOPLE IN GREAT BRITAIN
13 IN SWEDEN
91 IN SWITZERLAND
87 IN JAPAN
10 IN AUSTRALIA
68 IN CANADA
AND 10,567 IN THE UNITED STATES.
GOD BLESS AMERICA.
Handgun Control, Inc., 1225 Eye Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005
STOP HANDGUNS BEFORE THEY STOP YOU.
HANDGUN CONTROL, INC.

gun ban. Making people wait a week or six months for a weapons permit won't solve the problem. Nor will prohibitions against private ownership of assault rifles, grenade launchers, sawed-off shotguns, dumdum bullets or machine pistols. Limiting ownership to citizens who are sane or free of a criminal past won't do it, nor will compulsory registration. The guns have to go, once and for all. We need to live without fear of guns and of what guns do.

All handguns should be banned, not only from private hands but from everyday police possession as well. Exceptions to a gun ban would be rifles and shotguns used by hunters, skeet shooters and members of target-shooting clubs, and antiques owned by dealers and collectors. But all weapons would be registered and all owners licensed, with permits renewed on an annual basis, subject to an applicant's fitness to hold a permit. There should be an amnesty period during which stolen or unregistered weapons could be handed in without recrimination. The government would buy the remaining guns and destroy them.

Yes, such a program would be expensive and complicated to administer. It would require yet another snarl of bureaucracy. But it could be done, and it would work as smoothly as any other form of registration works once the machinery was in place.

Those who put their faith in bumper-sticker philosophy say that when guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns. Well, outlaws will always find weapons. All they have to do now is check the Yellow Pages. It would be a different story if, through rigorous gun control, the gun supply were virtually nonexistent and penalties for unlawful possession were strictly enforced.

Don't booze, tobacco, cars, boats, airplanes and doctors kill people, too? Yes, but killing is not their intended purpose—that comes as a result of abuse, accident or incompetence. Guns kill. That's what they are for. Consider that if you step across the border into Canada, with its highly restrictive gun control, your chance of dying from a gun diminishes by about 70 percent.

One more thing: Since 1900 guns have killed more Americans than all our enemies have accounted for in all the battles we've ever fought, including the Revolutionary War.

If that's what you call making this country a better place to live for you and your kids, join the National Rifle Association. You'll find there's a price to pay.

## BEARING ARMS

continued from page 49

gun-control advocates, why don't they spend more time worrying about automobiles? It's not lives they want to save, it's guns they want to abolish—through the passing of laws that demonstrate their moral superiority but have no effect on the problem.

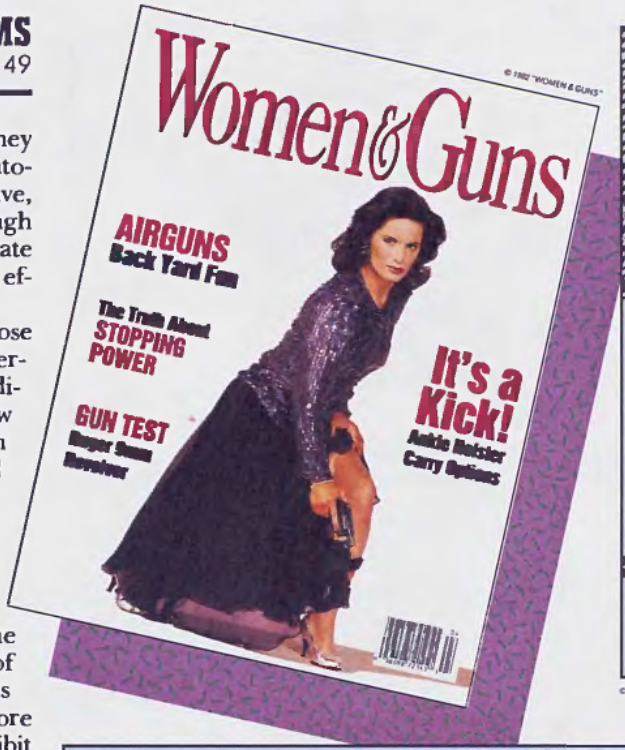
Progun people know that all those laws against gun sales or gun ownership billed as "a step in the right direction" won't work. They also know that guns are found in more than half of the country's households and that almost all gun violence is caused by a tiny percentage of gun owners already outside the gun-control loop. Declaring martial law and conducting house-to-house searches would still leave the streets unsafe. The uselessness of most gun laws appears so obvious that the incessant demands for more laws seem simply a desire to prohibit guns. Or punish gun owners. Or both.

Ask the National Rifle Association, as I have, if guns should be sold to minors or criminals, and the answer is "No." Ask if a gun dealer should be liable for damages resulting from an illegal sale, and the answer is "Certainly." Ask if everyone should be allowed to carry guns, and the answer is "What are you, some kind of nut?"

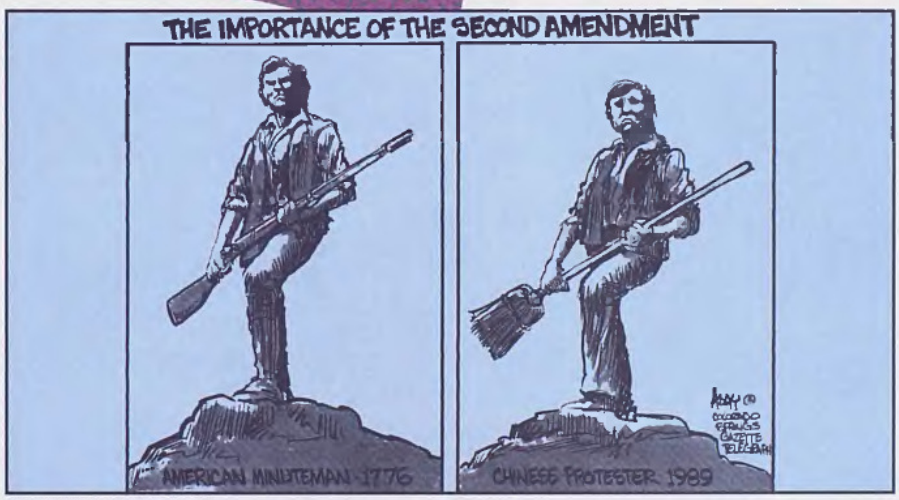
So, contrary to the image the NRA unwittingly projects and the statements it makes, the so-called Washington gun lobby in fact supports all kinds of restrictions on, and responsibilities for, gun sales, ownership and use. It does, however, loudly protest gun control—maybe that's why editorial cartoonists Herblock and Oliphant depict the NRA as evil and gun owners as maniacs and gun dealers as merchants of death.

Or perhaps the cartoonists, and most people for that matter, don't know that the murder rate, after reaching a record high of 10.7 per 100,000 people in 1980 (up from 9.7 in 1933), dropped about 20 percent over the next few years despite an increase of weapons in the national firearms population. How would they know? No political candidate or social reformer gets votes or funds by acknowledging crime and violence as intractable problems.

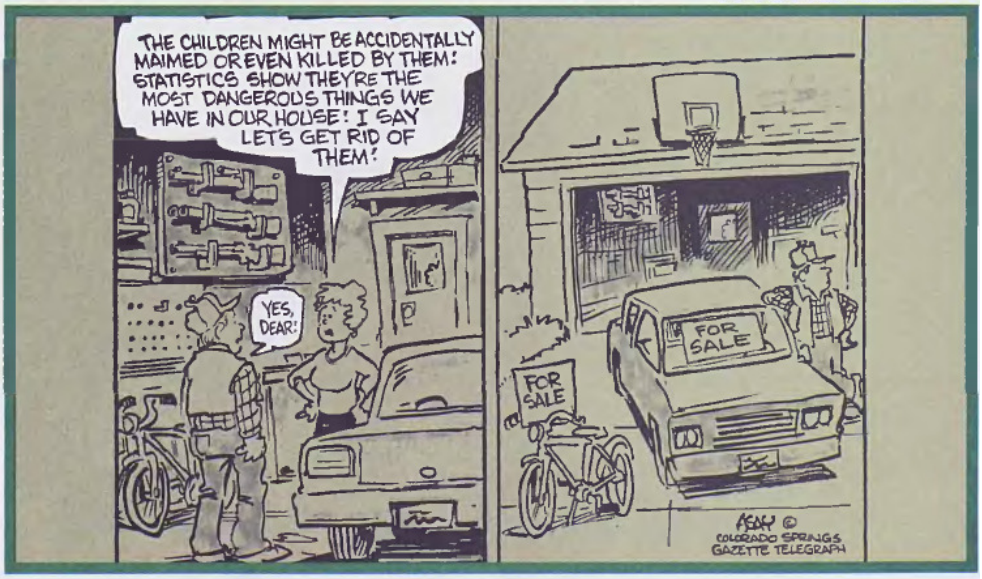
But then most people don't understand that when the criminal community is already armed, you can write or repeal a thousand gun laws without affecting the availability of guns. Today, as always, anybody who wants a gun can get one at taverns or pool halls in



© 1982 "CHICAGO SUN-TIMES"


THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SECOND AMENDMENT
AMERICAN MINUTEMAN 1776
CHINESE PROTESTER 1989
COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

ASAY/"COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH"

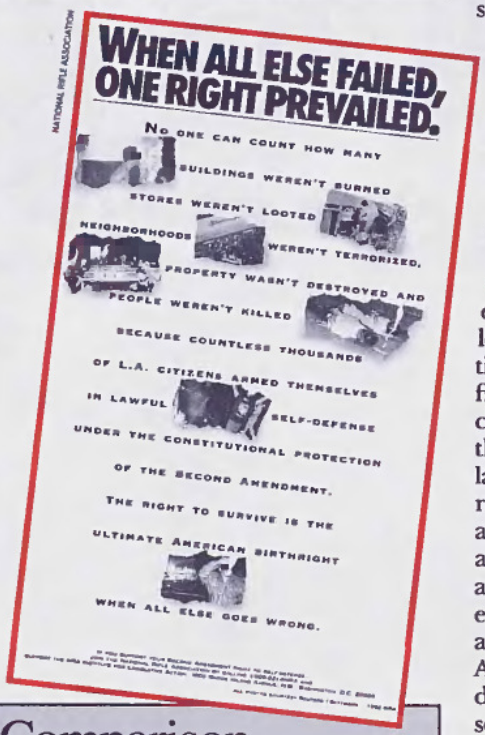

THE CHILDREN MIGHT BE ACCIDENTALLY MAIMED OR EVEN KILLED BY THEM! STATISTICS SHOW THEY'RE THE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS WE HAVE IN OUR HOUSE! I SAY LET'S GET RID OF THEM!
YES, DEAR!
FOR SALE
FOR SALE
ASAY © COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH

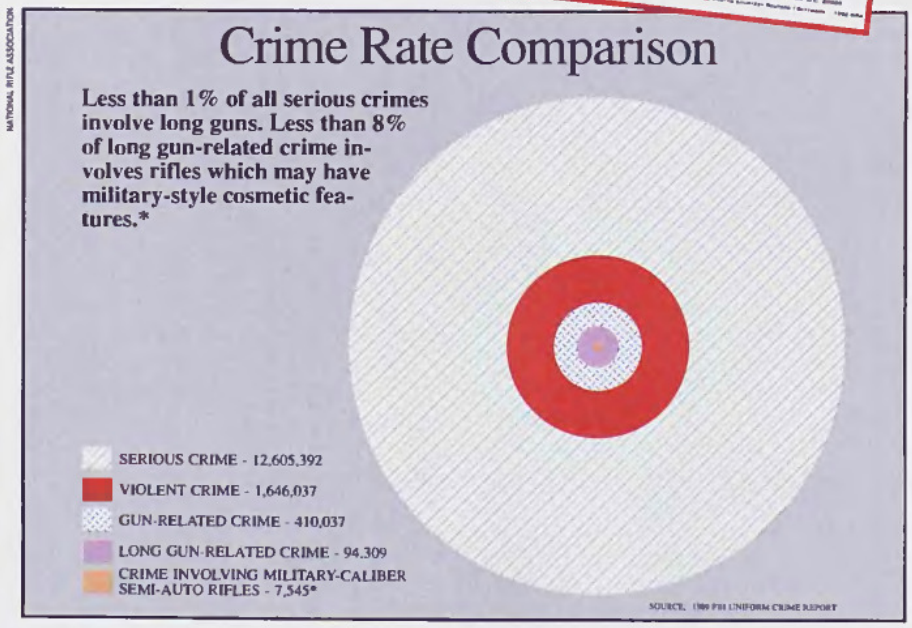
ASAY/"COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH"

ASAY/"COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE TELEGRAPH"

"They decided to turn me loose and lynch my pistol."

© 1993 "CHICAGO SUN-TIMES"





NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
Crime Rate Comparison
Less than 1% of all serious crimes involve long guns. Less than 8% of long gun-related crime involves rifles which may have military-style cosmetic features.*
SERIOUS CRIME - 12,605,392
VIOLENT CRIME - 1,646,037
GUN-RELATED CRIME - 410,037
LONG GUN-RELATED CRIME - 94,309
CRIME INVOLVING MILITARY-CALIBER SEMI-AUTO RIFLES - 7,545*
SOURCE: 1989 FBI UNIFORM CRIME REPORT

the crummier parts of town, with no bothersome paperwork or waiting period. Or maybe not just anybody. The seller would want to be fairly sure he was dealing with a streetwise gang member, drug dealer or robber and not some law-abiding citizen who might do something stupid and get him in trouble.

The antigun people don't want to think about this because it means their fancy gun laws are meaningless to the people most likely to misuse guns. The progun people don't like this because it argues against guns in the home, where they can be stolen, and argues for stricter controls in states where guns can be bought by the ton and smuggled to cities where their ownership is banned. Not that limiting the number of legal transactions would solve the problem. Like the Brady Bill's waiting period, such laws look sensible on paper, but as a practical matter they only antagonize legitimate owners and collectors into resisting more sophisticated measures that might do some good.

In the public's mind, the sacred conviction remains that fewer guns, even in law-abiding hands, would at least reduce accidents and fatal domestic violence. But that is wrong, too: The firearm accident rate has steadily declined since the late Sixties, even though the national firearms population doubled, and the domestic quarrel is statistical nonsense. The FBI created this nonsense by lumping murder among family members, relatives and acquaintances into one supposedly relevant statistic. From this number, the antigun people paint tragic pictures of Archie Bunker drilling Edith, or the death of a little girl whose lifeblood soaks into the deep-pile carpet of her nice suburban home. The fact is, the majority of family and acquaintance murder victims, as well as their killers, have spent plenty of time in the local police station already, and the arguments that lead to killings of acquaintances are usually among gang members or dope dealers warring over their turf.

Finally, let's compare guns and alcohol. We know that Prohibition reduced social drinking without touching the problem of drunkenness. In fact, it transformed drunkenness from a working-class ill into a symbol of middle-class rebellion. What makes antigun activists think it would work for firearms? Gun prohibition, even if it could disarm all law-abiding gun owners, would not take the pistol from some punk's jacket pocket.

# READER

### PRIVATE PARTS

I'd like to send my appreciation along to Lewis Maltby for "Privacy in the Workplace" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). There needs to be further discussion of employee rights and, more specifically, of the random body-fluid-analysis assault on personal privacy. Having forfeited a 15-year career for refusing to pee on command, I am intimately aware of the issue. In the name of human dignity, we must remain vigilant against the trend to reduce the work force to a series of chemical "portraits." I take my work seriously and lament my termination, but, above all, I demand respect for my privacy. If we surrender our bodies, our souls will soon follow.

Paul W. Tranby
Mesa, Arizona

As an employer, I take exception to the assertions that Lewis Maltby makes about rights in the workplace. To say that employees have certain inalienable rights in the workplace is to say that when two or more people agree to engage in commerce to their mutual benefit, the details of that arrangement must be regulated and judged by another, disinterested party. Since PLAYBOY espouses individual rights to privacy and freedom, it should also support my rights as an employer. Already I'm required to act as tax agent on behalf of the state, reporting the details of my employees' wages, family status, hours worked, health history and current residence. To suggest that my employees and I must now interact under some Bill of Workers' Rights is to suggest that the people I hire will be more tightly bound to me than my family—dependent on me for wages, advancement, medical support, educational support, etc., until they decide to leave or drop dead. The interaction of consenting parties to engage in mutually satisfying professional relationships has already been regulated beyond reason.

Roberts V. Brown
Duvall, Washington

FOR THE RECORD

## THE NAKED APE

"Leftists and countercultural types were attracted to pornography because there is something deeply subversive about the explicit display of sex. Sex strips away identities it takes a lifetime to build. A naked, aroused man is not a brain surgeon or a university president or a Methodist bishop. He is an animal with an erection."

—JOHN HUBNER, IN *Bottom Feeders*, DISCUSSING THE APPEAL OF PORNOGRAPHY

### PAWNS

In response to Matthew Childs' essay "Pawns in the Game" (*The Playboy Forum*, March), we can list all of the new freedoms that minors now have in both the practice and consequence of their sexuality, and even applaud ourselves for allowing this, but we place these people in serious danger if we do away with a defined concept of adolescence. Have our legal and social systems turn a blind eye when dealing with a pregnant minor, if you will. But please don't expect our educational system (including parents) to do so. Our young people can have all the birth control and prenatal care they need, but we should still be obliged as adults in a civilized society to do what we can to prepare them for the choices they will face. Adolescence may not be a distinct phase of physical development, but there is a mixture of childish conjurings and lustful curiosity that can be described only as adolescent. It is through the acceptance and understanding of this state of mind that we will be able to fulfill our responsibilities to these impressionable young minds. I agree with Childs' observation that the Supreme Court has fallen drastically behind in our cultural evolution. For the record, I want to point out that courts are presided over by judges we elect, or who are appointed by officials we elect, so there is plenty of blame to go around.

Vincent Miragliotta
Port Jefferson, New York

### A GAME OF CHANCE

In the past few months there have been several *Playboy Forum* letters regarding AIDS and HIV (ill-informed AIDS hotlines, mandatory testing, etc.), none of which addresses the ever-dwindling funds initially cut by the Bush administration. If Hillary Clinton were interested in changing one crucial area of American health care, she would be well-advised to tackle the issue of waiting time for HIV-test appointments. As always, it goes back to money, so Bill Clinton should listen up, too. In New York it now takes upwards of eight weeks to get an appointment to be tested at one of the three Manhattan clinics. The results of the free test are given two to three weeks later and require another in-person appointment. Why such a long wait? Obviously, the number of people trying to get tested has increased tremendously in the past year, while funding has been cut. According to a project coordinator for one of Manhattan's Anonymous Counseling and Testing sites, a lot of appointments are taken by people who are being tested time and time again. The AIDS Hotline in New York City receives hundreds of calls a day regarding testing. People everywhere are told to be tested, yet a test clinic with a full-time staff can handle only 18 daily appointments. The

most viable alternative in Manhattan is to go to another borough. The Staten Island testing site has only a two- to three-week wait for appointments, while Planned Parenthood can offer them the same week. While the number of people who are getting tested has increased significantly, so has the number of those who don't show up for appointments. If you're given two months to think about it, a lot can change.

Courtney Weaver
New York, New York

*That people are being tested repeatedly indicates a greater problem. Throwing money at testing, which is, at best, an interim step, does nothing to address the behavior that keeps the people coming back.*

### SERVING JUSTICE

For some time PLAYBOY has followed my fight against Project Post-Porn, the federal sting operation in which the government has tried with varying success to squash legitimate adult-entertainment enterprises. The latest defeat for the would-be censors left over from the Reagan–Bush Department of Justice took place in North Carolina. It ended a four-year campaign of entrapment and harassment aimed at Gourmet Video, Inc., a California-based adult-video company. Many observers believe the case was part of the Justice Department's tactic of obtaining multiple indictments in a number of jurisdictions against related companies, creating legal hurdles so huge and expensive that the companies are forced by financial concerns to simply plead guilty and go out of business without a jury ever viewing their merchandise. The North Carolina jury's acquittal of Gourmet Video (and, consequently, its retail customers) was a resounding affirmation that the average citizen doesn't need or want help from the government in deciding what materials are suitable for reading or viewing.

Phil Harvey
President, PHE, Inc.
Carrboro, North Carolina

*We want to hear your point of view. Send reactions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.*

## A FILM WITH A VIEW

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

If you haven't already caught *Silverlake Life: The View from Here*, released by Zeitgeist in more than three dozen cities since its prize-winning stint at Utah's Sundance Film Festival in January, you should. The movie will have its TV debut as the season premiere of PBS's *P.O.V.* (*Point of View*) on June 15. This film is a harrowing, intensely personal AIDS documentary that was honored at the festival with a Grand Jury Prize and a $5000 Freedom of Expression Award from the Playboy Foundation for its treatment of "an issue of social concern."

Directed by Peter Friedman and co-produced by Doug Block and Jane Weiner, *Silverlake Life* makes abundant use of a video diary by AIDS-afflicted lovers Tom Joslin and Mark Massi. The film's narrative follows filmmaker Joslin and his companion of 22 years, Massi, as they keep a visual record of their attempts to cope with impending disability and death. After family visits, soul-searching, gallows humor and intimate revelations, the movie ends with Joslin's death (Massi has since died). Joslin's hand and spirit are so pervasive that director Friedman insisted on acknowledging him as co-producer and co-director. "Tom was my film teacher at Hampshire College in Massachusetts in 1976," says Friedman. "He was my mentor and the first openly gay man I knew. He wanted this movie to be very honest and direct." Joslin would probably be pleased by the public response to the film, especially since it is a work that does not dwell entirely on the tragedy of lives succumbing to AIDS but also includes bits of the PBS documentary *Blackstar* that he made 15 years ago, acknowledging Massi as his lover in happier days. The *Los Angeles Times* hailed *Silverlake Life* as "at times funny" and "extraordinarily moving." Critical acclaim and recognition help a lot, notes Friedman, coming as they do on the heels of the much-needed cash awards from the Playboy Foundation and Sundance. The pain, bravery and love so eloquently expressed in *Silverlake Life* seem to have been rewarded at last. Adds *P.O.V.* executive producer Ellen Schneider: "This broadcast has tremendous integrity and power compared with the networks' so-called docudramas. *Silverlake Life* avoids that kind of sensationalism and commercialism. It's what television should be." To see what Schneider means, watch it. And brace yourself.

# NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## ILLEGAL PDA

TALLAHASSEE—*An explicit demonstration of dirty dancing landed two 20-year-olds in a Tallahassee court. Police were*

*called to a dance club where they found the two with their pants around their ankles engaging in intercourse near the DJ's booth. Fellow dancers watched with apparent approval while the DJ played on. The arresting cop seemed most offended because they were "just so brazen" and "the guy didn't even know her name."*

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—*By the time a police sergeant arrived on the scene, traffic on I-40 was backed up three miles. The cause? Rubbernecking drivers watching two Guilford College women taking nude pictures of each other for a photography class. They were cited for impeding traffic.*

## PLACEBO LAWS

BOSTON—*The American Bar Association has declared that the government's interminable—and ineffective—war on drugs is delaying important civil cases, diverting funds from police work to prison costs and putting more minority offenders behind bars. An ABA criminal justice section report notes that even though the number of adults in prison for drug offenses more than tripled from 1986 to 1991, partly because of mandatory sentencing laws, violent crime still increased by 41 percent. The system, according to Neal Sonnett, chairman of the association's criminal justice section, is in danger of being "crushed under the caseload of criminal cases without any appreciable decrease in crime."*

## THE TAX MAN RINGS TWICE?

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*If U.S. congressman Henry Hyde has his way, the Internal Revenue Service will become the national collection agency for child-support payments. The abortion foe from Illinois has introduced a bill in Congress that would authorize the IRS to withhold child support from working parents and require self-employed parents to make estimated quarterly payments.*

## COHABITATION BLUES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Instead of serving as a trial marriage that prepares people for the real thing, cohabitation may accustom couples to the idea of divorce. In a study published in the journal "Demography," sociologists from the University of Chicago and the University of Michigan conclude that the divorce rate for couples who lived together is up to 100 percent higher than for couples who didn't. But the researchers aren't sure whether the negative effect of increased divorce rates is simply leading more people to shack up.*

## AIDS DEBATE

LONDON—*Since 1987, molecular biologist Peter Duesberg has captivated the media with his theory that AIDS is not caused by the human immunodeficiency virus. His tenet that drug use alone is enough to suppress the immune system recently bit the dust. An article in the British scientific journal "Nature" reaffirms that the only role drugs seem to play in contracting the disease is from sharing needles contaminated with HIV.*

## TESTOSTERONE REFILLS

BALTIMORE—*A preliminary test suggests that about one third of men over 50 develop testosterone deficiency and could benefit from hormone therapy the way some women do from estrogen replacement. Researchers found that a dozen subjects who received testosterone injections every two weeks for three months increased their muscle strength and weight by five percent, showed a 20 percent drop in cholesterol and probably increased their bone strength. The only drawback the researchers noted: the possibility of a slight increase in the risk of prostate cancer.*

## LAP OF LUXURY?

KEY WEST, FLORIDA—*A county judge stopped proceedings against a lap dancer for "lewd acts" after her lawyer complained that his client had performed the same acts for policemen at a bachelor party. The defense attorney also pointed out that cops were regular customers at the bar where the lap dancer was arrested. Surprised by this news, the assistant state's attorney asked for a mistrial.*

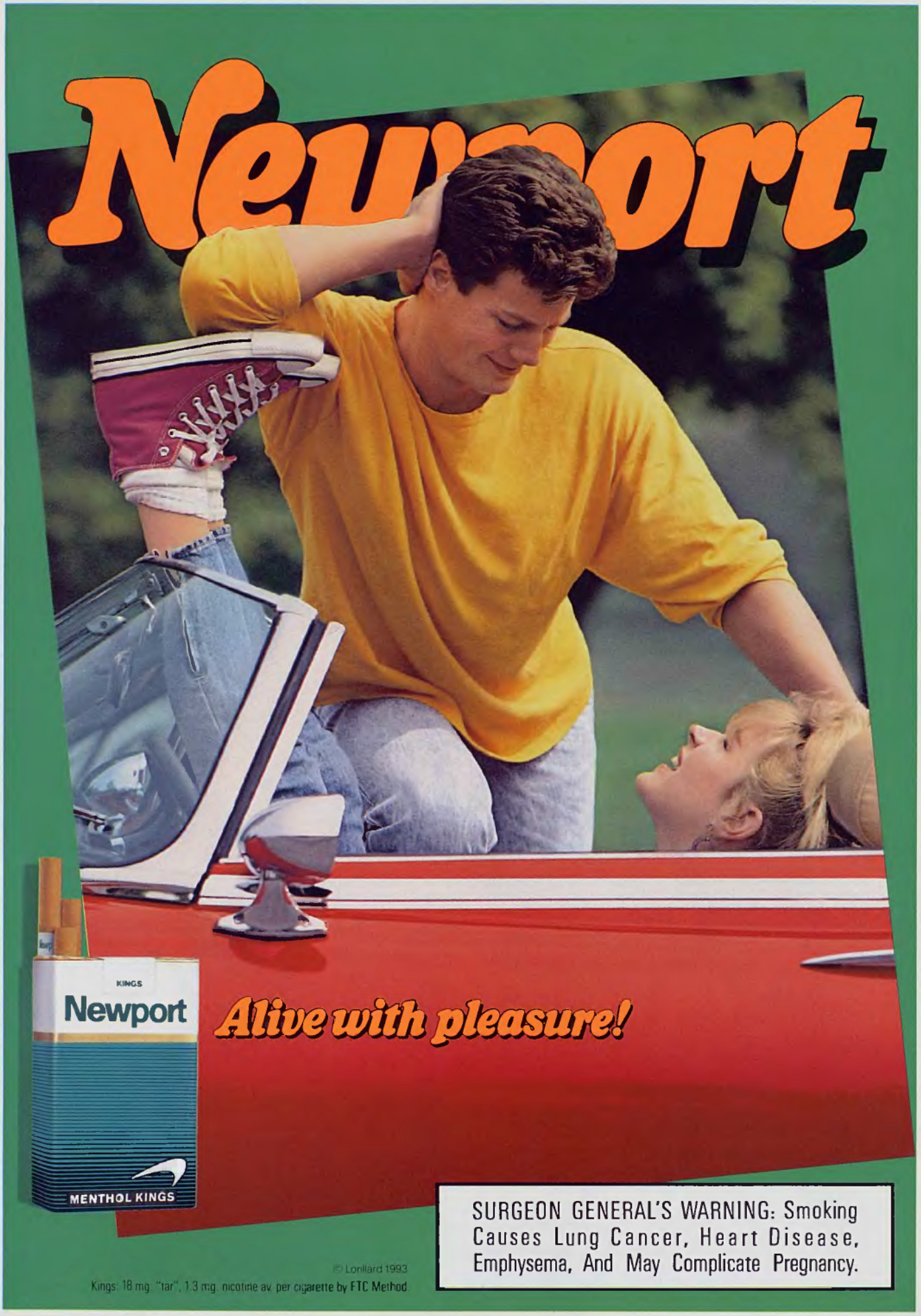
## SIGN US UP

SANTA BARBARA—*Professor Constance Penley's film class at the University of California at Santa Barbara is overbooked. The course is a survey of pornographic movies. Penley considers the X-rated movie a popular art form that deserves serious study, and she wants her students to "analyze the film genre the way they would Westerns or musicals." The class includes*

*lectures by researchers and a former X-rated-film star. Penley defends her class: "A lot of people will say porn films cause men to rape and batter women. I say we might be able to discuss the subject better if we knew what pornographic films were."*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECA


Newport
KINGS
Newport
MENTHOL KINGS
Alive with pleasure!
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
© Lorillard 1993
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

# HERE'S TO ANOTHER SUMMER OF HIDDEN PLEASURES FROM SEAGRAM'S GIN.

© 1993 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y. N.Y. Seagram's Gin. 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled From Grain. Alc. 40% By Vol. (80 Proof)

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARRY BONDS

## *a candid conversation with baseball's highest-paid player about jumping like michael jordan, talking like richard pryor and crying like diana ross*

*It is said that a great baseball player can do five things well. He can run, throw, field, hit for average and hit for power. Barry Bonds is five for five, which is why in the next six years he will earn $42 million more than the president of the United States. But to many fans, Bonds also exemplifies other qualities: greed, arrogance and the bombast that makes today's jocks seem less heroic than those of the past.*

*Sure, he may be a great ballplayer, as even his detractors admit. Yes, he is a hunk—"People" magazine called him one of the 50 most beautiful people in the world. He's also a devoted family man who speeds home from the park to spend time with his wife, Sun, and two toddlers, Nikolai and Shikari. Still, Barry Bonds pisses people off.*

*Maybe it's the contract. After leading the Pittsburgh Pirates to three straight divisional titles, he spurned the Pirates' offer of $5 million to sign with the San Francisco Giants last winter. San Francisco agreed to pay him $43.75 million over six years—$7.3 million per year. Even that wasn't quite enough. Bonds also demanded a private hotel suite on road trips, a perk the club dutifully added to the richest contract the game has ever seen.*

*Maybe it's the jewelry. A diamond cross hangs from his left ear and a mammoth diamond ring adorns his left hand. Under his Adam's apple hangs a pendant that reads* BARRY BONDS 30/50 *in diamonds and gold, a none-too-subtle reminder of his 30-homer, 50-steal feat of 1990.*

*Maybe it's his celebrated attitude. Bonds is not shy. On the field he is among the most graceful of athletes, but he is also a show-off. He taps his glove to his chest or his hip before fancily shagging fly balls, employs a quick-wristed "snap catch" that adds further style to the putout and poses after hitting home runs: Standing frozen at the plate, he watches the ball soar into the cheap seats, relishing his moment of triumph. Off the field he speaks his mind, insisting that he is worth almost $44 million if anyone is, though he sometimes turns frosty and refuses to speak to reporters, fans or even teammates.*

*None of that wins many friends in baseball, a hidebound game that has long preferred the modesty of Nolan Ryan and Don Mattingly to the stylings of such young stars as Bonds and Deion Sanders. Of course, for Bonds, both attitude and ability are family traits. His father is Bobby Bonds, who played in the big leagues from 1968 to 1981. The elder Bonds batted .268 with 332 career home runs and 461 stolen bases. He almost won a most-valuable-player award in 1973, when he hit 39 homers, drove in 96 runs and stole 43 bases for the Giants. But Bobby Bonds—who as a minor leaguer had waited outside while teammates ate in whites-only restaurants—was thought to be moody if not militant. In those days before free agency, he was shuttled from team to team seven times in 14 years. During that time he provided his wife, Pat, and their children with a comfortable suburban life, complete with the advantages Barry needed to become an even better ballplayer than Bobby was.*

*After batting .467 for Serra High School in San Mateo, California, Barry Bonds hit .347 with 45 home runs in an all-American career at Arizona State University, tying an NCAA record with seven consecutive hits in the College World Series. Drafted by the Pirates in 1985, he reached the big leagues after only 115 minor-league games. In 1986 he led National League rookies in home runs, RBIs and stolen bases. Four years later he was an All-Star, the first player ever to bat .300 or better with 30 or more homers, 100 or more RBIs and 50 or more steals in a single season. He was the league's most valuable player that year, finished a close second in 1991 and won his second MVP award last season, when he batted .311, hit 34*

*"I didn't like my dad that much. We didn't become close until I was in college. Not that he was abusive. There's a fine line between abuse and discipline. I don't like people who turned out good saying, 'I was abused.'"*

*"I can be arrogant on the field. I'm doing my job, giving the people what they paid for. Entertainment. When I'm tapping my glove to say it's mine, you can't miss my gesture. It's like I'm moonwalking across the field."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

*"It's a big deal, being in the big leagues. Suddenly you have girls, groupies, money, pulling you in each and every direction. It was great. It was one big party. Anyone who doesn't like that isn't human."*

*home runs, drove in 103 and won a third straight Gold Glove award for his fielding.*

*At the age of 29, Bonds owns one more MVP trophy than Babe Ruth. If he can claim another he joins Mickey Mantle, Jimmie Foxx, Yogi Berra, Stan Musial, Roy Campanella, Joe DiMaggio and Mike Schmidt as one of eight men to win the award three times. No one has ever won four times. Bonds says he wants to be the first.*

*Bobby Bonds and Barry Bonds have hit more home runs than any other father-son duo in the game's history. Only five players have ever had multiple 30-homer, 30-steal seasons, and two of those men are named Bonds. Now that Bobby is back from a five-year absence from the game, both of them are San Francisco Giants. Bobby is the Giants' new batting coach. Bobby's friend Willie Mays—the Hall of Famer who is Barry's godfather—is also with the Giants. Barry, of course, is the club's superstar.*

*Contributing Editor* **Kevin Cook** *spent parts of the past winter and spring with Bonds. Cook reports:*

*"I knew of Bonds' reputation for being aloof or even surly. I found him difficult to pin down—he often postponed our meetings for a day or two—but each time we met he was engaging, thoughtful and funny.*

*"We began at the Beverly Hills offices of his agent. I noticed his tendency to look blankly past people. It could have been aloofness or a defense against being rushed by half a dozen people calling his name. Once we sat down in a corner office, he was pleasant and animated, stopping only to call 'my man Arsenio,' who couldn't come to the phone. Bonds took a break to peruse a sheaf of papers that turned out to be the latest revision of his contract, which he signed with a multimillion-dollar scribble.*

*"We also chatted at Bear Creek, the Nicklaus-designed golf course close to his new 12,000-square-foot house near San Diego. An avid golfer with a ten handicap, he is a wizard at escaping sand traps and a gleeful competitor—laughing when his opponent's ball bounces off the green and into a trap. When he hits a drive just right—one of his infrequent 300-yarders—he finishes the swing exactly the way he does after hitting a home run, and says, 'Damn, look at that one.'*

*"At Scottsdale, Arizona, the Giants' spring-training home, I found Barry's father sitting in the locker room at Scottsdale Stadium smoking a cigarette. Bobby Bonds spoke softly, with evident pleasure, of Barry's youth. He remembered worrying because his first son seemed to be left-handed, an attribute that would limit the positions he could play on a baseball team. Wanting Barry to be right-handed, Bobby 'wouldn't let him take his baby bottle with his left hand. I'd pull it away and get him to take it with his right. But then he'd just switch it over, so I lost that one.'*

*"On the practice field at Scottsdale, Barry shagged flies and took batting practice. Still rusty after four months without facing live pitching, he spent a few frustrating minutes tapping ground balls and hitting pop-ups. When he finally sent a ball over the fence and down the street beyond, his face lit up. 'They'll never find that one,' he said."*

---

**PLAYBOY:** How does it feel when you hit a home run?

**BONDS:** Like one perfect boom. You're in a zone all by yourself. No matter where the ball is, no matter what the pitcher does, you know exactly what's going to happen. Everything is perfect in that one particular second. It's in slow motion. You don't hear anything, you don't even feel it hit your bat. That's the zone—it's strange, it's fun, but it's only temporary.

**PLAYBOY:** After hitting one, you often stand frozen at the plate, admiring your work. Aren't you showboating?

**BONDS:** The way I see it, out of a hundred and sixty-two games, six hundred at bats, you may hit twenty to thirty home runs. Enjoy 'em. The pitchers enjoy it when they strike you out. Relievers enjoy themselves when they get that last out and save the game. Let me enjoy my time. I mean no harm. I worked my butt off to get where I am. All the hard work I did, in this one split second, paid off.

*"Guys like me, we're a golden trophy, a big golden egg everybody wants to see."*

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a hot dog?

**BONDS:** Sure. I can be very arrogant and cocky on the field, but that's what makes Barry tick. That's my comfort zone. I'm doing my job, giving the people what they paid for. Entertainment. Like when I tap my glove on my chest before I catch a fly ball. People like that. But there's a point to it, too. It lets my teammates and the fans know everything's under control. You can yell, "Mine, I got it," but sometimes the crowd is so loud, the other outfielder can't hear you. When I'm tapping to say it's mine, you can't miss my gesture. It's like I'm moonwalking across the field.

**PLAYBOY:** Did anyone ever tell you to cut it out?

**BONDS:** Guys will say, "I get tired of you catching the ball like that every time I hit it." I say, "If you have a problem, don't hit it to me."

**PLAYBOY:** You're not shy out there.

**BONDS:** It's like I become a Hollywood star on the field, like Michael Jackson. I can't dance like him or excite people like he does, but I can hit my glove on my chest and people like it. It's a move no one's seen before. When I jump over the wall for a ball, I feel like Michael Jordan flying in air. When I crash into the wall, I'm Rambo, this invincible man. You know the movie *Predator*? The dude who knows where you are and can see you, but you can't see him? When I hit my game-winning home run off Lee Smith, I was the Predator. I knew what was going to happen. It was incredible. I can see you, but you can't see me, and something good is going to happen.

**PLAYBOY:** How many people do you have in your uniform?

**BONDS:** [*Laughs*] You get a lot of characters out of me. I can be radical, subtle or mean. When I run my mouth, I'm Richard Pryor. I can feel smart and want everybody to listen to me, like Bill Cosby. After I signed with the Giants and everyone asked how it felt to come home, to be with my idol Willie Mays—he's my godfather—and with my father, I got all sensitive. Choking up, crying at a press conference. And I thought, yes, now I'm Diana Ross.

**PLAYBOY:** You said you could be mean.

**BONDS:** Some days I'm like the deaf girl in the movie *Children of a Lesser God*, the one who had such an attitude all the time. I won't talk to anybody. My teammates, coaches, nobody. Stay out of my face, because I don't hear anybody and I'm not talking.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**BONDS:** That's how I feel that day. I'm not always the best person to be around. I can be a butt.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that bug your teammates and coaches?

**BONDS:** [*With his fingers in his ears*] Sorry, I can't *hear* you!

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like the time to bring up a touchy subject. How can a ballplayer be worth $44 million?

**BONDS:** It's entertainment and entertainers get paid a lot. But I'm not going out buying everything I see. It's for my kids more than anything else. I wanted a house big enough so that my kids didn't have to share a room. When I was a kid I always had to give up my room when my grandparents came to visit. I didn't want my kids ever to have to give up their rooms, and now they sure don't.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you hear about the biggest contract in baseball history?

**BONDS:** The owner, Peter Magowan, called me. He said, "How would you like to play for San Francisco?" The first thing out of my mouth was, "Oh, I get to go home." So I said yes and that was it. Next thing I know my agent calls and it's "Barry Bonds, this is your contract!" My head blew up like a balloon. I freaking wanted to go to the Empire State Building and jump, since I could fly at that point. Then I got nervous. Scared. I didn't want it to happen. I thought, "Nah, maybe $4.7 million is fine for

**RADAR+LASER**

Passport 4500 SuperWide continues the tradition of excellence carved out by our original Escort and Passport detectors. A perfect synthesis of performance, style and features, Passport 4500 SuperWide is the ultimate in combined radar and laser detection.

Passport 4500 SuperWide not only detects every type of radar and laser used today, it also detects new radar frequencies recently approved but not yet in operation. You're guaranteed complete protection today – and tomorrow.

Unlike ordinary detectors, Passport 4500 SuperWide utilizes DSP technology to minimize falsing and ensure long-range detection. Plus, it has all of the features (including our exclusive new SmartMute) and the incomparable performance you've come to expect from Escort.

Don't settle for less than the best; order your Passport 4500 SuperWide radar+laser detector today.

SuperWide radar protection. Complete laser protection. Only one detector. And only from the detector professionals at Escort.

# TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY, TODAY

New from Escort!

Introducing Passport 4500 SuperWide... the first full-featured detector to combine SuperWide Radar and Laser protection in a single, compact product.

**To order, call toll-free:**

**1-800-433-3487**

**Passport® 4500 SuperWide $229**

plus shipping & handling. Ohio residents add 6% sales tax.

**Ask About Our "No Worry" Money Back Guarantee**

ESCORT
▶ Department 400773
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249

**ESCORT®**

*The Innovative Edge.™*

ESCORT products are designed and manufactured in the USA.

me." That's what I was making before. No one cares about that. Now that everyone's breaking $4 million, it's "just" $4.7 million. When I was in the minor leagues I had four roommates and slept in a lounge chair for two months because I couldn't afford a bed, and I was happy. I could take $4 million and be happy, but at the same time, I couldn't. You're not going to turn down what a man wants to pay you.

I think of it like this: The San Francisco Giants, my bosses, are paying me forty-whatever to do a job, and I want them to get their money's worth. I think, God, I have to thank them for what they've done for me and my family. I've got to be the best of the best. People say, "Don't add all that pressure on to you," but what can you do? You think about it. You don't want to make your boss look like an idiot. You don't want to make yourself look like an idiot. I know there'll be days when I get pissed off or when I go home and cry because I'm not living up to expectations, but I still have to think, This man is paying me to do a job. Give him his money's worth. Throw away the fans, throw away the media, throw away everything and go to work for the man who gave you the money.

**PLAYBOY:** Forty-four million creates a lot of expectations.

**BONDS:** I hope I don't let them all down. You can't focus on the money too much, though. You'll catch yourself trying to prove too much. I have to not be nervous about it.

**PLAYBOY:** How does that much money affect the people around you?

**BONDS:** It causes problems. I just wrecked one of my Mercedes-Benzes. We had a lot of rain and flooding around my house. The street gave way and washed the car down the street, with me and my wife in it. We had to climb out the window. It messed up the car. So pretty soon I'm calling up the place where they're fixing it and they say, "Barry, we're having a little problem with the insurance company. There might be a ten-thousand-dollar difference here. You just signed that big contract, so why don't you write us a check?" I got pissed. It hurt my feelings to be treated like that. I said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but it's none of your damn business what my salary is. Would you treat me that way if I were the average Joe Schmo?" I just thought it wasn't right. It's not fair—I worked for that money just like anybody else. It's important to me.

On the other hand, with people I like, with my family, it can be fun. I can show them my tax form. I say, "Look at this—that's what I paid in federal income tax." My aunt says, "I could live a lifetime on that." I can help my family. And there's my looks. Being in *People* magazine, one of the beautiful people, that was a trip. It's so funny. Somebody once said that when you don't have money you're ugly. When you have a little bit of money you're cute, and when you get rich you're fine as hell. I don't think I'm very good-looking, but some people now are telling me, "Oh, you are so fine." I'm like, "Give me a break. I was just cute when I didn't have any money."

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think made you such a fine ballplayer?

**BONDS:** Some of it is genetics. Black people in general have the genetics for sports. My dad was a hell of a player, too, so I was gifted with a lot of athletic ability. Everything was easy for me, all sports, when I was a kid. I'd work half as hard as other kids did and I was better. Why work when I had so much ability? I'd outhit and outthrow and outrun everybody. Some other kids were jealous. They'd say, "You get everything you want because Bobby Bonds is your dad. You get to start on the team because Bobby Bonds is your dad." It hurt, hearing that, but since I was hitting nearly .500, I guess they were wrong. I was the best one in high school. College, too. I took it for granted that, damn, baseball was easy. That's a great feeling, just being strong and natural, but it can destroy you. You think you're bigger than the game, so you never learn anything. In the minors, number-one draft pick, you shoot right past people who have a lot more heart than you do. Then you're in the majors. All of a sudden you get some of the limelight, there are women after you, you're staying out all night. You love it, but you forget your job. I was in the major leagues four years before I woke up.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you led National League rookies in homers, RBIs and steals in 1986. In the four years you claim you were dozing, you had 84 homers and more than 100 steals. You were one of the best outfielders.

**BONDS:** I was doing fine. I was good. But not good for me. I was just average for me. Then I went to get a haircut. This was in the off-season, in 1989, at Fred Tate's barbershop in Pittsburgh. Ninety percent of the black athletes get their hair cut there. I'm getting my hair cut, they have the radio on, and a guy on the radio says what a great athlete Randall Cunningham is, but what a great quarterback Joe Montana is. I weighed the two and thought, I'm so bored with having great ability, having the potential of being a great player. I want to be a great player like Joe Montana. So that haircut was my inspiration. I realized that what I'd been doing—walking off the field thinking I could have done better, cutting myself short—was wrong. Wrong to me, my team and even the game. I just wanted to try harder, so I could leave the game with nothing left undone. That's when I thought, I'm going to work my tail end off before it becomes too late.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you talk to your dad about any of this?

**BONDS:** My dad and Willie. They both said the same thing. They said I wasn't the player I should be. "If you want the Hall of Fame, if you want to leave the game with nothing left undone, you have to dedicate yourself, not sit on your butt." They were right, but I had to see it for myself. So that winter, I stayed in Pittsburgh and trained hard—hitting, running, working with weights. Since then, every off-season I take three weeks off. The rest of the time is for work.

**PLAYBOY:** Through 1989 your career batting average was .253. In the three years since then, you've batted .301 with an average of 31 homers, 111 RBIs and 45 steals. You've won three Gold Gloves. The one time you weren't voted the National League's MVP, you were the runner-up. Are you satisfied now?

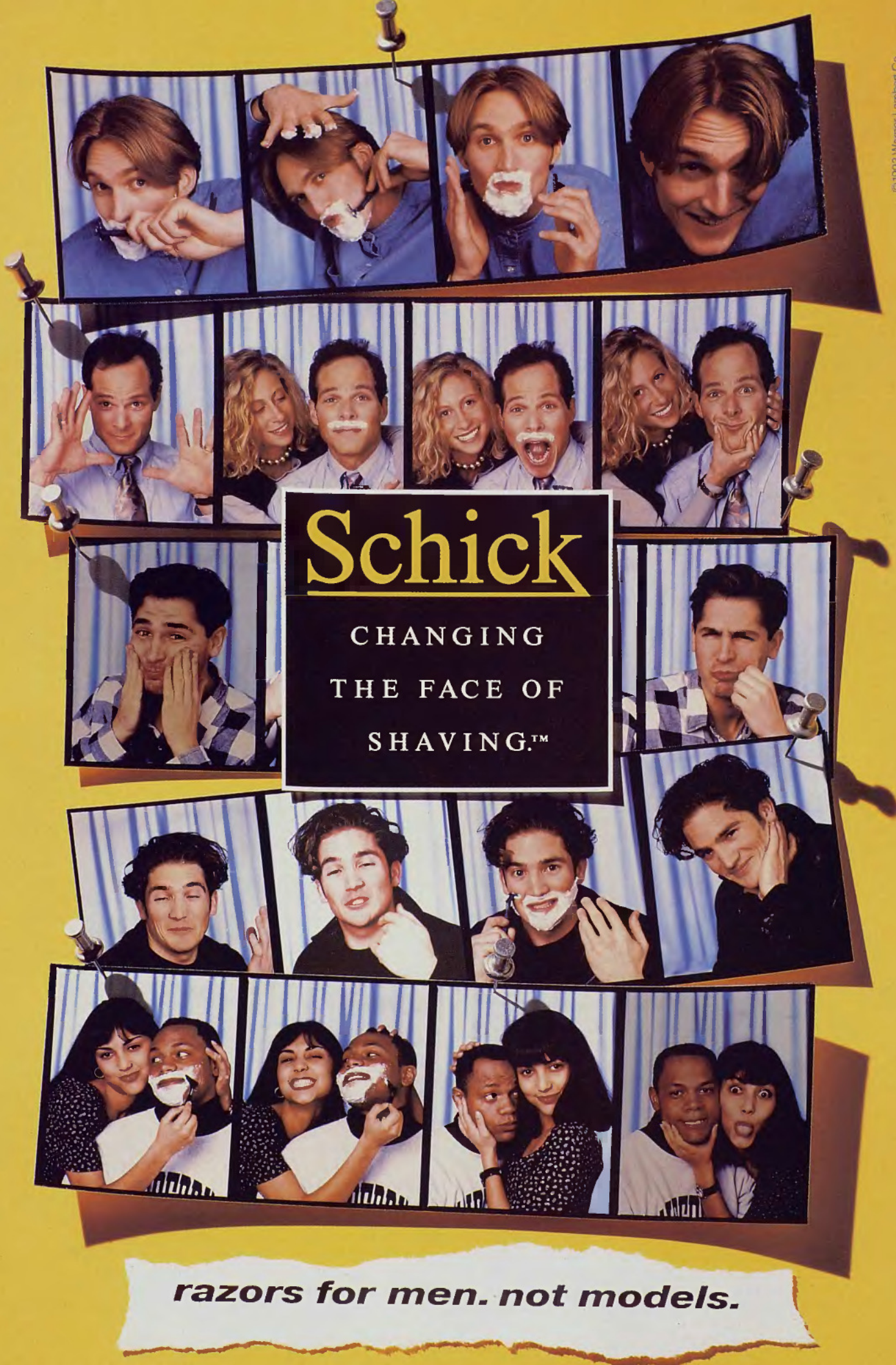
**BONDS:** No. I want two more MVPs. Nobody's ever done that. But I'm happy. Now when I walk off the field each year, knowing I did what I could, I feel refreshed.

**PLAYBOY:** Does competition with your dad motivate you?

**BONDS:** No, we're friends now. But it used to bother me early in my career when people kept calling me Bobby. I think that had a lot to do with my success, because I was determined to have my own name.

**PLAYBOY:** What else have you learned in the big leagues?

**BONDS:** Other things to practice. Playing racquetball because it's quick, to make me a little better and quicker defensively. Playing golf in the off-season. That helps mentally—it's all concentration—and it's good that it's a smaller ball. I'll take a bunch of golf balls, throw them up and hit them with a baseball bat. Hitting smaller objects is good practice. Tennis balls, too—I put numbers on them, have somebody pitch them to me and I try to see the numbers. And you learn about things you can't control. Guys like Will Clark and me, we're like a golden trophy, a big golden egg everybody wants to see day in and day out. We have to produce. That's why we work extra hard in the off-season, and just as hard in the season. But we're more dependent on the other players than anybody thinks. We're more dependent on them than they are on us. They'll say, "Barry Bonds, we can't win without him." They seem to forget that I need Royce Clayton on base for me to produce, I need freaking Robby Thompson on base. We are the average Joe Blow good athletes without those little guys around us. They're the ones who put the puzzle together. If I have Robby Thompson and Willie McGee hitting .190 ahead of me, I'm not driving in a lot of runs. That's why I admire the little guys, the smaller athletes who have to work three times as hard to do their job. I really look up to a guy like [former Pirates catcher] Mike LaValliere. When you think about what he has




© 1993 Warner-Lambert Co.

to go through to keep himself in shape and be an outstanding catcher in the major leagues—am I going to sit back, take it easy and not work as hard as he does? I couldn't live with myself.

**PLAYBOY:** What other active players do you admire?

**BONDS:** Guys who were playing when I was a kid. Ozzie Smith, Dave Winfield. Nolan Ryan is the biggest of all. I faced him in spring training. He struck me out three times in a row. Three pitches every time. One-two-three. One-two-three. One-two-three. I was in awe. Nolan Ryan played with my dad on the Angels. Now I'm on the field with him. My dad said, "Don't think about it. Just play like you played in high school." I was like, "Are you kidding? This is Nolan Ryan." But you get used to it. If you can see the ball, you can hit it. Time and experience help, too. You see things faster. You can tell a fastball or a slider by the way it spins. Or if the ball starts way up high it has to come down—obviously that's a curveball. As soon as it leaves the pitcher's hand I'm thinking curveball. You can go through a thousand thoughts in that split second, but what it comes down to is to see it and hit it. I'm arrogant enough to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** What does arrogance have to do with it?

**BONDS:** Arrogance is why I'm a butt on the field at times. That field is my home and I don't want anybody invading my home. When I go to the ballpark, leave me alone! This is my castle. You don't have any right to interfere with me here. And that's how it is with pitchers, too. The mound is yours, but this batter's box and home plate are mine. I won't invade your space. Don't invade mine. If you put that pitch in the way of my progress, I'm going to knock the hell out of it.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been knocked pretty hard in the press. Do you deserve it?

**BONDS:** Some of it. Some of it might be jealousy, or prejudice. Sometimes my mouth gets me in trouble. But I look at it like this: Everybody watches everything I do. It's like Richard Pryor says: "When I fart, everybody hears it." Some other guy farts and it's no big deal. Somebody hits a home run and says, "Damn, I crushed that ball." If I say that, it's bragging. Why can't I feel good like he did? Sometimes you can't win, though. I've signed a thousand autographs in a day. You could sign two thousand but it's not enough. I say thank you to them. Thank you, thank you. Then it's "Thanks, but I've signed enough," and I walk to my car but they still come. They hound you till you say, "Leave me alone, please." If I've been polite, shouldn't I get the common courtesy of being able to go home? No, they say, "Oh, you're too good now. You make so damn much money, this is how you treat people?" Plus, I see the same faces all the time. They're getting your autograph to sell it, and they mess it up for everybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you've made a name for yourself, you're sick of writing it over and over, at least for the same people.

**BONDS:** People I barely knew in school expect things. We never hung out before, when I had nothing, but we're supposed to now? They want an autograph, too. They'll say, "You don't want to sign this? You're too good for us?" I say, "No, I'm not, but I didn't come home to sign your piece of paper. I came home to be with my friends and family."

**PLAYBOY:** Quite a few sportswriters demonized you, particularly after you turned down the Pirates' offer of $25 million for five years. You were called obnoxious, a spoiled brat, "a symbol of baseball's creeping greed and selfishness, complete with diamond earring." You were a detriment to the club even with 33 homers and 114 RBIs.

**BONDS:** Hey, if the press paid me, I'd be giving interviews all day. They don't. They come around all the time before a game, when I have to prepare. I have to stretch, think about the game, get ready to do my job. So a lot of times I won't talk. Maybe they get mad, so they write that way.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you fight back?

**BONDS:** When people who wish they could play baseball get down on me because I'm not perfect, I say, "I bet I could do better at your job than you could do at mine." I could go back to school and study and become a lawyer, but could a lawyer become a good athlete? Probably not. I could learn how to press RECORD on a tape recorder and write for a newspaper or a magazine. But could you ever be good in baseball? Probably not. So don't degrade what I do, because I could put you to zero.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most unfair thing writers say about ballplayers?

**BONDS:** That we don't try. I don't think any major-league player doesn't try. It's embarrassing to drop a fly ball. It's embarrassing to strike out. You're just not going to go out in front of thirty thousand people and embarrass yourself.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get really angry about bad press?

**BONDS:** Words don't affect me. You can't bother me verbally. Sometimes you can on a personal level, maybe, but not professionally. Professionally, I couldn't care less what people think. Applaud, enjoy the show. I don't need your sympathy.

**PLAYBOY:** On a personal level, though, you're a pretty emotional guy. You cried when you were placed on the disabled list last year.

**BONDS:** It's been a big pride thing for me that I never went on the DL. When it happened, man, I never cried more in my life. I had spankings from my dad and my mom, a freaking chipped bone in my knee. But nothing was more painful than going on the disabled list. I'd rather be out there stumbling around with people booing and screaming than be helpless like that. But I just couldn't swing. I had torn a muscle in my side. I kept saying I didn't want to go on the list, but I couldn't even pick up a bat. Kent Biggerstaff, the Pirates' trainer, told me they were disabling me. I went berserk. Throwing everything out of my locker, turning the locker room upside down. Tears, hurt. Then I was down on my hands and knees, helpless. The guys were on the field. I couldn't even go out on the field. I wasn't dressed. And not being in uniform for the first time in my whole career, I was thinking, Oh, this ain't right.

I watched the game on TV in the locker room, yelling and screaming: "Don't swing, dude!" Or "How could he take that pitch?" I thought, Dang, put me in the stands and I'd be as bad as everybody else. But you become a fan. I was just tripping out: "Andy, what are you doing?" "Jose, swing the bat!" I was like that for three weeks, the whole time I was disabled. I wanted them to win so bad I couldn't believe it. And they kept winning, which made me think maybe I wasn't as important as I thought.

**PLAYBOY:** You came off the DL on the Fourth of July against the Reds' Greg Swindell. Were you nervous?

**BONDS:** The first at bat, I was scared. I knew that if I tore it again I was out for the season. But I had to get that first swing out of the way. So I swung as hard as I could. I literally closed my eyes and swung. Missed it by a mile.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned fear a few times already. Is there really so much to be afraid of?

**BONDS:** There's a lot. I get afraid on the field all the time. You fail in baseball. Go three for ten, .300, that's seven other times you screwed up. If you have some success against Lee Smith, it might give you some added courage the next time. But it still was only that one time. You can also be afraid of the baseball, getting hit by the ball, but I've never been afraid of pain. Not baseball pain.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of pain, then?

**BONDS:** Emotional. I'm afraid of myself, I guess. You're always worried about others in the game—coming up after you, wanting your job or more money or fame, even guys on your own team—but mostly it's myself, being afraid of when baseball might end. A lot of things can happen. An injury, or just time passing. Maybe I'll get bored one day and not want to play anymore. Or just get older and lose it. Not be good anymore. I get tired faster than I used to. I think I'm smarter now, smarter and better, but sometimes when I run I feel a little slower. I'm going to miss it when it's over. I'm not the old-timers' game type.

**PLAYBOY:** So what you're telling us is that you're basically a terrified, melancholy bundle of nerves on the field.

**BONDS:** Not so much on the field. That's

# John's losing his hair. His mission: get it back.

ASAP!
But how?
Weaving?
Not him.
Transplant?
Never.
A hairpiece?
Never, never.
What John really wants is his *own* hair back.
And now he's learned,
**for male pattern baldness,**
**Only *Rogaine***
**has been proven to regrow hair.**

**Rogaine®**
TOPICAL SOLUTION
minoxidil 2%

*Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil 2%) works in part by prolonging the growth of hair, which grows in cycles. With more hairs growing longer and thicker at the same time, you may see improved scalp coverage.

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil–the active ingredient in *Rogaine*). After 1 year, 48% of the men who continued using *Rogaine* in the study rated their regrowth as moderate to dense. Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects were minimal: 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had itching of the scalp. *Rogaine* should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Studies indicate that *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment* with *Rogaine* are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

As you'd expect, if you are older, balding longer, or have a larger area of baldness, you may do less well.

*Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. Some anecdotal reports indicate that if you stop using it, you will probably shed the newly regrown hair within a few months.

Why wait? Find out whether *Rogaine* is for you. Call **1-800-950-6600**. Today. We'll send you an informational brochure explaining all about the product and how to use it. And because only a doctor can prescribe *Rogaine*, we'll include a list of nearby *dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss* and a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

See next page for important additional information.
©1993 The Upjohn Company USJ8697.00 May 1993

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

# The only product ever proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

**What is ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

**How effective is ROGAINE?**
**In men:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 60% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
**In women:** Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US medical centers involving 256 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 19% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 7% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

**How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?**
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

**How long do I need to use ROGAINE?**
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

**What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?**
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

**How much ROGAINE should I use?**
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

**What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?**
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

**What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?**
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away. If the spray applicator is used, avoid inhaling the spray.

**What are some of the side effects people have reported?**
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.
**Dermatologic:** irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** 0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia—0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

**What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?**
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE was applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
*Increased heart rate:* some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
*Salt and water retention:* weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
*Problems breathing:* especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
*Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris:* brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

**What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?**
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

**Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?**
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

**Should any precautions be followed?**
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

**Are there special precautions for women?**
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

**Can ROGAINE be used by children?**
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.
**Caution:** Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

© 1993 The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA USJ8897.00 May 1993


where I'm comfortable. I've had some serious problems, but not out there in my castle. There was a time when I thought my wife and my family wanted to hurt my career, just because they wanted my time. I'd say, "There's no way I'm giving up my career for you." They never asked me to, but I was always reminding them. "If you think I'm going to do that, forget it."

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you remind them?

**BONDS:** I think it was just stupidity on my part. I am more loyal to my wife and kids and parents than to the game, but I'm married to the game, too. There are things I have to accomplish. I want that World Series ring. Of course, to do that I'll have to stop stinking in the playoffs.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad never went to the Series, either.

**BONDS:** We're hoping we can go together this year.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you remember about your father's playing days?

**BONDS:** Going to games with him when he was with the Giants. Running around on the field. I remember my dad and Willie going up against the fence, making catches. I wasn't much of a fan. My friends knew more about his stats than I did. I was playing little baseball games in the clubhouse with the other guys' children. Tito Fuentes' kids, Gloria and little Tito. Gaylord Perry and Juan Marichal had all girls, but they would play. Later, when my dad was with the Yankees, Sandy Alomar, Jr. We'd use those little bats they gave away on Bat Day. We'd step on beer cups, mush them all together to make baseballs and knock them all over the place.

In the summer, when school was out, my mom would take us to wherever my dad was playing to see his games. But a lot of the time he wasn't around. I learned most of my baseball from playing with friends. I had some good school coaches, too.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were nine years old your dad hit 39 homers for the Giants. He was an All-Star.

**BONDS:** It's hard on you when you have a famous father. Everybody thinks he does everything for you. Your friends are always reminding you. I hit almost .500 in high school. What bat did he swing for me? You get tired of hearing, "Oh, it's because of your dad." It's nobody's fault, it's just life—we're best friends now—but when you're a kid you get tired of hearing about your father all the time. I really remember more about my mom. She did everything for us. She always took me to baseball or football practice. She always wrote "from Dad" on the Christmas presents. My mom was at all the school events. My dad never went. He was playing baseball.

**PLAYBOY:** He must have instilled some competitive drive in his sons. When he was home, he'd play games with

PLAYBOY

# Sensual Fantasy for Lovers Video

## IGNITE YOUR SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP!

Only $39.95

Live out your own erotic fantasies as you follow the adventures of five couples who act out their most private fantasies and find new heights of sexual fulfillment. Witness a highly charged game played for sexual stakes and an imaginative film fantasy acted out with great passion. Learn from lovers who create their own exotic environment, explore each other's secret desires, and use risk-taking as an aphrodisiac to experience a highly exhilarating tryst.

Sharing your fantasies as well as learning how to develop and enjoy them increases intimacy and trust. All you need is a rich imagination and a willing partner to enjoy a sexier relationship with your lover. Approx. 55 min. Item number QF1665V (VHS) $39.95. Item number QF1665LD (Laser Disc—Avail. 6/30) $34.99

### ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your VISA, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 39552)

### ORDER BY MAIL

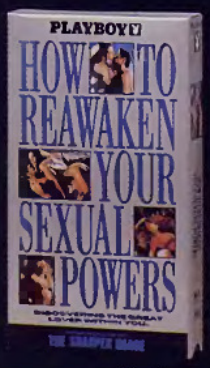
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39552, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

### ALSO AVAILABLE . . .

*How to Reawaken Your Sexual Powers*

Five attractive couples demonstrate techniques for increasing physical strengh and enhancing mental emotional and sexual energy. Full nudity. VHS. 53 min. QF1648V $39.95




uni distribution corp.

**Also available at your local video and music stores.**

© 1993 Playboy.

image ENTERTAINMENT

you—pool, mostly—and the loser had to do push-ups.

**BONDS:** Yeah, a lot of push-ups. You had to do them. But if you won, you got to pick your favorite candy bar.

**PLAYBOY:** And watch your dad do his push-ups for you. That must have been almost as good as the candy.

**BONDS:** I didn't like my dad that much. We didn't become close until I was in college. I resented him when I was a kid. Not that he was abusive. There's a fine line between abuse and discipline. I don't like people who turned out good saying, "I was abused." I can't say that. I can say he whupped my butt plenty of times, and sometimes I didn't feel I deserved it. Most of the time he would give you the benefit of the doubt, but sometimes he'd hit you with his hand. Smack your leg. "Don't lie to me!" When I was ten or eleven years old it stopped—you'd just get grounded after that—but before that, we got our share of spankings. It would hurt your feelings more than anything else. But if you didn't cry, it was like you were showing him up. And don't cry too much, either. He knew it didn't hurt that bad. So you just cried and apologized, and he was cool.

**PLAYBOY:** You had to cry correctly?

**BONDS:** You had to know how to cry.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you do to earn a spanking or a leg slap?

**BONDS:** Disobey. Hit a ball through a window after he told us not to play in the backyard. You couldn't lie. You'd just tell the truth and he'd let you go. He was very direct. Why doesn't fit in his vocabulary. If you let a ground ball go through your legs and you tried, fine. Just don't come in with an excuse. Say, "I screwed up." If you jump off the roof, don't say your brother pushed you. Say, "I felt like jumping, Dad. I could have hurt myself, you're right, but I just felt like it." He'd say, "Well, don't do it again." He'd never punish you for telling the truth. You could stop a lot of spankings that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Other than playing pool for push-ups, what kinds of things did you do with him when you were little?

**BONDS:** He took me out on a boat fishing with him all the time. I hated it. I got seasick. He'd say, "You're my son. Let's go." But I was a mama's boy. I'd rather watch my mom put her makeup on. Or put on a wig and dance with her; we would both pretend we were Janet Jackson. She'd say, "Go with your father." We always bitched that we never got to see him, but when he wanted to do something I'd be whining, "Mom, I'm not going."

I wouldn't play golf with him because I'd end up being his caddy. He tried to make it fun, though. He'd get an extra cart for me and my brother to drive, but we'd just sit in the cart. You know how kids are—nothing their parents do can ever be right. I think I devalued a lot of the good things he tried to do. He was just being Big Dad. People who complain about their parents, I really hate that. If you think you turned out pretty good, be happy with your parents. They drove you to be what you are.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you rebellious as a teenager?

**BONDS:** No more than anybody else. I'd cut school, get in a little trouble, to see what I could get away with. But I told my parents. I told my dad I smoked a joint. I told him I smoked cigarettes. Smoking joints—I stopped that stuff right away on my own. With the cigarettes, he and Mom made me smoke a whole pack right in front of them. Cigarette after cigarette. It worked pretty well. I got sick and didn't touch those things for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he talk to you about sex?

**BONDS:** No, he knew I wasn't going to say what he wanted to hear. He would never say, "How are you doing with the girls? You getting laid?" Yeah, sure, Dad. Like I'm going to tell you voluntarily. He would say one thing: "I have no control over what you do outside this house, but if I'm a grandfather before I want to be, I'll break your neck." He was laughing, so you knew he was cool about it. My parents were always open with us. My mom and dad were naked all the time. Nobody cared about nudity. I shared a room with my sister. I knew about tampons when I was ten. I think you grow up healthier that way.

My own family is like that now. My wife is from Sweden, man. Nudity's all they do.

**PLAYBOY:** Ballplayers do it, too, they say, especially on the road. Before you were married in 1988, you were a young star making $100,000. How was life as a big-league bachelor?

**BONDS:** It was great. You swallow it up too much at first, but I think you deserve it. It's a big deal, being in the big leagues. Suddenly you have girls, groupies, money, pulling you in each and every direction. Anyone who doesn't like that isn't human. It's exciting. I was twenty-one years old, ripping and running the streets. Fame, girls, everything. You have one girl late one night. You're up until four in the morning with this person or that. It was one big party. But you outgrow it. You have to, because it wears you down. You never sleep. It can mess up your career, so you outgrow it.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a particular Baseball Annie in every port for every Pirate?

**BONDS:** The groupie girls, most of them were taken anyway, so you don't really get into them. I may have had two girlfriends at a time; it was hard enough to entertain one, let alone two. People think athletes are always with those same publicized groupies, but you're afraid of them more than anything else.

**PLAYBOY:** Are ballplayers worried about AIDS?

**BONDS:** I think you know who you're

messing around with. If you're messing around with somebody who's messing around with everybody, then you know what you're getting into. Just don't make excuses. Magic Johnson accommodated a lot of people, which was probably his own fault. You cannot fault the man for spreading the disease because he did not know, and he doesn't blame anyone but himself. Now he tells people to practice safe sex. That's the key, safe sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you practice safe sex?

**BONDS:** I can't say I did. Not all the time. I can just tell you that I was lucky. Very, very lucky.

**PLAYBOY:** Is AIDS changing athletes' lives?

**BONDS:** Oh yeah. Times are changing. If you're gonna do what you have to do, you better make sure it's safe. But the life is more family-oriented now. It's not so much running the streets chasing women. Guys are spending time with their families.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about yours. You married Sun in 1988, a little over a year before you matured into an MVP. She's petite, you're a big guy. She's quiet, you can be loud. She's white, you're black. How did you get together?

**BONDS:** We met at a nightclub in Montreal in 1987. Sun was a bartender. I wound up going to another club and she went to the same place with a girlfriend. We danced, talked, had some fun. I wouldn't say it was love at first sight because I don't believe in that, but it was chemistry. We met each other's needs. We fit together. [*Laughs*] When you have a hole and a screw, and the screw fits, it makes everything tight and you stay put.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your needs?

**BONDS:** I had to settle down. I was running the streets too much, losing my desire to play baseball. She gave me something to shoot for, someone to play for. If it weren't for Sun I wouldn't have two MVP trophies. She's probably the most intelligent woman I ever met. Being from Sweden, where they don't have much television, she reads all the time and she's a quick learner. She'd never lived in the States, but she got her high school equivalency diploma without studying. I gave her the driver's license manual, she read it and passed the test the next day, perfect score. And she is a great mother. Sun has more patience than toilet paper. I tell her, "Toilet paper just sits there and waits. It sits there and waits, just like you."

**PLAYBOY:** She must think that's awfully flattering.

**BONDS:** No, but I like to kid her.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it that you provided for her?

**BONDS:** Stability, I guess. I had a job. I had my own condominium. I was making a hundred thousand dollars, which was a lot when I was single. It started to run out a little after that, but that's part of the price. We have two lovely kids, and there's something else I like: Our families are great together. They accepted one another from day one. You see, in Sweden there's no color barrier. "You love my daughter, and that's all that matters." It was the same with my parents: "You love our son, then it's fine." There's no jealousy, no prejudice, no color involved. That's how people should be.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Sun a baseball fan?

**BONDS:** Sun couldn't care less. She didn't know what a scoreboard was. I think that's what made us click. It wasn't about money or anything like that. She just thought I was a handsome guy. She came to a game in Montreal while we were dating. She sat down and she sat so tall. My wife's only five-three, but to me she was the biggest, prettiest woman in the place. I didn't wave or anything—I'm very professional on the field—but I knew she was there. I'll never forget the black dress she had on. And a black jacket. And I'm out there thinking, Man, I'm marrying this girl!

**PLAYBOY:** When you were on Arsenio Hall's show, he seemed surprised that you took Sun along one night to go clubbing with him.

**BONDS:** He likes it that I go out with my wife and she can handle it, knowing that women will be all over me. She doesn't


# Get Wet & Wild ...With Us!

*Cool surf ... Hot nights! Interested?*

Then call and hit the beach with me, LEISA SHERIDAN, MISS JULY and the fun-loving PLAYMATES from WEEKEND AT BERNIE'S II! We're waiting to party with you and personally answer your messages!

**CALL NOW**

**1•900•740•3311**

Only $3 a minute — 18 yrs. or older

**PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE**

©1993 Playboy. A product of Playboy. 680 North Lakeshore Drive, Chicago, IL 60611. Not available to residents of LA or OR.

trip out. She just sits while I do my duty: "Hi, how about a hug?" It's hard on her. Sun likes her privacy. But she knew exactly what she was getting when she married me. It's a package deal; she married public property.

**PLAYBOY:** You have a son, Nikolai, who is three, and a daughter, Shikari, who's two. What have you learned about being a dad?

**BONDS:** I didn't know what a full-time job it would be. We could have all the nannies we wanted, but we want to take care of our own children. You wouldn't trade it for anything, but it's a job. Sometimes you wish it were easier. And you think back to how you were raised and all the times your parents said, "Wait till you have kids of your own." All the things you said you'd never do—you'd never spank your kids, or yell at them. You'd let them do what they wanted. Yeah, right. It's fun because you know you were sticking your foot in your mouth when you were little. That's what having kids is, putting your foot in your mouth. You start giving your own parents the benefit of the doubt.

**PLAYBOY:** What do Nikolai and Shikari think about baseball?

**BONDS:** My son goes to the batting cage with me. He's three and he's already hitting. He knows what I do, but my daughter doesn't comprehend it. Whatever her brother says, she says. When he says, "Daddy hit a home run," she says, "Home run," so I have a two-home-run day.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never had a two-homer day at Candlestick Park, your new home. In fact, you have hit only four of your 176 career homers there. You once said you'd never play for the Giants "because it's cold and they need a new stadium." Other than $43.75 million, what changed your mind?

**BONDS:** The thought that I won't be on the visiting team. One thing I really hated about Candlestick Park was the accommodations for the other team. There are heaters and bathrooms in the home dugout, but not in the visitors' dugout. For the visitors there's no bathroom, no heat, no nothing. It's windy and cold. If you have to go to the bathroom, you have to run across the field in front of all those people, all the way back to the clubhouse. But the home team has bathrooms. The home team has heaters. I'm the home team now, so I hope they don't change it. Let them stay miserable on the visiting side.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens on and around the field that the fans don't see?

**BONDS:** The reality. The fact that it's not as easy as it looks. But there's other stuff, crazy things. Deion Sanders has a pair of lucky underwear shorts he's been wearing since college. [Former Pirates infielder] Chico Lind had real knives in his locker, big Rambo knives; he would take a fake knife and stab you, give you a heart attack. There's crud done to rookies. You send a rookie to baggage claim so he misses the bus to the hotel, or tape him up and throw food on him so the birds will fly down and peck the food—but I never did that much. I'd rather be with my friends. Bobby Bonilla is my best friend and always will be. We came up together, played A-ball together. One time we were playing down in the minors and I struck out three straight times. Bobby had the whole team throw their hats on the field for my hat trick. Bobby Bo and I are close. We're going to open a Harley store together. We love that motorcycle. I have two Fatboys. Bobby has one, too. His is black and it's beautiful—the tank and all the trim are twenty-four-karat gold.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you really call your buddy Gary Sheffield last year to say you were going to pass him in home runs?

**BONDS:** I was kidding. There was no way. My heart said I could do it, but my brain said, You're crazy. Right after I said it, that night, he hit two and had thirty already. I was almost ten behind. It was September and I'd had a bad August, but I told [hitting coach] Milt May, "Something tells me I can do it." I went for it. Beat him thirty-four to thirty-three.

**PLAYBOY:** After that, you lost a heartbreaker in the National League playoffs. Did you watch the World Series on TV? It's hard to imagine whom you would root for.

**BONDS:** Toronto. I liked Atlanta because I know those guys, but I was for the underdog.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of the baseball skills of some of the celebrities you've seen?

**BONDS:** Michael Jordan came to Pittsburgh and took batting practice. He can hit. But then he threw to me in the batting cage and almost hit me. And a couple years ago in spring training, a guy in a Tigers uniform was talking to me about hitting, asking a lot of questions. It was weird because ballplayers don't do that to other players. So I tell him, "Hey, see the ball, hit the ball." He says, "Man, the ball jumps off your bat," and I'm like, yeah, thanks. Then I look and the back of his jersey says SELLECK on it. I'm thinking this dude looks familiar, but I still haven't put two and two together when somebody asks me how it was talking to Tom Selleck. I was so embarrassed. "There's no freaking way I was standing right next to him and didn't know it." My wife thinks he's gorgeous. He can hit, too. He's huge, six-four or something—he's not too keen on forkballs and stuff, but throw it straight and he'll hit it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're also friends with Magic Johnson.

**BONDS:** I went to his Super Bowl party. He's always friendly, always lovable, just a super man. I love him to death. It was crushing, what happened to him, but he took it like a man. I was proud of him for standing up and facing his problem. When people tried to label him, to say he was gay—that's a bunch of crud. So when I see him I always hug him. I kiss him on the cheek. He's one of my idols.

**PLAYBOY:** Lately, there seems to be a lot more mingling of sports stars and entertainers, sort of a bicoastal hot tub full of people who have been on the covers of *People* and *Sports Illustrated*. Is the line between jocks and other celebs dissolving?

**BONDS:** We're all entertainers. Acting, singing, sports, we're all entertainers and we all make millions. What's cool is that they love you as much as you love them. I'm in awe of all of them, but a lot of actors, for instance, are sports fans, so they can be in awe of me, too. Although there are some with their noses up. Like when I did the NAACP Image Awards. I don't want to name names and hurt people, but some of those stars wouldn't even say hello. I thought, Come on. If you make a million more than me, that's only one extra boat you can buy, so who gives a damn? Look at Michael Jackson. He's the greatest entertainer in the world, but ever since he was a kid, he probably just wanted to go outside and play baseball with the guys. That's why I said on *Arsenio*, "Michael, you're invited to come play ball with me and my friends any time you want. We'll close down the stadium and play with you. Of course, if you really can't play, you'll have to sit on the bench. You can't moonwalk on the field." I haven't heard from him. I still like him, though. And you know what pisses me off? The way he gets treated. He has never said anything derogatory about anyone. He's never been a drunk driver. You don't hear he's used drugs. Yet people downgrade him because he wants to do his own thing. But if you were in his shoes, with his money and his fame and his life, you would, too. So tip your hat to him. Tip your hat to goodness, that's what I say. There's enough crap in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** One reason he's talked about is his appearance—and the way it keeps changing.

**BONDS:** So what? Go to Hollywood, see all the women with breast jobs and facelifts. He was right when he said Beverly Hills would not exist without all that. Go to Roxbury or one of those other nightclubs and you walk into a big—excuse my French—titty farm. Boobs and faces lifted all over. Why does he get criticized? All he does is donate $50 million to charity. What is he supposed to give, hundreds of millions? To me he's a black hero, and we don't have many. It's always the same: It's "Oh, how great Elvis was." But Elvis Presley was on drugs. The Rolling Stones, too. Michael Jackson has never done anything wrong, so give him a break.

**PLAYBOY:** Done. Meanwhile, you've gone

# More Exciting Than Ever!

# PLAYBOY CENTERFOLD COLLECTOR CARDS™

## HOLD THE SEXIEST WOMEN EVER – THE PLAYBOY CENTERFOLDS IN YOUR HANDS

Who would have ever thought collecting cards would be this much fun. You'll never want to let these beauties go.

## A COLLECTION YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU STARTED

As the popularity and value of card collections increases, so does the satisfaction of the collectors. And, just as PLAYBOY magazine grew to be a popular collectible, PLAYBOY Centerfold Collector Cards™ are certain to become a favorite collectible, as well.

## THE EXCITEMENT BEGINS WITH THE PREMIERE JANUARY EDITION CARDS

Order now and receive 10 foil packs, each containing 10 randomly assorted cards. That's a total of 100 premiere Collector Cards featuring January Centerfolds and exciting images from the pages of PLAYBOY magazine. And the excitement continues as you build your collection, from January to December, from 1953 to today.

## FREE PROTECTIVE COLLECTOR'S CASE WITH YOUR ORDER

With your order, you'll also receive – absolutely FREE – a Premiere Edition Collector's Case! The perfect way to store and protect your PLAYBOY Centerfold Collector Cards™.

## FREE BONUS CARDS

As a reader of PLAYBOY, if you order now, you'll also receive a set of four EXCLUSIVE January Edition Bonus Cards. These cards are available only through this offer – when you order now!

EXCLUSIVE PREMIERE OFFER ONLY $19.95* WHILE QUANTITIES LAST!

To Order, Call Toll Free

**1-800-453-9982**

or fill out the order form below

**SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED. ORDERS ARE FILLED ON A FIRST-COME, FIRST-SERVED BASIS.**

## PLAYBOY CENTERFOLD COLLECTOR CARDS™ ORDER FORM

**Yes!** I want to be one of the first to own January Edition PLAYBOY Centerfold Collector Cards™! I've enclosed payment of $19.95* for each premiere offer! I will also receive a **FREE Collector's Case** and a **Bonus Gift** of *four January Edition Bonus Cards* with each Premiere Offer purchased!

☐Check or Money Order Enclosed

Bill My: ☐MasterCard ☐VISA ☐American Express

Card # ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

Card Exp. Date / / Signature

PLAYBOY CENTERFOLD COLLECTOR CARDS™

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Make checks payable to and mail to:
American Originals Limited Editions, Ltd.
P.O. Box 3408, Boulder, CO 80307

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of January Sets Ordered | |
| Add $24.90 for each set *($19.95 plus $4.95 S&H). | |
| Canadian addresses add an additional $2. each. | |
| Colorado residents add 7.3% sales tax. | |
| TOTAL | |

**U.S.FUNDS ONLY** Available in U.S. and Canada only. Delivery begins May, 1993 © 1993 PLAYBOY

a little Hollywood yourself. You did a cameo in a film called *Rookie of the Year* and just finished a new TV movie, *Jane's House*, with James Woods and Anne Archer.

**BONDS:** Anne Archer is so fine. I was in heat the whole time. I'll tell you another thing I liked: One day we were shooting in a mall. People kept asking for my autograph. The producer said, "Funny—we have one of the top actors in the country and one of the top actresses, and everybody wants your autograph." I said, "You know why? We're in a sporting goods store, boy. You're on my turf now."

**PLAYBOY:** Who do you play in *Rookie of the Year* and *Jane's House*?

**BONDS:** Myself. It's pretty easy to do. I want to play someone else. I want to act. James Woods and Anne Archer gave me a great compliment. They said I should think seriously about acting, since I was pretty good for never having done it before. But I'm not a natural. I know that the only way for me to get better is to work at it.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said you aren't troubled by nudity at home. How about the workplace? Some players don't want women in the locker room.

**BONDS:** That doesn't bother me at all. Women reporters are professionals, too. A hundred percent of the women in men's locker rooms are professional. It's not like they're sitting there looking and slobbering.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think it has been such an issue for so many pro athletes?

**BONDS:** Male ego. That's all it is. Do you think a woman reporter never saw a naked man or heard the word shit? She knows what comes with the territory, and she's not stealing anything from you, so get off your high horse. What's so important about a locker room anyway? It's a stinky place where you take a shower and then leave.

**PLAYBOY:** There's no shortage of male bonding in sports, where guys stick together. Who were your mentors?

**BONDS:** Dave Stephens, my high school coach, took me under his wing. My dad was always gone, so I'd be over at Dave's house. I was like his second son. My dad and I finally became friends when I was in college. He and Willie and I talk a lot about hitting, and they were the ones telling me to start dedicating myself a few years ago, saying I couldn't just sit on my butt in the off-season if I wanted to be in the Hall of Fame. Dusty Baker, my new manager, grew up with my dad. I've known him since I was a baby. He's a man I respect. But I will never forget Jim Leyland. That man is the best. More than the strategy he brings to the game, what makes him a great manager is the way he relates to you. Leyland deals with you head to head, man to man. He knows you're not in boot camp. You get as much leeway as you want as long as you play by the rules, and he really has only one rule. Be on time. He doesn't care how you get to work, he doesn't care what you wear. Just be on time and give him three hours of your time. I'm going to miss him.

**PLAYBOY:** And yet you had that celebrated shouting match with him at spring training in 1991. You started yelling and he was heard to say, "I've kissed your butt for three years. No one player is going to ruin this camp. If you don't like it, you can go home."

**BONDS:** Why do you bring that up? It's bad.

**PLAYBOY:** It happened. You had lost your arbitration case against the Pirates and had to settle for a $2.3 million salary instead of the $3.3 million you wanted. Then you had a personal photographer, a friend, taking pictures of you at camp and you told other photographers to get out of your face. You even shoved one of them. Coach Bill Virdon and the Pirates' PR man objected. You hollered at them, and Leyland came after you.

**BONDS:** The press keeps bringing that up.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad told us he thinks the Pirates arranged the incident because they wanted to make you look bad, maybe to alienate your Pittsburgh fans—to keep the fans on the club's side in your battles over money. That's why there happened to be a TV camera and microphone nearby.

**BONDS:** It wasn't an accident. They set me up.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really think that?

**BONDS:** Why would a microphone and TV crew be right there at that time? Just to stir up shit. The funny thing is, my dad told me before I went to spring training, "They're going to set you up when you get there." He was right. After that, for the first time in my life, I didn't want to play. I started out seventeen for a hundred, .170. I felt raped, almost. I knew how a woman who was raped felt. I couldn't hit, couldn't play until I got that off my back.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get it off your back?

**BONDS:** Leyland did it. He called a press conference. He said, "Leave him alone. With all that Barry Bonds has brought to this city, it's time to get off his back." I'll never forget that, not as long as I live. My whole season turned around. And later in the season, even after the season, we talked. He said, "Barry, I wish you well. You deserve every penny you get. You're the best baseball player, you deserve to be paid the best. For three years you worked harder than any athlete I've ever seen, and I'm damn proud of you." You can't forget a man like that.

**PLAYBOY:** How will you remember him?

**BONDS:** He made me better. I could say anything I wanted to him. If I didn't like him that day I'd say, "You know, I don't like you, you little midget. You're not even an athlete. You can't hit. You never even played in the big leagues."

**PLAYBOY:** What did he say to that?

**BONDS:** Oh, he rode my butt. "Hey, Barry, if I tell you I like you, you'll just want me not to like you. That's what you thrive on. If I give you any sense that I like you, you're thinking, No, don't. You want me to like you but you're just not sure."

**PLAYBOY:** Was he right?

**BONDS:** Probably.

**PLAYBOY:** All this sounds Freudian enough to justify a question out of left field. When you dream at night, is it baseball?

**BONDS:** All the time. I dream I'm at the ballpark. I hit a home run, run the bases. Then I hit another one. I hit three. I hit four. Now I have a chance to hit five and break the all-time record. All of a sudden I'm at a zoo, or up on top of the Empire State Building, trying to get back to Shea Stadium to play the Mets. I can see they're trying to find me. But they go, "Wait a minute, he's gone," and they send up a pinch hitter.

**PLAYBOY:** Does he hit the fifth home run?

**BONDS:** I don't know. That's when I wake up.

**PLAYBOY:** In your dream are you still in a Pirates uniform, or are you a Giant?

**BONDS:** It's just a baseball uniform, just baseball.

**PLAYBOY:** When we were talking about Michael Jackson you implied that the reason he gets more criticism than Elvis or the Rolling Stones is simple racism. Baseball isn't exactly free of it. Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott was suspended for racism: keeping a swastika on her desk, allegedly referring to some black players as "million-dollar niggers." Would you be willing to play on Schott's team?

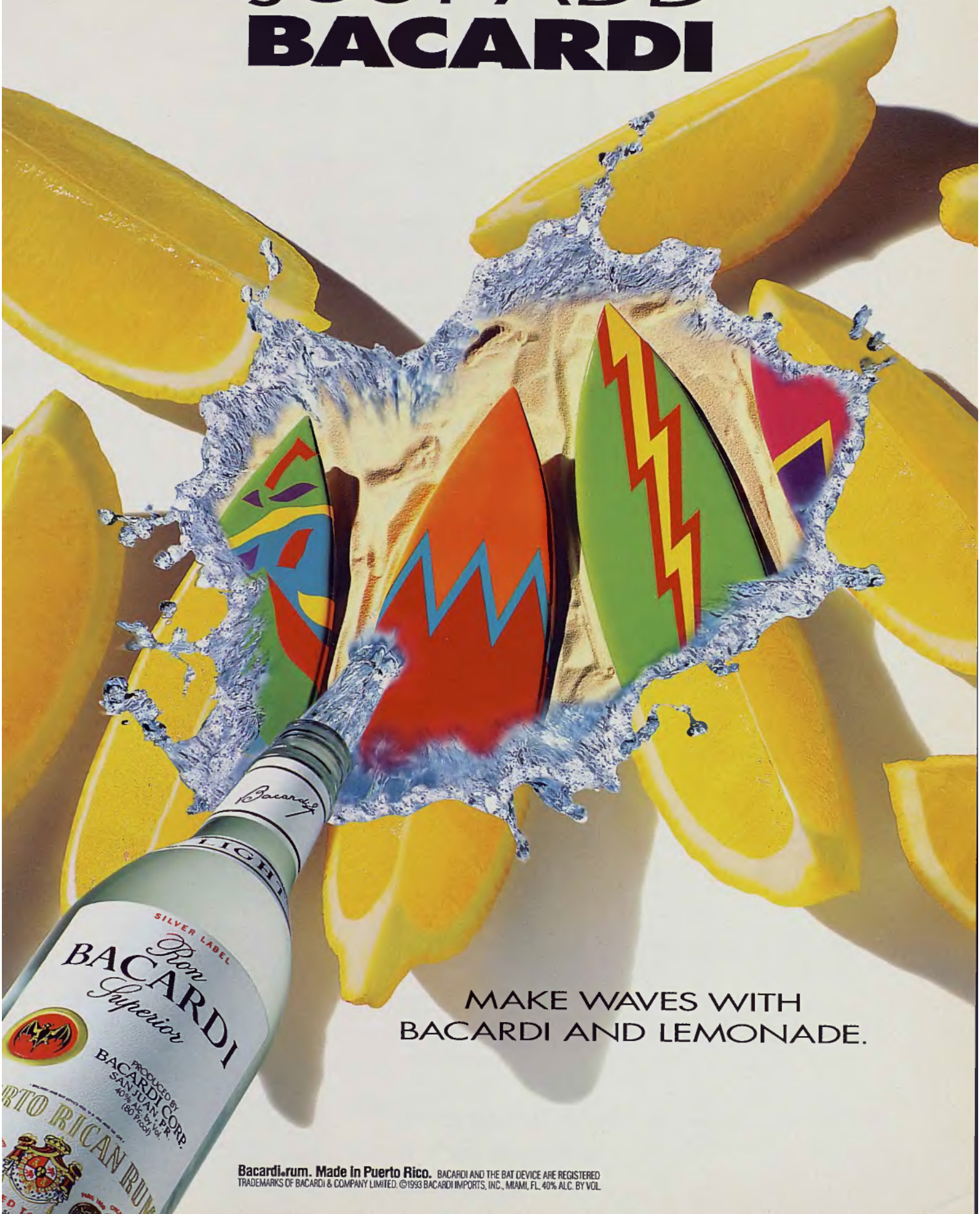
**BONDS:** As long as she gave me my check every two weeks. What she said was degrading, but I doubt that we've all said only nice things about people all our lives. What she did was wrong, just like it would be wrong to go out of the privacy of your home and call Marge a white piece of trash. She got caught, now she's being punished.

Prejudice is childish and stupid. Someone else's culture, their history, should be amazing to people, not a burden. But there's prejudice everywhere. My wife is half Swedish and half Portuguese. I'm Afro-American. So if you're like some prejudiced people you might want to say something to me about what I am doing married to her. But the thing is, why would you care? Are you jealous because she's married to me? Are you jealous because I'm married to her? Even if I weren't married to her, I ain't going to marry you, so what's the difference? I mean, if I were single, I wouldn't even date you.

**PLAYBOY:** Early in his career, your dad

*(concluded on page 148)*

# JUST ADD **BACARDI**




MAKE WAVES WITH
BACARDI AND LEMONADE.

**Bacardi.rum. Made in Puerto Rico.** BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. ©1993 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. 40% ALC. BY VOL.

# SINS OF THE FATHERS

**SOME SEXUAL PREDATORS WEAR A COLLAR, HEAR CONFESSION, BLESS THE HOST AND RAPE THE ALTAR BOYS. CAN THE CHURCH RESPOND?**

THE YOUNG Catholic cleric could see it coming. The Church was out of touch with the few diehards who still attended Sunday Mass. He had always believed his Church was a moral voice, an ancient tradition, a righteous institution. But he couldn't ignore the decadence that was cracking the sacred structure upon which he had built his life.

The stories of sexual scandals involving priests (and even bishops) were well known. Parishioners, better educated than in the simpler days when he had entered the seminary, were bored by the sermons and fed up with the hypocrisy of the Church's stance on so many issues. He felt torn apart by the hierarchy's demands on priests for a perfection of spirit that few could achieve. When he met with his superiors to tell them how he felt, he was appalled to find Church leaders committing the same acts they preached against. How could these priests invite boys from the seminary into their beds, or keep women on the side, and still celebrate the Holy Eucharist with their practiced looks of piety? He knew it was all a lie.

That Catholic cleric wasn't talking about James Porter, the former priest who goes on trial in Massachusetts this summer on charges that he raped altar boys, then allegedly told them that "God will punish you." He wasn't talking about Covenant House's Father Bruce Ritter—once regarded as America's answer to Mother Teresa—who, as it turned out, was accused of doing to young street hustlers

ARTICLE BY

CHARLES M. SENNOTT

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

precisely what he professed to be saving them from. And he wasn't talking about former Archbishop Robert Sanchez of New Mexico, who has been accused of having sex with 12 women, some of them in their late teens.

That idealistic cleric lived in the 16th century, not the 20th, but he was roused to action by a similar sex scandal involving live-in sexual partners for priests. He was talking about the hypocrisy of a Roman Catholic hierarchy that had lost its moral authority among hardworking townsfolk, who had grown tired of the corruption. That Catholic cleric was Martin Luther, the leader of the Reformation.

It may seem a distortion of historical perspective to suggest that the scandals screaming across the front pages of newspapers and airing almost weekly on *Geraldo* and *Sally Jessy Raphaël* are akin to a movement that transformed Christian faith worldwide. But not for Father Andrew Greeley, a Chicago priest, author and sociologist who has spoken out on the issue. "It is without doubt the worst crisis in the Catholic Church since the Reformation," he told PLAYBOY. "It is all part of the clerical culture that has produced the pedophilia crisis."

In a recent article published by the Jesuit magazine *America*, Greeley projected that there could be as many as 100,000 people in this country who, as children, were sexually abused by priests. Insurance companies have found the Church such a high risk that most no longer offer it liability coverage.

Some questions have suddenly been raised about the clerical culture that produced this kind of sexual deviance and the secretive, insular institution that covered it up for generations. The crisis has also cast shadows over a long-accepted tenet of Catholicism: priestly celibacy.

Tom Fox, editor of the *National Catholic Reporter*, calls this a "historical moment" in which the structure of the Church is caving in on itself. The Church has already been battered by a sexual revolution that challenged its rigid teachings, a feminist movement that attacked its patriarchal system and a gay rights movement that has grown increasingly militant.

"It's much bigger than pedophilia," says Fox. "The problem is that the Judeo-Christian society has failed to teach healthy sexuality. With all this going on, people look for historical analogies. The Reformation is an accurate one."

•

On January 23, 1993, James Porter walked into the Washington County courthouse just outside St. Paul, Minnesota. The TV crews and newspaper photographers fanned out before him and backpedaled to get the shot as he walked the halls. He was led by his young Minneapolis defense attorney, Paul Lukas, who hobbled on crutches and used them to block cameras. This is the choreography of scandal's bad theater.

Nervously adjusting his thick glasses, Porter entered the courtroom, darting his eyes away from the young woman who sat in the front row. He walked past the family members and friends and reporters who stared at one of the priesthood's most notorious sexual predators.

Even one of the attorneys involved in Porter's case said he was "dressed like a pedophile" that day, with his wrinkled plaid wool pants and a mustard-colored sweater crisscrossed with lines of blue and green. A ski hat was crammed into the front pocket of his grungy gray coat. The judge banged the gavel and told Porter why he was before the court: sentencing in the conviction on six counts of fourth-degree criminal sexual misconduct against his baby-sitter in 1987. (Porter had married and fathered four children after leaving the priesthood in 1974.)

The judge called the young woman to the stand. On the lapel of her jacket was a gold button that said HERO. Young, frail, innocent and female, she defines our image of a sexual victim. The notebook paper shook slightly in her hand as she began to read: "There is a man in this room today with a very sick disease called pedophilia. . . . This man has brought a lot of anger and sadness. . . . He should not be let out. [Then] he cannot hurt anyone else."

Porter looked down at the defense table. He cupped his hands and closed his eyes as if he were praying, the ritual hand movements and poses of a pious priest. Although he had not been a man of the cloth for almost 20 years, he had not forgotten the traditional expressions of sorrow employed for funerals and the confessional.

Seated a few rows behind Porter was Mark Smith, ashen and somber in his blue polyester blazer and tan parka. Middle-aged, confident, intelligent and male, he defies our image of a sexual victim. Yet he and scores of others had been sexually abused by Porter when he was a priest and they were altar boys at parishes across the country.

Just one month earlier, 68 of Porter's victims had reached a reported $5 million settlement after a series of civil suits. And Porter was still facing a Massachusetts grand jury's indictment on 46 charges of molesting victims while he was a priest in the Sixties. If convicted on the criminal charges this summer, Porter will be an old man when he gets out of prison.

Outside the courtroom, Smith, surrounded by reporters, had explained that Porter was not the only one who should be handcuffed: "It's not just him. This was a partnership with Porter and the Catholic Church. The hierarchy has to be held accountable for what it did. They were all in this together."

•

The Porter case provides an example of the Church's complicity in protecting pedophile priests. The pattern has been established in case after case: Priests are caught, sheltered by their fellow priests and shuffled from one parish to another, where the abuse often continues.

The hierarchy's secrets in the Porter case were locked up for years at the Fall River Archdiocese. They were brought to light only through a subpoena by the Bristol County grand jury that indicted Porter. The personnel file offers a remarkable paper trail, documenting how Church superiors assigned him to priestly roles even though they were fully aware that he was a pedophile.

In one document—Porter's 18-page letter to the "Most Holy Father" at the Vatican—he requests that he be "released from the responsibilities of the priesthood, including the release from the obligation of celibacy" because of his "wrong relation with youth of the same sex." The written confession traces his progression from all-American adolescent to adult sex offender.

Porter was a tall, thin, socially awkward teenager. When he went on to Boston College, Porter decided to consider "the vocation," as it was called back then. His mother was "so proud to think that her son was to become a priest," he said in his letter to the Vatican, that there was no turning back.

Porter entered St. Mary's Theological Seminary in Baltimore in 1956; two years earlier, *On the Waterfront* was playing at the movies. There was Karl Malden starring, alongside Brando, as the tough-talking Irish priest who could punch as hard as any dockworker. The priest as rugged American hero had already become a stock character in movies such as *Boys Town*, with Spencer Tracy, and *Angels with Dirty Faces*, starring Pat O'Brien. The young men took these Hollywood images with them when they packed their bags for the seminary.

It was a glorious age for the Church. American Catholics were soon to elect their first president. The country was sprouting new churches. Enormous

*(continued on page 144)*

*"Topless? Thoreau doesn't say anything about topless."*

# LUCKY STIFF

After meeting our Playmates, Terry Kiser—a.k.a. Bernie of *Weekend at Bernie's*—thought he'd died and gone to heaven

*text by* TERRY KISER

EVERY ACTOR fears dying—on-stage, on-screen or in real life. But playing the title corpse in *Weekend at Bernie's* was the best career move I've ever made. The 1989 movie grossed $35 million and turned Bernie into the most popular dead entertainer since Elvis.

For those of you who missed the original film, it's the story of insurance embezzler Bernie Lomax and the $2 million he stole. When two junior execs (played by Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman) discover that the funds are missing, Bernie invites them to a holiday weekend at his beach house in the Hamptons on Long Island. Finding their host murdered by a hit man, the two keep Bernie "alive" during the weekend's festivities while trying to avoid the same fate. The saga now continues in *Weekend at Bernie's 2*, due out this month. With the new movie and this pictorial to increase Bernie Lomax's fame, he'll probably be around for an eternity. That means I will, too.

It's strange how people confuse me with the character I play. Take our PLAYBOY photo shoot on the island of St. Thomas, which is where the sequel was filmed as well. At first my Playmate pals from the movie were self-conscious about frolicking nude in front of me. But in no time, I became fun-loving, harmless Bernie. To get the right shots, they placed my hands on

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

their thighs and breasts, hoping to embarrass me. Sorry to disappoint you ladies, I loved it. If I had known women were so attracted to the strong, silent type, I would have died professionally years ago.

Fans don't feel threatened by Bernie, either. While we were filming, three topless women asked to have their pictures taken with me, apparently figuring that I was just Bernie—dead from the waist down. But before this Bernie phenomenon, not even my most diehard fans would have posed for a head shot with me.

And even though Bernie is dead, he can still enjoy the predicaments he's always getting people into. On the set, a woman started talking to a Bernie dummy that was laid out on a gurney. She carried on a one-way conversation, thinking it was me resting between scenes. Then I walked by and said hello to her. The lady almost died. But then, Bernie has that effect on people. I'm just happy to know him.

Bernie with six drop-dead beauties, PLAYBOY Playmates (floating clockwise from Bernie's feet) Tiffany Sloan, Morena Corwin, Kerri Kendall, Cheryl Bachman, Samantha Dorman and Julie Clarke.

# WITCHCRAFT

## she left his bed and he wanted her back. who you gonna call?

romance by
DAN GREENBURG

THIS IS A true story about love and witchcraft and the craziness one encounters when one mucks about with matters of the heart and tampers with things one cannot possibly hope to comprehend. It is a story that does not reflect particularly well on me, but that's never stopped me in the past.

It all began shortly after my marriage broke up. There was a period when I was unable to find any women to date. Then there was a period when I was able to find a great many women to date. And then there was a period when I settled into continuing relationships with three interesting women.

Two of these women were under the impression that they were my only girlfriend. I saw no reason to disillusion them. I did not mean to deceive them; I had just drifted into regularly seeing all three of them. Sharon (not her real name) knew of the two others because she was being as duplicitous as I—more so, really, because she was living with a fellow in New Jersey (not his real state).

It was not as great a setup as it might sound. It was not *The Captain's Paradise* except 50 percent better. It was not as though one of the women was a swimsuit model and a flamenco dancer but not a homemaker, the second made her own clothes and had won a Pillsbury Bake-Off but was not an intellectual, and the third was a Fulbright scholar but could neither do a credible box step nor wear a bustier. All three were just pleasant women whose company I enjoyed enough not to stop seeing them, but not enough to see any one exclusively.

My relationships with them consisted of dutiful daily calls to all three, advising on career and family problems, and seeing each of them two or three times a week for dinner or celebrating birthdays, holidays and other special occasions. On Thanksgiving I managed to escort all three to separate meals spaced at two-hour intervals. (Don't even ask.)

Anyway, by and by, Sharon announced to me that she would



ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

soon leave her other boyfriend and move to Manhattan.

"Great," I said.

Seeing Sharon would soon be considerably less complicated.

"When I move to Manhattan," she said, "I expect you to end your two other relationships."

"I pretty much like things the way they are," I said.

"Those are my terms," she said. "If you don't like them, then we don't have to continue seeing each other."

"I pretty much like things the way they are," I said.

I was not about to give up the other relationships for Sharon. Sharon may have been attractive, unpredictable and sensual, but she didn't know or care about the arts—she wasn't refined or subtle. She was, frankly, a little trashy.

Sharon moved to Manhattan and found an apartment only five blocks from mine.

"And now," she said, "I want you to give up your two other relationships."

"I told you before," I said, "I like things the way they are."

"Then we're not seeing each other anymore," she replied.

At first I didn't believe her. I tried to jolly her out of it. I didn't think she was serious.

She was absolutely serious. She refused to see me.

A rosy fog then descended over Sharon, obscuring her features. It gradually occurred to me that Sharon might be a good deal better than I had previously noticed. Sharon was not attractive, unpredictable and sensual, she was beautiful, exciting and the sexiest woman I had ever been to bed with. How could I let her go? Clearly, I could not.

I called her and asked to see her.

"You must not have been listening," she said. "I am not seeing you anymore. It's over."

"Uh, what if I were to scale down the two other relationships?" I said.

"It is over," she said.

"OK, what if I were to drop the two other relationships?" I said.

"It is too late for that," she said. "It's over."

I then realized what I had only suspected before: Sharon was better than beautiful, exciting and the sexiest woman alive. Sharon was quite simply the love of my life. Her rejection of me confirmed that. If I couldn't see her again, life was scarcely worth living. (Where do such ideas come from? They come, I believe, from the imaginary and hopeless romances that all little boys have with their mommies.)

I was about to leave town for a long-planned Caribbean vacation with one of the two other women. The night before departure, I worked until three A.M. composing a seven-page, single-spaced letter to Sharon. It suggested that not only was I willing to give up the other women, I was also willing to consider some kind of real commitment, something like, I don't know, cough, cough, a serious future together.

It is painful for me to admit this to you. The only reason I am able to do so is that I happen to know you have done things just as asinine yourself.

After proofing the letter, I went to mail it. As I got to the mailbox I thought, Sometimes letters get lost in the U.S. mail. Wouldn't it be tragically ironic if, for some reason, this particular letter, which was so persuasive that it would surely get Sharon back for me, became lost in the mail and I never got a reply from her? Not because she didn't want me but because she never received it?

I walked over to Sharon's apartment building at four A.M. and somehow managed to stuff the letter into her mailbox.

The next day I went to the Caribbean as planned, and I was less with my traveling companion or with myself than with Sharon.

•

When I returned to New York, there was, predictably, no reply to my letter to Sharon.

I did not know what to do. I was beside myself. I was possessed. So I did what anybody else would do who was beside himself and possessed. I went to see a witch.

I happen to know this really wonderful witch, Harriet Mandelbaum (not her real name, either, but it's a name like that and she really does exist). How I happen to know a witch at all is that I once spent three years researching a book, *Something's There: My Adventures in the Occult*.

I told Harriet my problem. She seemed sympathetic. I told her I wanted a magical spell to get Sharon back.

"I cannot give you a magical spell to get her back," said Harriet.

"Why not?" I said. "Don't you know any?"

"On the contrary," she said, "I know many. But I cannot give you one."

"Why can't you?" I asked.

"Because," she replied, "if I give you magic to get Sharon back, you'll get her back, and it might not be right for her, or it might not be right for you. And it will interfere with her free will."

"Then what can you do for me?" I asked plaintively.

"I can give you an incantation that is used to attract true love," she replied. "If Sharon is your true love, it will attract her. If she isn't, it won't. But you must promise not to use her name in any device I might give you."

"OK," I said.

"Do you promise?" she said.

"I promise, I promise," I said.

And so Harriet gave me an elaborate incantation to use. She said I was to say it before bedtime in a dark room with no distractions. If I liked, she said, I could use a candle as a focus during the incantation and blow it out when I was done.

"Will the candle make the magic stronger?" I asked.

"It will be a good focus for you," she replied.

That night, I began my witchcraft. I turned off the telephone, turned off the lights and lit a candle. I did the incantation. Doing witchy incantations in the dark in your bedroom makes you feel pretty stupid, though not half so stupid as doing unrequited love.

The next morning, nothing happened. I don't know what I had expected to happen, but nothing did.

The next night, I did the incantation again. With the candle, and without Sharon's name.

Next morning, still nothing. Same deal the next night. Still nothing the following morning. At this point, my desperation was crystallizing into despair. (You can see where this is going by now, can't you?)

So I said the hell with it. That night, I did the incantation with the candle as a focus and, though I had promised Harriet I wouldn't, I used Sharon's name. I did the incantation with Sharon's name not once but three times. The third time, to better focus, I threw in a couple things of Sharon's that I found she'd left behind in a drawer: a recent photo of her, a cheap necklace and an article of lingerie.

Mystics claim that recent photos and intimate possessions that are worn close to the body, such as jewelry and underwear, retain one's vibrations for a long time and are extensions of oneself that can be manipulated by others. It is for this reason that primitive people in some cultures are terrified to have their photos taken.

Early next morning, while I was still sound asleep, the phone rang. I jolted into consciousness and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" I said groggily.

"Hello," she said in a strange voice, "it's Sharon."

My heart began hammering in my ears. My rib cage constricted, making breathing all but impossible.

*(concluded on page 171)*

*"Whatever it is, it's not in Audubon."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KONKAL

**Near right: Catching air on the $5049 Kawasaki 750SX stand-up watercraft, pro rider Bill Stone sports nylon mid-thigh-length swim trunks with an elastic drawstring waistband and a mesh liner, by Hobie, about $30; and an Impactor V3 personal flotation device, by Jet Pilot, about $90. Far right: It's Stone again, carving a tight turn on Sea-Doo's $6199 XP watercraft. He's wearing multicolor-striped swim trunks, by Mossimo Incorporated, about $36; with a Coast Guard–approved PFD, by Body Glove, about $60.**

suiting up for high-speed action

# BEACH MUSCLE

*fashion*

**BY HOLLIS WAYNE**

WANT TO TEST the limits of the latest men's swimwear and have an outrageous time, too? Then head for the deep blue yonder, as we did this month, and hop aboard a personal watercraft. That's industry lingo for a jet-ski-type machine. You'll find that the best swim trunks for action are made of quick-drying cotton or nylon Supplex. For comfort, look for mid-thigh lengths (any shorter and the suit will ride faster than you), as well as elastic drawstring waistbands and mesh liners. As with the watercraft (check *Playboy's Guide to Wave Jumping* on page 157), colors are bold, bright and set to get wet.

**Above: The scenery is a blur while flying 45 mph on the $5399 Arctic Cat Tigershark, but freestyle champion Lloyd Burlew remains focused in cotton batik-print swim trunks with solid-colored side panels, by Island Trading Company, $48; and a Coast Guard–approved PFD, by Body Glove, $60.**

**Right: A collaboration between Yamaha's motorcycle and watercraft divisions, the 63-horsepower Wave Blaster, $6000, provides one of the wildest rides on the water. Stone has the Blaster under control in nylon swim trunks with a red-and-yellow burgee, by Newport Blue, $32; and an Impactor V3 PFD, by Jet Pilot, about $90. Opposite page: Jumping waves on the $6100 Polaris SL750 runabout, Burlew sports ribbed nylon swim trunks with a striped front panel, by Ocean Pacific, about $30; and a PFD, by Body Glove, $60.**

**Where & How to Buy on page 171.**

SL750

# necronauts

## why would a research team hire a blind man to paint pictures of life after death? something was creepy here

THE FIRST TIME I died was an eye-opener. Literally.

I got a call from a researcher at Duke. He said he had seen my paintings in *National Geographic* and *Smithsonian* and wanted to engage me as illustrator for an expedition that he was planning.

I explained that I was blind and had been for 18 months.

He said he knew; he said that was why he wanted me.

•

The next morning I was dropped in front of the university's Psy Studies Institute by my ex. You can tell a lot about a space by its echoes, and the one I entered was drab and institutional, like a hospital waiting room.

Dr. Philip DeCandyle's hand was moist and cold, two qualities that don't always go together. I form a mental picture of those I am dealing with, and I saw an overweight, soft man, almost six feet tall. Later I was told I was not far off.

After introducing himself, Dr. DeCandyle introduced the woman standing beside him as Dr. Emma Sorel. She was only a little shorter, with a high-pitched voice and a cold, tentative touch that told me she was more skilled at withdrawing from the world than engaging it—a common quality in a scientist but curious for an explorer. I wondered what sort of expedition these two could be planning.

"We're both very excited that you could come, Mr. Ray," said DeCandyle. "We saw the work you did for the Mariana Trench

**fiction**

by terry bisson



ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ

expedition, and your paintings prove there are some things the camera can't capture. It's not just the technical problem of lack of light. You were able to convey the grandeur of the ocean depths, the cold, awesome terror."

He did all the talking. It was my introduction to a manner of speech that struck me as exaggerated, almost comical, before I had experienced the horrors to which he held the key.

"Thank you," I said, nodding first to his position and then to hers, even though she had said nothing yet. "Then you both undoubtedly also know that I lost my eyesight on the expedition as a result of a decompression incident."

"We do," said DeCandyle. "But we also read the feature in *The Herald-Sun* and we know that you have continued to paint, even though blind. And to great acclaim."

This was true. After the accident, I learned that my hand hadn't lost the confidence that almost 40 years of training and work had built. I didn't need to see to paint. The papers called it a psychic ability, but to me it was no more remarkable than the sketcher who watches his subject and not his pad. I had always been precise in how I lined up and laid on my colors; that I was still able to sense their shape and intensity on my canvas had more to do with moisture and smell, I suspected, than with ESP.

Whatever it was, the newspapers loved it. I had discussed it in several interviews over the past year; what I hadn't told anyone was how badly the work had been going lately. An artist is not just a creator of beauty but also its primary consumer, and I had lost heart. After almost two years of blindness, I had lost all interest in painting scenes from my past, no matter how remarkable they might appear to others. My art had become a trick. The darkness that had fallen over my world was becoming total.

"I still paint, it's true," was all I said.

"We are engaged in a unique experiment," said DeCandyle. "An expedition to a realm that is even more exotic and beautiful—and dangerous—than the ocean depths. Like the Mariana Trench, it is impossible to photograph. The trench has been illustrated, but 'it' has never been illustrated. That is why we want you to be a part of our team."

"But why me?" I said. "Why a blind artist?"

DeCandyle didn't answer. His voice took on a new authority. "Follow me and I'll show you."

Ignoring the awful irony of his words, and somewhat against my better judgment, I did.

Dr. Sorel fell in behind me. We passed through a door and entered a long corridor. Through another door, we entered a room larger and colder than the first. It sounded empty but wasn't; we walked to the center and stopped.

"Twenty years ago, before beginning my doctoral work," said DeCandyle, "I was part of a series of experiments being performed in Berkeley. I don't suppose you are familiar with the name of Dr. Edwin Noroguchi?"

I shook my head.

"Dr. Noroguchi was experimenting in techniques for reviving the dead. Oh, nothing as dramatic and sinister as Frankenstein. Noroguchi adapted the recent successes in reviving people who had drowned or suffered heart attacks. Learning to induce death for as long as an hour, we—I say we, for I joined him and have since devoted my life to the work—began to explore and, you might say, map the areas of existence immediately following death: LAD, or life after death, experience."

My aunt Kate, who raised me after my parents died, always told me I was a little slow. It was only at this point that I began to understand what DeCandyle was getting at. If I had been nearer the door, I would have walked out. As it was, in the middle of a room where I had no bearings, I began backing away.

"Using chemical and electrical techniques on volunteers, we were able to confirm the stories those who had been revived told about their spirits looking down on their own bodies, about floating toward a light, about an intense feeling of peace and well-being—all this had been scientifically investigated and confirmed, though not, of course, photographed or documented. There was no way to share what we discovered with the scientific world."

I had reached the wall. I started feeling along it for the door.

"Then legal and funding problems intervened, and our work was interrupted. Until recently. With the help of the university and interest from *National Geographic*, Dr. Sorel and I have been able to continue the explorations that Dr. Noroguchi and I began. And your ability to paint will enable us to share with the world what we discover. The last unexplored frontier, the undiscovered country of which Shakespeare wrote, is now within the reach of——"

"You're talking about killing yourselves," I interrupted. "You're talking about killing me."

"Only temporarily," said Sorel. It was the first thing she'd said since being introduced. I felt her hand on my arm and I shuddered.

"Dr. Sorel has been to LAD space many times," DeCandyle said, "and as you can see—forgive me, I mean tell—she has returned. Can it be called true death if it is not final? And the compensations are——"

"Sorry," I interrupted again. Feeling behind me for the door, I was stalling for time. "What with insurance and royalties, I'm pretty well fixed."

"I am not speaking of money," DeCandyle said, "though you will, of course, be paid. There is another, and perhaps for you, more important compensation than money."

I found the door. I was just about to go through it when he said the only words that could have turned me around:

"In LAD space, you will once again be able to see."

•

By two that afternoon I had completed my physical and was being strapped into what DeCandyle and Sorel referred to as "the car" for my first mission into LAD space.

Of all the scenes of heaven and hell and the regions between that I was to witness, the one I most wish I was able to paint is that empty-sounding room and the car that was to carry me beyond this life. All I had was DeCandyle's description of the car. It was a black (appropriately) open fiberglass cockpit with two seats: I visualized it as a Corvette without the wheels.

Sorel strapped me in while DeCandyle explained that the frame contained the electroshock revival mechanism and the monitoring systems. Around my left wrist she fastened a gauntlet that contained the intradermal injector for the atropine chemical mix that would shut down my sympathetic nervous system.

In what I later realized was a shrewd psychological move, I was seated on the left: the first time I had been in a driver's seat since I had lost my sight.

"Give you a lift to the cemetery?" I joked.

"You must take the first trip alone," Sorel said. I was to learn that she had no sense of humor whatsoever. This brief orientation trip (or LAD insertion—DeCandyle was fond of NASA-type jargon) was supposed to be perfectly safe; it was to provide a chance for me to experience LAD space and for them to evaluate my reactions, both physical and psychological, to induced death.

Sorel clipped the belt over my shoulder with her big cold hands, and I heard her footsteps walking away. I had the image of her and DeCandyle hiding behind a lead curtain like X-ray technicians. The car's monitoring systems started up with a low hum.

*(continued on page 158)*

*"Let me guess. You're a dermatologist, right?"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

LEISA SHERIDAN is trying to tell her life story, but there's a problem—and he's making a lot of noise. Montana, a six-month-old Moluccan cockatoo named for San Francisco 49ers quarterback Joe Montana, paces the perch in his cage, broadcasting discontent and sounding like a child crying for his mom. The white bird is the newest member of a pampered menagerie in Leisa's large three-bedroom apartment in the San Fernando Valley. "I bottle-fed him when he was a baby," she says, taking him out of his birdcage and settling back on the couch with him. Montana tucks his beak under her chin and wiggles his way into the nest of golden curls that falls below Leisa's shoulders. She strokes his feathers and in a moment he is perfectly still. "Now he's happy," she says. "He's asleep." Leisa's collection also includes a parakeet named Dewey, a cat named Melrose and a year-old pup named Bear, who's one part shepherd, three parts wolf. Bear hangs out by the backyard pool, giving Leisa, for whom tanning is a vocation, the kind of privacy not even a cinder-block fence and thick shrubbery can provide. He's the big guy (opposite) keeping strangers at bay. "Nobody messes with me when I'm with Bear," says Leisa. For a girl who grew up in the safety of Carmel, California, a hundred pounds of wolf dog is a comfort in greater Los Angeles. Leisa knows her looks cause a stir: Witness the spring day she and a PLAYBOY photo crew were taking pictures on a trendy street in West Hollywood. Out from restaurants and boutiques swarmed men of all ages brandishing calling cards, begging to buy her dinner, promising small parts in movies. The memory makes her laugh. "A lot of the people you meet in L.A. are so full of it. They flatter you and tell you all the things they're

# WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

presiding over her private menagerie, miss july has learned never to cry wolf

going to do for you. When people act like that, I become introverted. I do a lot of listening until I know what someone's about." Lately, Leisa has heard encouraging words from the photographers and stylists who worked with her on the pictures on these pages. Although she considered becoming a model when she moved to Los Angeles four years ago, she never actively pursued the career until the day she stopped by our Sunset Boulevard studio to pose for test pictures. Chosen from among thousands of Playmate wanna-bes, Miss July admits she was nervous at the start of her photo shoot. "Being an amateur, I was a little intimidated," she says. "I don't have a problem with nudity, but at the beginning I sat there thinking, The crew should be naked, too! You get past that, though. Everyone was so patient and understanding. This experience has given me a lot of confidence."

Leisa likes Mexican food, the music of Elvis Presley and "living in a place with lots of trees and families and kids. When I walk out my front door, I see life—healthy, natural life—all around me." Late dinners? Nightclubbing in town? "I'd rather go to the beach with a man I love—then we'd get a good night's sleep."

For the moment, Leisa plans to "wait and see where this is going to take me. I know my foot's in the door to something. I just don't know what that something is yet." She can entertain herself for days on end at home with her animals. When that gets old, she piles the lot of them into her Range Rover, drops them at the vet and takes off for the beach or a patch of desert. In the past few years she has jet-skied in Las Vegas, Palm Springs and on Lake Havasu, Arizona. She has sunned and bodysurfed in Jamaica, the Bahamas and Hawaii. That's five trips to Hawaii, but who's counting? "Travel is my passion," she says. "I love spontaneity. The best thing a man can say to me is, 'Hey, want to go to Jamaica tonight?' All I need is an hour and I'm gone." —MARIAN BRUCE

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Leisa Sheridan

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/28/64 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

AMBITIONS: I'd like to have a family with two sets of twins—and a career in modeling and acting.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, exotic animals, tropical beaches, Harley rides, rainy days by a fire.

TURN-OFFS: Drugs, liars, crime and all of those guys who give me their business cards and say "You're beautiful, Babe."

ON THE ROAD: I like everything about travel—packing, flying, checking in... maybe having a cocktail when I get to where I'm going.

LIFE'S A BEACH: Where I'm going is almost always a beautiful tropical beach. All I need is an hour's notice and I'll grab my bikini and fly! You bring the suntan oil.

P.S.: Cancun, anyone?

First modeling Picture

Partying with Mom

Ms. Huge Hair America

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Say, Branch, I hear you got hitched last week," one tough cowboy said to another as they met in a Montana saloon. "How did the honeymoon go?"

"Pretty good," Branch replied. "The first night, I undressed myself real slow in front of her so she wouldn't think I was a coward. Then I gave her a good talking to so she wouldn't think I was afraid of her. And at the end," he continued, "I satisfied myself so she wouldn't think I needed her."

Why is a laundromat a bad place to pick up women? Because a woman who can't afford even a washing machine will never be able to support you.

A homeless man spotted an elegantly dressed, kind-looking woman walking toward him on the street. Though begging had been anathema to him, his circumstances were desperate enough for him to reconsider.

"Excuse me, madam," he said as she drew close, "I haven't eaten a thing in six days."

"My God," she said as she swished through Bloomingdale's front door, "I wish I had your willpower."

While driving in the country, a man swerved to avoid striking a chicken that had suddenly darted onto the road. The bird not only avoided being struck but began to run ahead of the car, keeping in front even after the driver accelerated to 60 miles per hour. Fascinated, the man followed the chicken as it turned down a lane leading to a farm. It was then that he noticed that the chicken had three legs—in fact, the farmyard was full of three-legged chickens.

As the driver stopped his car, the farmer approached him. "I was just admiring your chickens," the man said. "I've never seen the three-legged variety before."

"Well, we developed this special hybrid so that for every two chickens we raised, we would have an extra pair of legs to sell," the farmer explained.

"How do they taste?"

"Don't rightly know," the farmer said with a shrug. "Never been able to catch one."

Conversation at the bar came to an abrupt halt when a horse slowly strode into the place. One patron, more than a little in his cups, turned to the new arrival and asked, "Hey, buddy, why the long face?"

Mr. Gold, bored while waiting for his train, noticed a scale with a sign proclaiming YOUR WEIGHT & OTHER INFORMATION, 25 CENTS and deposited a coin. A card appeared that read, YOU WEIGH 165 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS GOLD. YOU'RE JEWISH AND YOU'RE TAKING THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO L.A.

Gold was amazed. He stopped an Asian man and asked him to get on the scale. Gold dropped in a quarter and out popped a card that read, YOU WEIGH 128 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS CHANG. YOU'RE CHINESE AND YOU'RE TAKING THE 11:30 TRAIN TO CHICAGO.

Several passersby and quarters later, Gold decided to disguise himself to fool the machine. He took a cab into town and bought a wig, putty nose, fake mustache and weird clothes. When he returned to the train station, he inserted a quarter and grabbed the card, which read, YOU WEIGH 165 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS GOLD. YOU'RE JEWISH AND, SCHMUCK, YOU MISSED YOUR TRAIN!

Tammy frowned at the man who had proposed to her. "I'm sorry, Jack," she said, "I just can't marry you."

"Why not?" he asked. "Is there someone else?"

The frown deepened. "Oh, Jack . . . there must be."

What do Banquo, Topper and Michael Jackson have in common? They're all ghosts of their former selves.

A lawyer newly hired by the Vatican was asked to join the Pope on a fishing trip. As they drifted on the still lake, the lawyer accidentally dropped an oar and watched it float away. The pontiff stepped out of the boat, walked across the water to the oar, grabbed it and walked back to the boat.

The next day at the office, a colleague asked the attorney if he had enjoyed fishing with the Pope.

"It was OK," he replied, "but would you believe that guy can't swim?"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"You take this one, Bernice. I was never mechanically inclined."*

THE FIRST IN A TWO-PART SERIES

# THE MYTH OF MALE POWER

## A REVOLUTIONARY LOOK AT GENDER ROLES REVEALS:

- HOW FEMINISM DISTORTED AND DISCOUNTED WHAT'S BEST IN MEN
- HOW THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES BECAME A ONE-WAY WAR
- HOW WOMEN USE VICTIM POWER TO GET WHAT THEY WANT
- HOW BEING A MAN JUST MIGHT GET YOU KILLED

THERE ARE many ways in which a woman experiences a greater sense of powerlessness than a man. She may fear pregnancy, aging, rape, date rape and criminal assault. She may feel greater pressure to marry and, without regard to her own wishes, interrupt her career for children. She may feel excluded from an old-boy network. She may resent having less freedom to walk into a bar without being bothered.

Fortunately, most industrial nations have acknowledged these female experiences. Unfortunately, they have acknowledged only the female experiences—and concluded that while women *have* the problem, men *are* the problem.

A man, of course, has a different experience. He can see marriage become divorce, and often finds that shared financial burdens become alimony payments, his home become his wife's home and his children become support payments who have been turned against him. A man who finds himself in these situations feels as if he is spending his life working for people who hate him. He feels desperate for someone to love, but fears that another marriage may ultimately leave him with another mortgage payment, another set of children turned against him and a deeper desperation. When such a man is called "commitment-phobic," he doesn't feel understood.

When men try to keep up with payments by working overtime and are told they are insensitive, or try to handle the stress by drinking and are told they are drunkards, they don't feel powerful but powerless. When they fear a cry for help will be met with an instruction to stop whining, or that a plea to be heard will be met with "yes, buts," they skip attempting suicide as a cry for help and just commit suicide. Men have remained the silent sex and are increasingly becoming the suicide sex.

What feminism has contributed to women's options must be supported. But when feminists suggest that God might be a She without suggesting that the Devil might also be female, they must be opposed. Feminism articulated the shadow side of men and the light side of women. It neglected the shadow side of women and the light side of men. And it didn't acknowledge that each sex has each side within itself. When issues of sexual harassment *(continued on page 152)*



article by WARREN FARRELL

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

ABSOLUTELY
NO SMOKING
FIRE
HOSE

20 QUESTIONS

# RIP TORN

**acting's renegade senior statesman reflects on fishing, cussing and the care and feeding of killer instincts**

*Artie, the producer of "The Larry Sanders Show," steers Garry Shandling's fictional late-night star with the hand of a veteran. Playing Artie is the veteran actor Rip Torn. Torn, perhaps the country's busiest—though least appreciated—actor, gives the talk-show parody a jolt of smarts with experience gleaned from years in theater, movies and television.*

*Torn started out on Broadway and in the live television dramas of the Fifties and appeared headed for stardom. But his outspoken political views and what has been described as his impatience with certain directors tarnished Torn's reputation. His inability to land marquee roles fueled rumors of his being blacklisted. But if big Hollywood parts eluded him, Torn kept up his craft in the theater and in offbeat films. He earned an Oscar nomination in 1984 for best supporting actor in "Cross Creek." Television and film roles followed, not a few of which were forgettable, but Torn makes no secret of needing paydays as much as any father of six.*

*Torn, who was married to—and occasionally appeared onstage with—actress Geraldine Page (she died in 1987), has for years owned a house in Manhattan's Chelsea neighborhood. A young Sissy Spacek boarded there while her cousin Rip helped her make the rounds of theatrical agents. Torn also rents a house in Malibu, but the Texas native prefers New York's tolerant atmosphere. "If somebody got caught with the wrong lady in Texas, he'd hear about it the rest of his life," he says. "New Yorkers are more good-hearted."*

*Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met several times with Torn, who sometimes brought along a batch of yellowed newspaper clippings, Army discharge papers and parts of his FBI file. "They'll help you think of questions," Torn insisted. One morning Kalbacker phoned him to report that Jay Leno, on the previous night's "Tonight Show," had cited Torn's "Payday" as his favorite movie. Kalbacker recalls, "Torn—who hadn't seen Leno's show—was surprised and delighted when I told him, but then launched into an analysis of the differences between Leno and Artie's man Sanders. 'The Larry Sanders Show' had been renewed for 22 episodes, and Rip clearly relished the coming ratings battle."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: Give us Artie's appraisal: How will *The Larry Sanders Show* fare against this season's late-night competition?

TORN: Larry's main competitor is Letterman. Their zany styles are alike. Leno is more traditional. What I always liked about Leno is that he did the most fearless kind of social commentary and went after big-shot political figures. He has a lighter touch now. Can you imagine the stress that guy's been under? He's gone a little gray.

This discussion is kind of crazy. Garry Shandling doesn't really have a late-night show. But his show is more real to people than some of the networks' shows. Garry tried to get Arsenio on his show and they were going to have a fistfight, but I don't think Hall wanted to do it. We all have to call Shandling "Galarry" now—that's what Dana Carvey calls him—because you're calling him Larry during the rehearsals and then you have to shift to Garry.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: As long as we're talking about character, can you offer a biography of Artie the producer?

TORN: Artie came out of some gang in Brooklyn and went the Las Vegas route. He was probably a pretty bad boy. He's comfortable in a lot of social strata. He's polished, but down deep he's a killer. He was very warm to Dana Carvey when he guest-hosted, which then got Garry—or Larry—uptight. But when Artie thinks that Carvey is going to do something that will harm the show, he instantly calls him a little shit. Artie is not a namby-pamby guy. He's a little cruder in his approach to comedy than Larry is. This is a guy who will do anything for a laugh. The spider episode was Artie's idea. It's pretty good television if you have a guy like Larry who's frightened by spiders. When it erupted the way it did, you could see Artie going crazy. He loves it.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: A coffee-shop waiter recently complimented you on a live television performance he recalled from the Fifties. Does the "legend" mantle rest comfortably on your shoulders?

TORN: I ignore it. I'm a veteran. God, I've done a massive amount of work since 1955. When I first came to New York every actor mumbled. They all wanted to be Marlon Brando. I figured out that it's better to be a third-rate me than a second-rate somebody else. So I always tried to be loud and clear and I played a wide variety of roles. I was Paul Newman's understudy in *Sweet Bird of Youth* and then I got to play the part. Then there was the live television industry. The stage-trained actors were really prepared to do a one- or two-hour show live. If something went wrong they could ad-lib or pick up. When that camera was on you, twenty million people were watching every move you made. But it didn't scare me. I had all these relatives in Texas and I felt this was a way to visit with them. I knew my Aunt Rose and Uncle Weldon and my mother and dad and all the other Rips were watching.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: The name on your birth certificate is Elmore. Rip is a family nickname. How many Rips are there?

TORN: There are three of us now. There was my late father, Elmore—I'm named after him. My cousin Sam. My uncle Roland Torn in Houston is the patriarch and the big Rip of the family. It's just a gag because our last name is Torn. But my kids will get it the way I got it. Somebody will have to stick it on them. I got it because I went to Texas A&M, where my father had been called Rip when he was on the yell squad—he was a cheerleader. It was very prestigious. You tried out and they voted on you. I was on the squad as a freshman and someone said I should use my father's name. When I came to New York, the comics picked up on Rip and they used it in their acts. I became the mythical crazed Method actor. It really burned me up. But I remember one comic saying, "We like you, otherwise we wouldn't be goofing on you."

**5.**

PLAYBOY: You've been described as an actor's actor. Wouldn't you rather have been a star?

TORN: Sure, I always wanted to be a star. The actor John Heard—a friend of mine—says *(continued on page 140)*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

WANTED
Here are Bambi's eight key steps to greatness
Bambi joins the Milwaukee Police Department and finds it hard to be a feminist and a cop.
You want women's rights? You have the right to change the tire, honey.
Fired from the police department, Bambi works for four weeks as a Playboy Club Bunny.
Is that straight up or on the rocks?
Bambi is arrested for the murder of her husband's ex-wife.
You have the right to remain silent.
Bambi is convicted of murder. But do they have the wrong woman?
Guilty as charged.
In prison, Bambi meets Dominic Gugliatto, the man who will help her escape.
Ooooo, who's that?
Under the cover of darkness, Bambi flees prison into the arms of a waiting Dominic.
Run, Bambi, run!
On the lam in Thunder Bay, Ontario, Bambi is confronted by the police.
WANTED
Have you ever seen this before?
No. I don't think so.
R Sala
Having won her freedom and become a media star, Bambi holds a press conference with Tatum O'Neal, who will be portraying her in an NBC miniseries.
She's been betrayed, and yet she's got so much strength that nothing could stop her.
THE END

# The Bambi Chronicles

**LAWRENCIA BEMBENEK WAS CONVICTED OF MURDER AND SENTENCED TO "HARD COPY" AND TV DOCUDRAMAS. BUT WE MAY NEVER KNOW IF SHE'S GUILTY, OR JUST FAMOUS**

ARTICLE BY MARK JANNOT

You believe her or you don't. There is no middle ground on Lawrencia "Bambi" Bembenek, the ex-blonde, ex-Bunny, ex-cop from Milwaukee who, in May 1981, either murdered or didn't murder her then-husband's ex-wife. You are her acolyte or her accuser. She is either a wronged innocent or a vicious murderer, ardent feminist or femme fatale, helpless repository of other people's desires or Svengali, media victim or media manipulator.

The anti-Bambi forces believe the crime went down like this:

It took her about 30 seconds to find the lock in the predawn dark, and another few beats to steady her hand enough to slip in the key. She opened the door and stepped into the house.

The carpet muffled her steps as she crept up the stairs and into Christine Schultz's bedroom. It wasn't hard to find—Schultz had left the TV on and its bluish light illuminated the room.

Bembenek didn't say a word as she roughly roused Schultz, gagged her with a bandanna and used a length of plastic clothesline to bind her arms behind her back. She waved her husband's .38 in Schultz's face before heading out into the hall.

The idea was to scare Christine so she'd reconsider her decision to stay in big, bad Milwaukee rather than move with the kids to her family's place up north, leaving this house to her ex-husband (and Bembenek's husband at that time), Fred, a police detective.

She stopped in the kids' room, across from Christine's, to put a little fear in them, too. She slipped another clothesline around the neck of Sean and pulled it tight, keeping a gloved hand on his face so he couldn't get a good look at her. Still, he noticed her black police shoes, her military-style jacket (or was it a green jogging suit?), her reddish-brown hair tied in a ponytail.

But Sean screamed, and Bembenek suddenly realized that Christine wouldn't stay put for long. She let go of Sean and rushed across the hall, where Christine had managed to get off the bed and come toward her—close enough to see her face above Bembenek's mask.

Bembenek saw the flash of recognition. She grabbed Schultz, spun her around and threw her down on the bed, shoved the gun against her upper back, fired one shot, then fled down the stairs, out the door and back the way she'd come. She ran 16 blocks to the apartment she shared with Fred, the apartment they were leaving because it cost too much. Back in the house, 11-year-old Sean was frantically pressing his mother's wound with a roll of gauze, trying to stop the bleeding. She died within minutes.

If you believe that scenario, you are in the minority, along with the Milwaukee Police Department. If you care what other people think, you may prefer the pro-Bambi version:

The key worked like a charm. Hired thug Fred Horenberger—who got the key from former resident Fred Schultz, the sponsor of this hit—shoved the door open and motioned with a gun for his accomplice, Judy Zess, to get in the house. They'd never seen the place, but everything looked pretty much as Schultz had laid it out. When they got upstairs to the ex-wife's room, they found her with the TV on, giving them some light to work by. Horenberger trussed and gagged her, then passed the gun to Zess to stand guard while he went on a reconnaissance mission.

Horenberger stopped in the kids' room, across from where Zess was playing Ma Barker with the gun. The idea was to rouse the kids, let them get enough of a look at him to know he wasn't their father. They noticed his black shoes, his jogging suit (or was it a green military jacket?), his reddish-brown hair tied in a ponytail.

When one of the kids started screaming, it was time to get it done and get out. Horenberger rushed across the hall, grabbed the gun from Zess, plugged it into the woman's back and fired. Zess was already down the stairs when he raced past the kids staring in the doorway. They were out the door within seconds. Back inside, Sean was frantically pressing his mother's wound with a roll of gauze, trying to stop the bleeding. She died within minutes.

The third, Bambi-neutral scenario goes like this: Maybe none of them are guilty. Or all of them, including the entire Milwaukee Police Department. Anybody feel like confessing?

•

There's a problem with writing about murderers: They're murderers. They don't necessarily do things rationally. Small questions will come up, questions of technique or motivation, stuff that doesn't make sense. Why would Bambi jog 16 blocks in the black cop shoes that were noticed by the kids? Why would the kids describe a reddish-brown ponytail, when Bambi was blonde at the time? She was wearing a wig, right? But then why would she safely dispose of the clothesline and the green jogging suit but flush that wig down the toilet, where it would get clogged, as wigs in toilets will? Why would she use her husband's off-duty gun, then put it back in its place, as if nothing had happened?



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD SALA

Hell, why would she marry Fred Schultz in the first place, only weeks after she met him, when she knew he had cheated on his previous wife?

Why did she kill Christine Schultz?

Who knows? Maybe she didn't do it. But if she did, how can we presume to understand what was going on in the murderer's mind?

None of this questioning has stopped the media from proclaiming Bembenek's innocence. *People*, *Vanity Fair*, the tabloids, *Geraldo* and *Prime Time Live* have fervently enlisted in the Bambi cause. Two television movies, both with the innocent-Bambi angle, have been produced: *Calendar Girl, Cop, Killer?*, which you probably didn't see a year ago on ABC, and the recent *Woman on the Run: The Lawrencia Bembenek Story*, a four-hour miniseries with Tatum O'Neal that you probably did see on NBC.

As a result of this exposure, Laurie (no longer Bambi to her friends) Bembenek's Q rating hovers around 100 in Milwaukee. More people have heard of her than have heard of Tommy Thompson, the state's governor. And of the 100 percent of Milwaukeeans who know who she is, the substantial majority simply knows she got a raw deal.

But if these people are right and she's not a murderer, how can we trust our judgment about Bembenek's friends and associates, half of whom have been accused of the murder by this or that Bembenek advocate in the ten years this case has been debated?

The trusting population of Milwaukee aside, there are at least a few Bembenek doubters. John Greenya, a writer who expanded a *Washington Post* piece into a still unpublished manuscript, *Did Bambi Kill?*, says, "I'm the only guy who's been following this for a long time who actually believes she's guilty."

Significantly, though, Greenya has never met Bembenek, and neither has the handful of other journalistic skeptics. The glue that holds the Bembenek-innocence theories together is a conviction that she is not the kind of person who could commit such an act. The one sure way to acquire such a conviction seems to be to meet Bembenek. She passes people's sniff tests. She's believable.

Or so I'm told. Bembenek says she's been burned too badly by her Bunny image (she once worked at a Playboy Club for four weeks and everyone thinks she was a Playmate) to get involved with the magazine now.

So, unable to get religion by means of direct contact with Bambi, I was left to pick through dueling theories of the crime. If you look at this story, it begins to seem as if Bembenek's entire life is a tapestry of circumstantial evidence and uncredible witnesses.

•

Bembenek entered the police academy—her lifelong ambition, she said—on March 10, 1980, at the age of 21. She graduated in early August and was almost immediately fired from the force for having filed a false police report that past May defending her friend and fellow recruit, Judy Zess, after her arrest for possession of marijuana at a Rufus and Chaka Khan concert. (The charge against Zess was later dropped.)

Bembenek claims the brass was looking for an excuse to drum her out of the department. In the following months, she would look into suing the Milwaukee Police Department for sexual discrimination and would accuse it of reaping federal money by hiring women and minority recruits and firing them at the slightest provocation.

To bolster her discrimination charge, Bembenek turned in a pile of photographs taken at a picnic in a public park near Lake Michigan. Among the revelers shown dancing around in various stages of undress, or ogling from the sidelines, were at least a couple of Milwaukee cops. If these guys can get away with such blatant lawlessness without sanction, Bembenek reasoned, how can they fire me for supposedly lying on a report? Pictured in several of the shots (and nude in a few that later surfaced) was the group's photographer and Bembenek's hubby-to-be, Detective Elfred Otto Schultz, Jr.

Bembenek partisans often excuse her more glaring failures of judgment during this period by bowing to her age: Didn't we all make a few bad decisions when we were 21?

On reflection, though, the answer is no: I'm not sure we've all made decisions on a par with, say, marrying a newly divorced father of two, ten years our senior, whom we barely know but whose infidelities are infamous enough to have reached our ears, and who is an active, nude participant in parties we're trying to get the police department to investigate.

But that is, of course, just what Bembenek did. She and Elfred Schultz, who were barely acquainted when she turned in the picnic photos in December 1980, eloped to Illinois in January.

They spent the next few months moving in and out of apartments with Judy Zess (another odd decision, since it was Zess' subsequent report that Bembenek had been toking at the concert that gave cause for her firing). Zess got them evicted from their first place by throwing a wild party while the newlyweds honeymooned in Jamaica, and then broke the lease on their second place, forcing Schultz and Bembenek to shop for cheaper accommodations. This was the apartment they were packing up when Fred's ex-wife, Christine, was murdered at about two A.M. on May 28, 1981.

Bembenek didn't become a serious suspect until at least a couple of weeks after the murder. On June 24 she was arrested, based largely on three things: a wig found lodged in a pipe draining her toilet, ballistics tests that pegged Fred's gun as the murder weapon and damaging testimony by Judy Zess.

The motive was said to be money. Schultz was paying his ex-wife half his income in alimony and mortgage payments. That was putting a crimp in the fast life—designer clothes, fancy restaurants, exotic vacations—that Bembenek supposedly liked to lead.

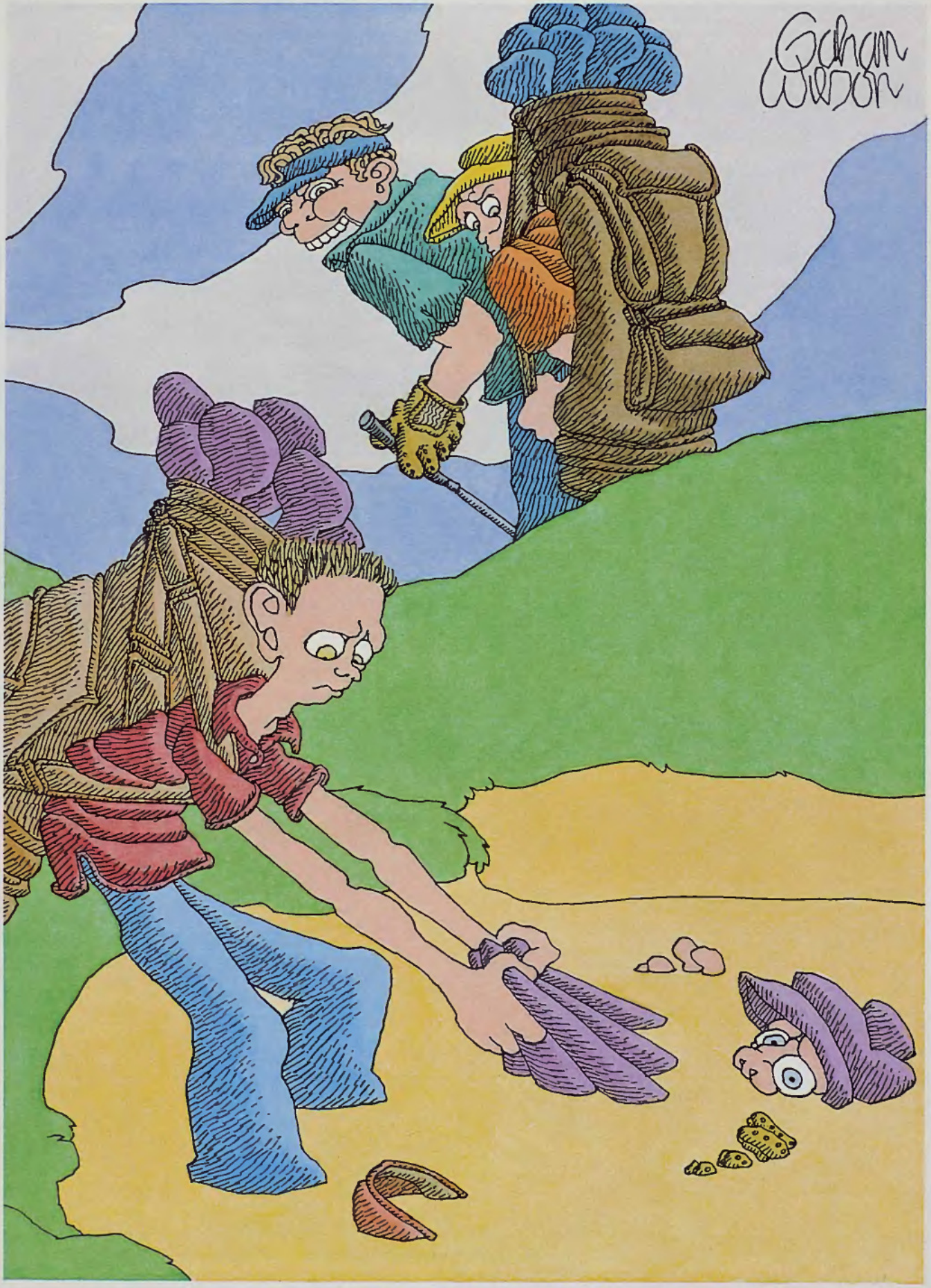
But Sean Schultz and his brother, Shannon, the only witnesses to the crime, thought it was a man who'd killed their mother. Sean said that Bembenek couldn't possibly have done it, that even if she had been wearing football pads, she wouldn't have been as big as the guy.

Ultimately, though, the gun sealed Bembenek's fate. Fred Schultz and his partner inspected it the night of the murder and determined that it hadn't been fired. Remarkably, the department brass left it in Schultz's possession, without so much as recording its serial number. (This breach of procedure has since become a cornerstone of Bembenek-frame-up theories.) It wasn't until three weeks later that the department finally called the gun in for routine tests, just to cover all bases.

To the surprise of everyone, a top ballistics expert determined that it was, without a doubt, the murder weapon. Bembenek and Schultz were said to be the only two with access to it that night, and Schultz was on duty at the time of the murder. That evidence, and testimony from Zess that Bembenek had said "I would pay to have Christine blown away" and had asked Zess' drug-dealer boyfriend if he knew anyone who could do a hit, seemed to be enough for the jury members, who returned a guilty verdict. Bembenek was sentenced to life and sent to the Taycheedah women's prison in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

This is where the TV movies break for commercials and return with a block-lettered EIGHT YEARS LATER running across the bottom of the screen. But the real story was just beginning. Bembenek and her defense team encountered an unbalanced con man named Jacob Wissler, who proceeded to poison her motion for a new trial by

*(continued on page 168)*




*"Now that's what I call a sand trap."*

# PLAYBOY COLLECTION

**things you can live without, but who wants to?**

About the size of o pack of smokes, the voice-activated Olympus L400 Pearlcorder microcassette recorder incorporates an auto-reverse feature that gives the user up to three hours of recording time, $380, including an Itolian-leather carrying case, earphones, remote control and more.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This pint-size model XD 3500 8mm VCR records and plays back in stereo, has a built-in cable-compatible tuner and features on-screen programming, by Samsung, about $800.

Splash Gear water-resistant nylon bags have adjustable shoulder straps and mesh panels for ventilation. Wet/dry duffel, $75, cool packer, $42, locker bag, $65, all by Ogio.

With a Thirties design, Montblanc's limited-edition Meisterstück Hemingway fountain pen comes in a variety of 18-kt.-gold nib sizes, $600. The ballpoint version costs $325.

Dictiomatic's pocket-size Talking Translator displays and pronounces (in a human voice) 2700 words and 170 phrases. Languages include French and Japanese, about $200.

Bell's Avalanche mountain-biking helmet weighs only eight ounces and features a Reebok pumping system designed to provide a fit that doesn't obstruct airflow, $130.

Kawai's new X50-D Super 3D stereo keyboard and multimedia controller offers 128 digital sounds, MIDI interface and four multidirectional speakers for fuller audio, $550.

Where & How to Buy on page 171.

The Camera Man's tracking system and remote wand let you shoot and star in your own videos, by Parker Vision, $2095. Atop it: JVC's GR-SZ1 S-VHS camcorder, $2000.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

# SCALIA THE TERRIBLE

ANTONIN SCALIA WAS NAMED TO THE SUPREME COURT JUST TO GIVE LIBERALS NIGHTMARES. BUT CONSERVATIVES ARE HAVING BAD DREAMS, TOO

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

THINK OF THE Clinton administration as an expanding universe created by last November's big bang that is steadily spawning more programs, more ideas and more experiments, driven by the conviction that an active executive and a venturesome Congress can change the nation's course. Now train the telescope of your mind on the Supreme Court, where you'll find eight stars of widely varying magnitude, plus Antonin Scalia in a galaxy all his own.

As the cosmos of government grows, Scalia's seems to contract. Although the nation's new watchword may be *more*, he responds with *less*, always less. Scalia, more than anyone else on the Court, has embraced lessness as a philosophical principle. He decides cases on the narrowest procedural grounds, the narrowest reading of laws. While others seek to enlarge the Court's influence, Scalia's greatest goal is to shrink it.

When Ronald Reagan nominated Scalia in 1986, conservatives were overjoyed. A former law professor with a fondness for combat, Scalia seemed just the man to spearhead a right-wing charge against decades of liberal domination. He had already denounced *Roe vs. Wade* as an abomination, denied that the Constitution contains the slightest hint of abortion rights and excoriated racially based affirmative action as "the most evil fruit of a fundamentally bad seed." (After one of his subsequent tirades on the subject, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor said, in the privacy of the conference room, "But, Nino, if it weren't for affirmative action, I wouldn't be here.")

Many conservatives—and not a few worried Court watchers on the left—thought Scalia would eventually emerge as the leader of the conservative counterrevolution, in the same way that Justice William Brennan had become the embodiment of liberal thought. But they were wrong.

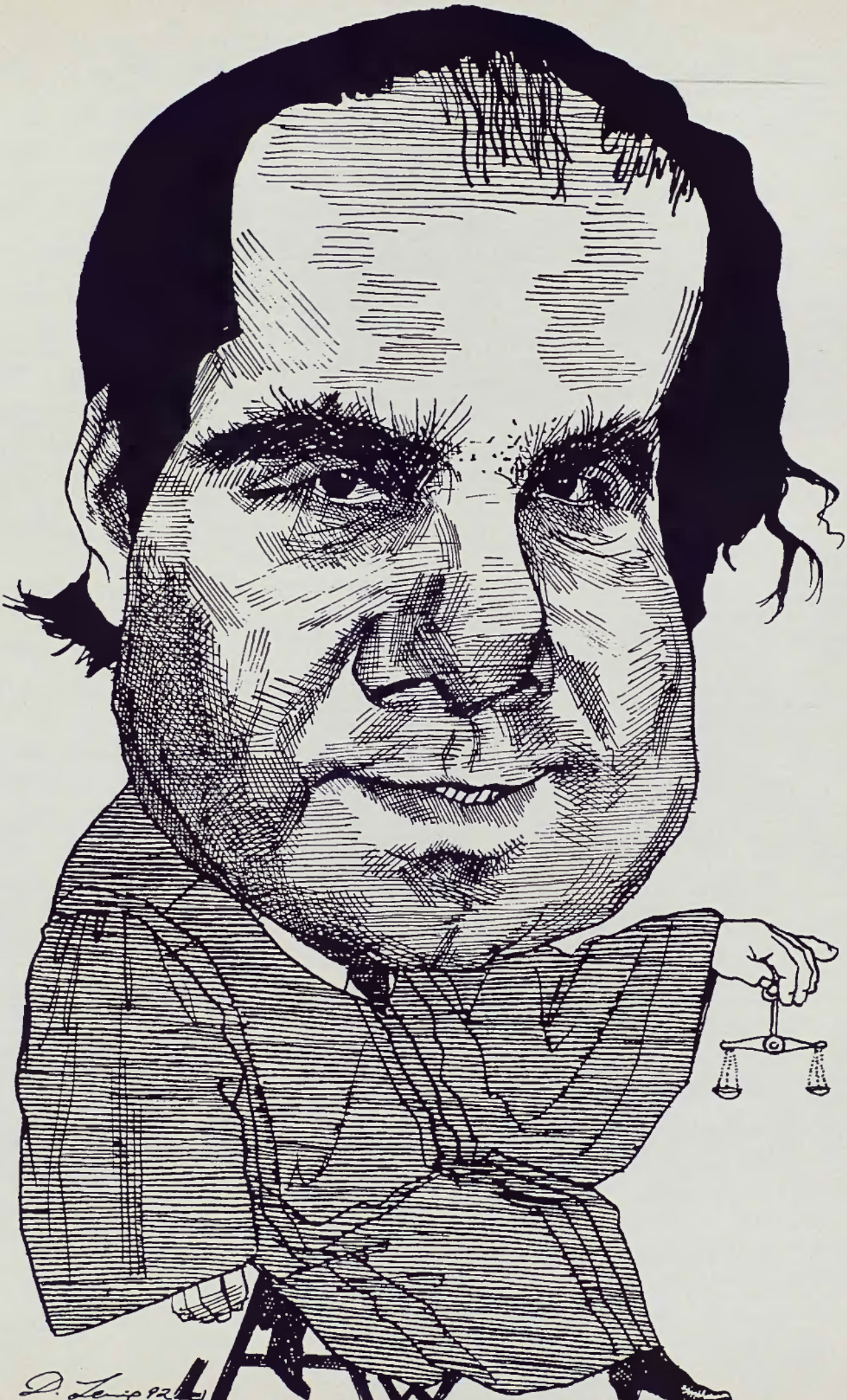
For one thing, the counterrevolution never jelled, thanks largely to the unexpected moderation of several other Republican appointees, mainly O'Connor, Anthony Kennedy and David Souter. Each of these three has stressed the importance of continuity over ideology in the work of the Supreme Court, and each has acknowledged, in his or her way, the profound intellectual and emotional influence of William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall.

For another, Scalia has proved unpredictable, sometimes straying astonishingly far from the conservative camp—for example, he proclaimed flag burning to be protected by the First Amendment. Whichever side he chances to land on, he frequently stakes out his position with an angry intransigence that isolates him from his peers. Scalia's isolation will deepen further with the imminent retirement of Justice Byron White and the arrival of President Clinton's first appointee.

In one sense, Scalia has simply fallen victim to the political wars that produced him. More fundamentally, however, his current status reflects the limits of his philosophy. With his rigid



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



insistence on the literal meaning of legal texts, Scalia himself is a textbook example of what can happen when justice fails to meet human needs.

•

When Scalia came to the Supreme Court, he was bursting with energy, itching for a fight and supremely certain of his own wisdom. To see him in full cry now is to see the same man, his diminished influence notwithstanding. If mind were muscle and Court sessions were televised, Scalia would be the Arnold Schwarzenegger of American jurisprudence.

When he listens to hapless litigants, he tilts his head at a show-me angle or taps his fingers on the desk in front of him as if he were playing the piano, which he enjoys doing when off the bench. When he speaks, he lunges forward with a jabbing forefinger to emphasize key words. Justice Scalia is the Court's self-appointed prosecutor, interrogator, elucidator or inquisitor—depending on who's catching his flak. One attorney who recently came before him found his style startling.

"The Supreme Court is a formal setting," she said. "When you walk into that room, it's almost like a church. The only person who's not formal is Scalia. He keeps squirming in his chair and constantly talks to other justices like it's a cocktail party. As I watched him, I was reminded of a big cat batting around a ball of yarn, kind of toying with it and being powerful, not in a mean way but in a disinterested way, detached from the realities of the case."

Or, in a memorable description from *Turning Right*, David Savage's book about the evolution of the Court's conservative majority: "On a bench lined with solemn gray figures who often sat as silently as pigeons on a railing, Scalia stood out like a talking parrot."

Scalia stands out everywhere he goes. In one widely cited incident, reporters spotted him leaving the Court one evening and commented on his stylish tuxedo. "Ah, yes," Scalia replied expansively, "esteemed jurist by day, man about town at night." Among friends and in the ample bosom of his family—he and his wife, Maureen, have nine children—he is called Nino. He is known for his buoyant humor, which can mask a steely will to prevail, whether at poker, which he plays with ferocious intensity, or on the tennis court, where he overachieves to offset being overweight.

The only child of an Italian-American mother and an Italian-born father who translated poetry and taught Romance languages at Brooklyn College (on his deathbed, his father recited Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*), Scalia was born in an Italian enclave of Trenton, New Jersey. Later, when the family moved to the borough of Queens in New York City, he attended Xavier High School in Manhattan and got a double dose of authority: Xavier is a Catholic military academy. Even at the age of 17, Nino was, a classmate recalls, "an archconservative Catholic. He could have been a member of the Curia. He was brilliant, way above everybody else."

This brilliance showed throughout his academic career: He was first in his class at Xavier and again at Georgetown University, where he studied history. He graduated magna cum laude from Harvard Law School, where he became an editor of the *Law Review*. After Harvard he practiced law for six years. He went on to teach law at the University of Virginia for four years. In 1971 he was appointed general counsel for the Office of Telecommunications Policy in the Nixon administration.

During Watergate, President Nixon appointed him to head the Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, which gives legal advice to the president and attorney general. Soon afterward, Nixon resigned under threat of impeachment, and Scalia's appointment was confirmed by Congress during the succeeding administration of Gerald Ford. In one of his first acts on the job, Scalia issued an opinion that all of the potentially incriminating Watergate documents and tapes were owned by Nixon himself—a position that the Supreme Court eventually rejected, but one that Nixon still cites in his battle to keep the remaining tapes secret.

When Jimmy Carter moved into the White House in January 1977, Scalia left the Justice Department and made a name for himself in academic circles. He taught and wrote about administrative law, first at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington and later at the University of Chicago, where he bought a former fraternity house to provide enough living space for his family. Scalia was so outspoken on conservative issues—he denounced liberal justices on the Supreme Court for making decisions "tied together by threads of social preference and predisposition"—that he caught and firmly held the gimlet eye of the Reagan administration. In 1982 President Reagan named him to the bench of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

That court is widely considered to be the most powerful federal tribunal in the country after the Supreme Court. It's also a stepping-stone to the Supreme Court, and as soon as Scalia got there, he started stepping with alacrity. Liberal opponents reacted to his broadsides with horror, as if he were the ideological equivalent of a goose-stepper in jackboots. But even traditional conservatives were worried about some of the extreme positions Scalia took on behalf of government and at the expense of individual rights. In 1985 *New York Times* columnist William Safire, a former Nixon speechwriter, branded him "the worst enemy of free speech in America today."

•

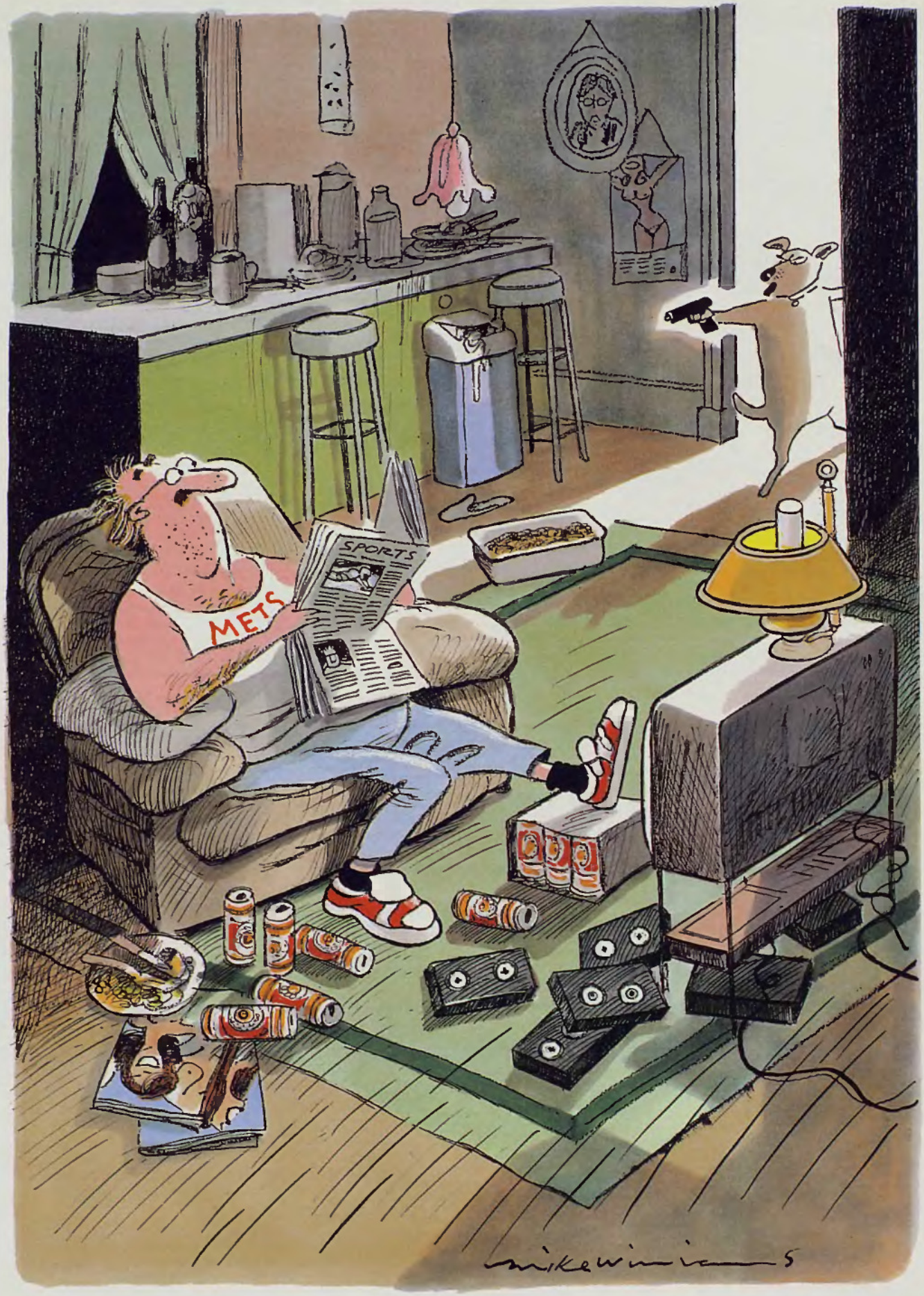
To the White House, that may have sounded like a ringing endorsement. When President Reagan nominated Scalia to the Supreme Court in 1986, he had every reason to view him as intellectually formidable, readily confirmable (then, as now, Scalia's personal charm could distract from his combativeness) and ethnically desirable (the Court's first Italian-American). And Scalia was not just dependably conservative but a faithful follower of William Rehnquist, whom Reagan had elevated to chief justice.

At least the president was right on the first two counts. Given the impressive credentials that Scalia brought to his Senate hearings, the Senate confirmed him willingly, almost eagerly, with none of the rancor that had marked the debates over Rehnquist.

But dependably conservative, let alone a Rehnquist clone? Within a few months of his arrival, Scalia was following Rehnquist's lead 75 percent of the time. He was also voting with Brennan, keeper of the Court's liberal flame, more than 60 percent of the time. (Voting alliances on the Court often overlap.) In one case that startled Scalia's supporters, he joined the liberals in a decision that significantly restricted police power to conduct searches. And he didn't just join them, he spoke for them by writing the majority opinion, in which he lectured his fellow Reagan appointees, Rehnquist and O'Connor, on the meaning of strict interpretation of the Constitution. (Strict or narrow: It's the former when you agree with Scalia, the latter when you don't.)

As for Safire's concern for free speech, that, too, turned out to be misplaced. Not that Scalia hadn't given the Fourth Estate reason to brand him as a press basher. During his tenure as a federal appellate judge, he had denounced the Freedom of Information Act for eliminating what he called "institutional privacy." What's more, in voting to reinstate a libel verdict against *The Washington Post*, he had suggested that one way to detect a newspaper's malicious intent was to see if the

*(continued on page 148)*




*"OK, let's walk."*

this feisty crustacean is the ultimate guy food: you can kill it and cook it in minutes, and women swoon

# HOW TO LOVE A LOBSTER

article by REG POTTERTON

YOU HAVE TO dress right for lobster fishing in Maine in late November. You need the entire outfit, starting with a one-piece insulated Dickies work suit from Reny's house of bargains in Camden, $39.99. Under the Dickies, a full set of thermals, flannel shirt and oiled wool sweater. Oilskin pants and seaboots. Thick socks, two pairs of gloves and a woolen hat pulled down over the ears.

Instead of seaboots I had felt-lined snow boots with buckles, zippers and drawstrings. Not very nautical, but so what? This is not a test.

Today's weather word is the same as yesterday's: frigid. My breath, hanging in the frozen air, is thick enough to write on.

Sitting on the dock of the bay: the town dock at Lincolnville, Maine, on Penobscot Bay. It's seven o'clock in the morning. The water is so still and clear it's like Jell-O. Every detail—the dock, anchored lobster boats, islands—looks as if it were stuck to the surface.

Friends had set me up with Mike Hutchings for my introduction to lobster fishing. We met on the dock. Mike got out of his truck and took in my new Dickies and snow boots with a quick twitch of eyebrow. Instead of hello, he said, "You ain't gonna come out there and puke on us, are you?"

He introduced me to his sternman, Kenny. Kenny didn't talk much. The two of us got on with the business of hauling bait from the dock down a gangway to the float while Mike took a dinghy out to the mooring and brought his lobster boat alongside. The bait was frozen salmon carcasses in flat wooden crates. It came from a nearby fish factory. It could have been just about any fish, but it was salmon that day because that's what was available. The lobsters in Maine eat better than a lot of people.

What else should we know about our friends the lobsters? They eat their shells after shedding them. They stay together for a week after mating—not out of sentiment but on the off chance the other will snuff it and provide a handy lunch. They can be left-handed or right-handed, meaning that the big crusher claw or the smaller cutting claw can appear on either side. They can regrow missing claws or legs. They like digging for clams. Females have been known to carry up to 100,000 eggs.

This highly prized and ever-delectable



PAINTING BY KARL WIRSUM

creature comes from a truly appalling family situation, incest and cannibalism being pretty much taken for granted in the lobster world. The lobster starts out life with every disadvantage—born with thousands of brothers and sisters, abandoned at a young age by both parents and set upon by voracious predators the moment its mother shakes free and goes off to mate with some other lobster smoothy.

As an egg, the offspring rises to the surface and is quickly eaten—more than 99 percent become fish food before they get the chance to sink to the bottom. If a young lobster makes it that far, it digs a hole and hides, and who can blame the poor bastard after what it's been through? As lobsters get bigger, they seek out smaller lobsters and eat them. They also eat worms, crabs, fish and anything else they can stuff into their mouths, especially decaying animal matter, since they are basically scavengers that would eat a dead elephant if they found one—or, come to that, a dead seafarer. In short, they have the same kind of senseless greed common to all fish and many people in corporate America. If very young lobsters weren't scattered by ocean currents and tides, they would have eaten themselves into extinction long before we arrived.

We, in a reversal of our usual role as scourge of the planet, help keep lobsters alive, even if it is for the purpose of killing them. It is not for us to judge which is preferable, either from a moral standpoint or from the lobsters' point of view: to be eaten by other lobsters, ripped to shreds by giant fish or plunged alive into boiling water for human consumption. (Some people believe that lobsters scream when you drop them into the pot. They don't. In fact, they are whistling for a taxi.)

Apart from having sex and eating, the main lobster activity is shedding. By the time it reaches commercial size—which takes anywhere from five to ten years—the lobster has changed shells 25 times, expanding in size every time it sheds. Luckily, most lobsters shed at around the same time, midsummer, and thus are less likely to eat one another when they are at their softest and most vulnerable.

They are sedentary, reclusive and deeply private by nature because of the abuse they suffered as children. They come out only at night, they hate to travel—one unusual specimen was tracked 138 nautical miles from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod on a journey that took a year—and though they have several thousand lenses in each eye, they can't see very well. They are also clumsy when it comes to swimming forward, though they've been clocked at 25 feet a second while going backward.

You find lobsters in all the world's oceans and seas, but there is only one *Homarus americanus*, and that's found between Labrador and North Carolina—and nowhere else. There are spiny lobsters in the Bahamas and the Caribbean, and off Australia, Florida, South America and South Africa, but those are bogus lobsters. None of them compares to the Yankee Doodle job, none of them sports the big, meaty claws and the distinctive sweet succulence of *H. americanus*—not even the European *Homarus gammarus*, which, like European cars, tend to be small, sleek and slender.

People don't want small, sleek lobsters, they want lobsters as big as rhinos, lobsters big enough to carry you to the office, like the ones they used to find on the New England seabed. All gone now, alas, but there was a time when the colonials routinely landed four-footers. In Canada they used crushed lobsters as fertilizer on the potato fields or fed them to the poor.

The largest lobster on record was caught in Canadian waters, weighed more than 44 pounds and was thought to be more than 100 years old. Some people would call this a wonder from the deep, but those of us who truly love and appreciate the noble lobby would call it dinner for six.

•

To catch the beast, you have to lure it into a trap. Every lobsterman has his own theory about which bait works best. In fact, every lobsterman has his own theory about every aspect of lobstering, nature and mankind, though he will change it if it starts sounding too much like someone else's theory.

Mike is not big on theories, at least not for general discussion. He's been fishing for lobsters for 20 years, since he was a boy. Mike figures that when you're dealing with nature, anything that you thought you knew yesterday means nothing today because everything changes in nature from one day to the next, if not sooner.

Even perfect days aren't truly perfect when you make your living taking fish out of the sea. Even on a good day, when the catch is OK, the weather's fair, nothing breaks and nobody gets hurt, you think about the days ahead and how this or that could go wrong: The weather turns, the fish aren't there, but that's too bad because you've already paid for the bait and fuel and you're stuck with them. Add to that the chance and cost of mechanical failure. Human failure. Mistakes of the kind that can wipe you out financially or just wipe you out, period.

Then people go into a restaurant in the city, see the price of lobster and say, "What the hell is this? Those guys have to be making a fortune." What they don't know is that between fisherman and consumer is an army of middlemen—wholesalers, cooperatives, truckers, dealers, airlines, packers, retailers, restaurants—each taking a cut and jamming up the price.

Mike is an independent. He fishes for himself, meaning he doesn't belong to a lobstermen's cooperative and he's not tied in with wholesalers, city dealers or any other formal setup. He sells to stores, restaurants and individuals for the best price that he can get. He has a live-storage tank in the water—it's called a lobster car—where he can hang on to his catch and wait out a slow market.

When the fishing drops off in the winter, he plows snow and takes his wife to Florida for a week.

"Fishing and fucking, that's what we do around here," said Mike. "There's not so much of the fishing in winter."

•

When I think about lobsters, I think of Paul Harvey, the radio guy who sounds as if he swallowed a piece of machinery and can't get rid of it. The first time I saw lobsters plucked from the ocean, Paul Harvey was doing a commercial on the radio. He was close to a breakdown. "Never have I been more proud to represent Buick," he sobbed, and that was when I saw my first lobsters, six of the beauties, along with two crabs and a starfish, hauled up in a trap from the bottom of Penobscot Bay and onto the starboard side of Mike's boat, Pot Luck.

To get to that haul, we had driven across the stillness of the bay, Mike at the wheel and Kenny sewing up bait.

My job was to put rubber bands on the lobsters' claws. I was the out-of-town floorshow on Pot Luck. Having never held a live lobster, I knew my performance would be watched with interest by Mike and Kenny. It's only human to hope that before the day is finished, you'll have the pleasure of watching a stranger throw up and run around with a lobster clamped to his face.

Pot Luck is a fiberglass 30-footer, built strong and stubby like its owner. There is an eight-cylinder 350-horsepower Chevy engine under the foredeck. The roar of the engine failed to drown out an ancient radio under the wheelhouse roof that was permanently tuned to an oldies station.

Apart from the engine room up forward, the rest of the layout is open,

*(continued on page 166)*

*"By gosh, Edna, I wonder sometimes how you manage to make a go of it, what with the way the tourist trade has fallen off."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHEL COMTE
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

meet charlotte lewis, england's irrepressible entry in the starlet wars

# BRIT FORCE

*text by* MICHAEL ANGELI

"CHARLOTTE LEWIS? She's not your type," a movie producer friend of mine happily concluded, as though an imaginary list of contenders had been reduced by one.

"Not my type? But she made love upside down while watching a fashion video," I told him. "That's my type."

"That was a character you wrote into your film," he said. "You created that type. That wasn't Charlotte."

Yeah, so maybe I did write the screenplay for that movie. It was called *Sketch Artist* and it came out on cable a year ago. But the fact is she still did what I wrote. And anyone willing to indulge my fantasies—which are equal parts sex and humor—earns a place on my list of would-be mates.

Charlotte, who is half-Irish, half-Arabic—a combination that endows her with mystery items for eyes—holds within her a synthesis of exotic and wholesome features. Kind of an R-rated Marcia Brady. If Charlotte were lying on her side and cooperating, you could roll a croquet ball under the wicked curve where her hip meets her waist.

This is cello-playing Charlotte, the one who likes beer on hot days, steals pepper mills and bric-a-brac from restaurants, burns incense in her car and takes the nitrous oxide when she has dental work. Her London accent turns "migraine" into "me-graine," her phrase of the month is "his sorry ass" and, lapsing into French existentialism, she murmurs, "No one really knows what anyone deserves, but no one deserves to be hated." Three minutes after we met she was singing Elvis Costello's *The Juliet Letters* to me.

"I could never go out with a writer," she tells me over salads that look like forest settings for a toy train. Such is lunch at Ivy, the Los Angeles restaurant where we met. "I know these writers who have to hibernate, rent this cabin in Alaska to get their work done," she goes on. "It would be, like, 'What do you mean, you can't go out with me tonight? I'll sit in the corner and I promise I won't distract you.'"

Yeah, right.

Roman Polanski was the first director who was professionally distracted by Charlotte Lewis. She was just 17 when he hired her to spend nine months as the only woman (she played a Spanish princess) in his film *Pirates*.

"Roman's girlfriend at the time was a girlfriend of mine and she introduced us," says Charlotte, now 25. "*Pirates* was, like, part of my youth, part of the time I spent becoming a young woman. It was a strange way to grow up."

Before you could sing "yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum," Charlotte landed her second film role, even though critics keelhauled *Pirates* and audiences stayed

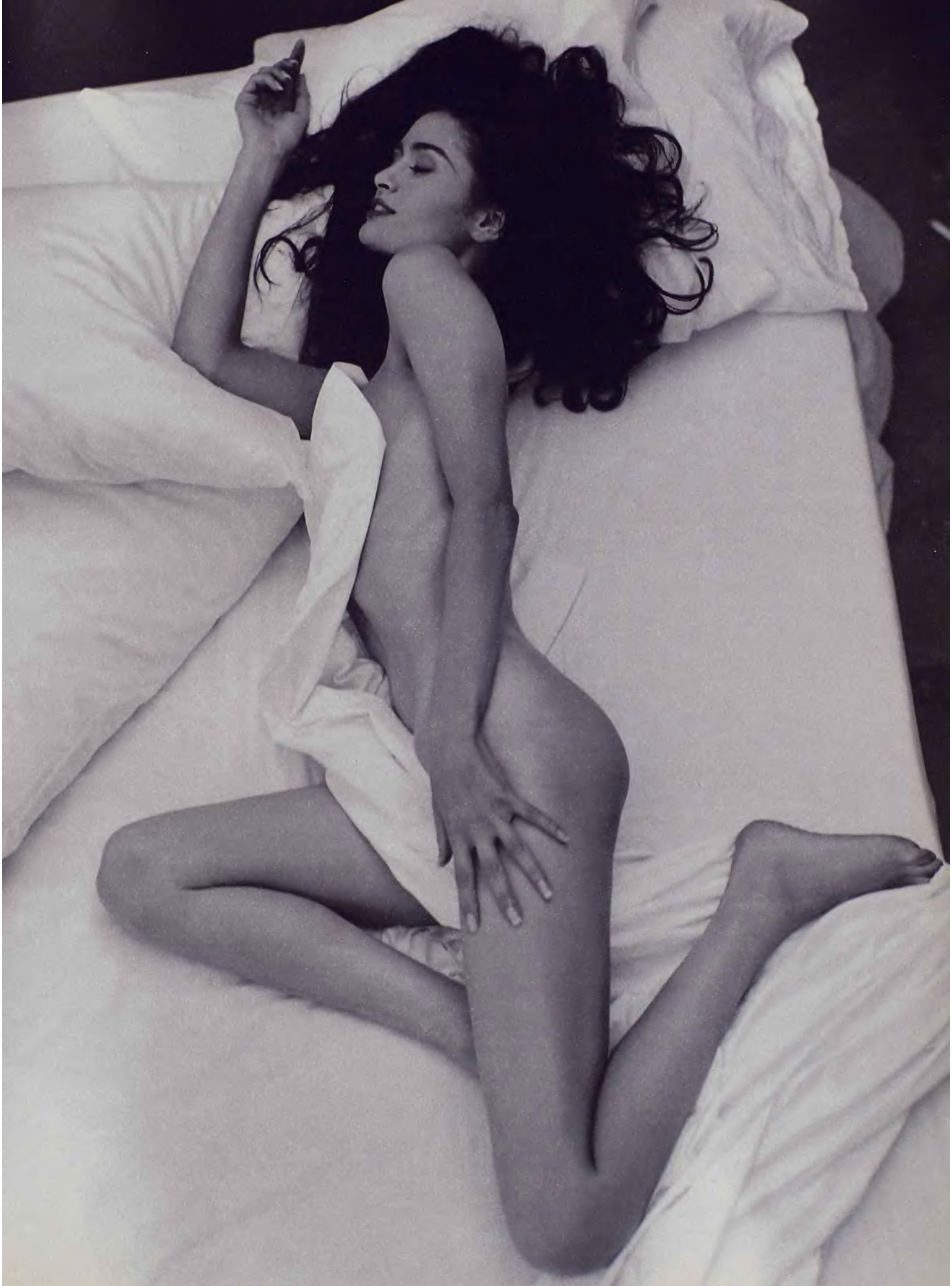
***The Golden Child*** **teamed Charlotte Lewis with Eddie Murphy (top left) on a trek from New York City to Tibet. As part of a political frame-up in 1992's spicy** ***Storyville,*** **Charlotte shares a not-so-private moment with James Spader (bottom left).**

away. Without formal training ("I studied automobile engines in school and missed my calling as a mechanic," she notes) or even the usual acting aspirations, Lewis was on a jet, coming to America. She would co-star in *The Golden Child* with Eddie Murphy, who was stomping around Hollywood like a huge science-fiction creature after the success of *Beverly Hills Cop*. And that's where she really learned the meaning of bad.

"It took me quite a while to get the American sense of humor," she says. "I didn't get that bad means good, or if someone glares at you, it means they dig the shit out of your work. In England, no one talks or acts like that, this brother talk. Now I actually love it and would love to talk it, but it probably wouldn't go down well on me."

After *Child*, Charlotte did something unprecedented in the actress rat race of L.A. She took time off. She gathered some friends for a rucksack tour of the globe. There were trips to India, Singapore and Africa. Then it was back to the fiscal reality of room, board and heating bills—not for herself but for her mum in London.

"I've always looked after my mum," says the good daughter. "We didn't have money when I was growing up and she raised me by herself. Now it's my turn. I mean, I can't afford to buy her houses and *(text concluded on page 140)*



cars, but she'll always be warm in winter and cool in summer. She's the reason I'm so driven. I want my mother to have everything."

All of that was a boon for the producers of the 1992 Showtime movie *Sketch Artist*, which I survived despite the fact that the director brandished a gun in one of our story meetings. But it was Charlotte who started the picture off with a bang, playing the role of a high-priced hooker in the wrong place at the wrong time.

"I've done a handful of cable and feature films, including *Storyville*," says Charlotte. She's also done *Excessive Force*, due this summer from New Line Cinema, but I sensed flattery coming on, so I didn't interrupt. "My work on *Sketch Artist* amounted to three days, but the amazing thing is that more people come up to me and say, 'Wow, I saw you in *Sketch Artist*—it was great.'" She's being sweet, I know that. I bow deeply. She hits me over the head. "I just want you to know that I'm not normally upside down with strangers or anything like that. I'm quite celibate."

Another dream dies. But she did tell me she likes to bounce up and down on beds. "I just broke up with a boyfriend," she continues. "But we were more like brother and sister, because we'd gotten into a nice, comfortable, homey routine of living. He was—is—an art director, a very nice man."

Most of us are familiar with this sort of language and it requires little translation. I see a poor guy somewhere, clinging to a sinking bed, going down with his heart torpedoed into little bits of static cling.

"I decided it was time to be on my own again. The good thing about being alone is you get to know yourself. It's great, I love it, and I've decided that I really like myself. But I also can't wait to be married. I just have no idea who it will be. It could be Lassie. Or Trigger."

Charlotte asks the waiter for a toothpick. Informed that they carry none—this is Ivy, where people don't get stuff caught between their teeth—Charlotte improvises with an olive sword. Peering out into the open-air miracle of Beverly Hills, she sees a man wearing a ponytail, the emblem of industry warriors.

"I'm sick of long hair on men. I'm just over that," Charlotte announces. "Snip it off. I think men need to have short hair and be like men."

What does she measure a man by?

"Imagination," she answers, chin up. "To me, a man is somebody who's strong—stronger mentally than me, in his personality. I like strong men. Smart, with a good sense of humor. I have bizarre tastes, as far as looks and things."

Hmmm. Things.

"I'm not into what other people consider a good-looking man. I like that quirky, offbeat look. But I don't have a type. All different shapes and sizes. I mean, I hope I end up married to somebody. It's not that easy, you know."

Now I see what my friend meant. Charlotte is no one's type and everyone's luminous possibility.

"Actually, from *Sketch Artist* I made enough to buy a lamp," Charlotte recalls as, with larcenous intent in her eyes, she assays a sugar pot.

"One lamp?"

"Hey, it didn't come cheap, baby. It's gorgeous. People say they want to photograph it."

And suddenly I'm certain that Charlotte and I were meant for each other: I made enough from *Sketch Artist* to buy a light bulb.

# RIP TORN

*(continued from page 115)*

that I set an example for the younger actors by playing these offbeat parts. I told him I didn't choose a lot of parts. I had kids to feed. When I was seventeen years old, my acting teacher told my mother and dad that I had the looks and the voice of a leading man. But he also said I had a gift as a character actor. A real character actor doesn't always play small-bank presidents, he creates characters. Every time you see him, he's virtually unrecognizable. My teacher said that if I took that path, I might never be a great star, but I would have a longer professional life. I cussed the guy for years. But this has been more interesting. Women write that part of the fun of watching me is arguing with their husbands over whether or not it's me.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: You were up for the role in *Easy Rider* that catapulted Jack Nicholson to stardom. If you'd landed that part, would it have put an end to arguments about your identity?

TORN: It probably would have been a wonderful part for me, but it might not have done for me what it did for Nicholson. The story came out that I threw a fit in New Orleans and walked off the set. I was never on the set. They were just negotiating with me because they wanted me to play the part. My friend Terry Southern wrote the part with me in mind. I made some good comments about the script and I gave them a few other ideas. But I was broke. There was a tax lien against my bank account for $3500. Peter Fonda was one of the producers and he said everybody was working for minimum, around $400 a week at the time. I asked them for $3500 for six weeks' work and never heard from them. Regrets? Hell, yeah. I wouldn't have to hear these stories.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: You received an Oscar nomination as best supporting actor for your role in *Cross Creek* and lost out to, of all people, Jack Nicholson in *Terms of Endearment*. Any hard feelings?

TORN: Come on. He wasn't a supporting player. His name was up there above the title. Anyway, I didn't care. Actors say it's an honor to be nominated because it's our peers who nominate us. But the fix was in. Nicholson was going to win. My game plan was to make him sweat. And he did. He sweated through his tux that night. Literally. Yeah, right. [*Laughs*] I have a witness. My daughter was right there. When he won, he looked at me and I nodded to him that it was OK. The cameras were on my face. They always go to the losers—a lot of them are saying "Shit!" or they're sad—and you can see

anguish on their faces. But Rip gave Nicholson the fuckin' ear!

**8.**

PLAYBOY: You insist that you're not a Method actor. To borrow a line from *Defending Your Life*, can you tell us what percentage of your brain you use when you prepare for a role?

TORN: Oh, Jesus. I hope more than two or three percent. My son John always beats me at chess in a couple of moves. Lee Strasberg—who was a good friend enough to battle with—told people I wasn't a Method actor. I select my props like a basketball player selects his shoes and his jockstrap. I work from the outside in. I wear the clothes of the character—I hope to get some of Artie's suits—walk and talk like the character and look like I'm doing the work that the character's supposed to do. Not to pat myself on the back, but when I worked on *Payday*, I spent four months learning to play all those songs so that on camera I would look like an accomplished guitarist. When I started in the theater, I was always told you pitch your performance to the deaf lady in the second balcony. For Shakespeare, for any play with a tragic dimension, you have to have emotion. My teacher Sanford Meisner said you can train and train and learn the Method, but it won't make any difference if you don't have talent. That's the mystery. A lot of times I don't really like to know what I'm doing. If you like it, fine. Don't try to pick it apart and analyze it.

**9.**

PLAYBOY: Did you seek out Johnny Carson's longtime producer, Fred de Cordova, for advice on how to create Artie?

TORN: I've never met Fred de Cordova and wouldn't know him if I saw him. But I wanted to base the role on Freddie de Cordova, who had his finger on everything. He was a legendary producer and a fine director. He directed Ronald Reagan in *Bedtime for Bonzo*. People told me he was totally in control of *The Tonight Show*. So I fought to be there right off the set at my monitor. They keep what they call the Artiecam on me all the time. De Cordova probably never approved of me. I was never on Carson's show. In fact, several times they advertised that I was going to be on and they brought on Rip Taylor. They just gave me the barb all around.

**10.**

PLAYBOY: *The Larry Sanders Show* is your first comedy series. How did Garry Shandling discover your unheralded ability to get laughs?

TORN: Albert Brooks told Garry about me. They're neighbors. They jog together. I met with Shandling and with all the guns from HBO. Somebody said to me, "Do you think you can play in a comedy series, and how do you think you can sustain it?" They never knew that I'd played the same show for a year and a half on Broadway. I kept that fresh. And I always loved comic actors. I still watch *The Honeymooners* religiously. Shandling tells me that the comics on the show are my friends, that they like me, they like my timing.

**11.**

PLAYBOY: Why do you have to defend your life every time you're up for an acting job?

TORN: I've always believed it has something to do with being involved in civil rights work. I wasn't working mainstream from the time of John Kennedy's assassination to when President Carter came in. I just worked off-Broadway and made little movies in Europe. It didn't put beans on the table. When I went to work on the Shandling show, somebody—not Shandling—questioned me about my politics. He asked, "Weren't you a well-known radical in the Sixties? What are your politics now?" And I said, "A secret ballot, that's my politics." I think it's partially a device to knock you down so you're not on your high horse in a negotiating way. You have to negotiate the price you're going to get. But it's gotten even more difficult. A lot of times they want you to read for the casting director, who probably hadn't been born when you were starring on Broadway.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: Have you ever advocated the overthrow of the United States government by force or violence?

TORN: Horseshit. I think because of my military background some people said, "Gee, this guy was a training officer in the Army and maybe he's training an army of guerrilla fighters." That's just a bunch of happy horse hockey. I did talk with the Kennedys about civil rights, and with Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte and James Baldwin during the early part

*"This laptop computer you sold me keeps overheating."*

of that administration. I didn't volunteer, I was asked. I said, "Look, I grew up in my own society, but I'll do my damnedest to help." It was said that after that meeting, instead of opposing the civil rights movement, the Kennedys decided to lead it. Pretty heavy. That meeting may have led indirectly to their deaths. I was a bit naive. I just felt I was speaking out as an American and I thought I'd serve my country. I didn't think I would suddenly be considered a danger to my country. I think my FBI file started then. I became paranoid, but not without reason. Right before shows opened I always got accidentally hit by a police or FBI car. I got all kinds of broken bones that weren't really my fault. I look like a prophet now. I knew a lot of the stuff coming out now about the way intelligence groups operated in our country. I'd been part of it in the military police. There isn't any privacy. Hoover's gone and I don't know how gay he was or wasn't, but there's no doubt that he used blackmail. People say, "What if they're taping you?" I think they're better at it now. But I don't give a damn. I'm just trying to take care of my family, do my work and have a little bit of a good time and not hurt anybody.

**13.**

PLAYBOY: As a white Southerner with liberal beliefs, did you ever have a close encounter with that crowd in white sheets?
TORN: I was in Louisiana with Burt Reynolds doing an *American Sportsman* show and these guys came by and wanted to talk to me. One of the guides actually thought they were Klan. Old Burt, I'll say this for him, he stayed right there with me. The guys knew I had been working in civil rights. I had a beard at the time and one of them said, "Oh, my God, that's disgusting." And I said, "What's the matter, brother? What's upsetting you?" He said, "That fuzz on your face." I said, "This beard?" He said, "That's disgusting." I said, "Well, you're going to have to get a sledgehammer and go around to all the courthouses in the South and smash the statues because Robert E. Lee had a beard." And he said, "His was trimmed." I said, "Old Stonewall Jackson didn't trim his beard." And he said, "He don't count." So I said, "What's it going to be, guns or knives? I'll tell you what, I'll challenge you guys to push-ups." As scared as I was, I imagined I could do about fifty. And he said, "Oh, hell, let's drink." I always try to put out plain what I believe in.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: The YMCA recently fouled up your gym registration. Will that cramp your performance style?
TORN: It deters me from working out. Olivier himself—we worked out at the same gym—said that the most important thing for an actor is physical strength. I'm terrified every night I go onstage, but I try to relax by doing a lot of leg raises. I predicted that at the end of thirteen weeks of the Shandling show, I'd be the one left standing. I was. I don't know when Shandling got any sleep. I used to tell him: "You should use your lunch hour and breaks to take naps instead of having these conferences." I keep myself in shape.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: You're a veteran of tough-guy roles. Do you have a special understanding of what it means to be macho?
TORN: *Muy macho* means being like a big bull with your cojones clanging around and taking offense at whatever might challenge you. Sometimes you're forced to be macho. I'll meet people who say they saw me onstage and I scared the piss out of them, or they saw me in a movie and thought I was a big guy, but they realize I'm just a pussycat. Then I say, "Don't make a mistake." I guess you can be brave without being macho, but you can't be macho without being brave. It's a way of behaving that we're trying to ameliorate. As I've gotten older I like the idea of a gentleman being a gentle man. In Latin societies, men are secure enough to hug and pound on one another's backs. Actors have always done that. I remember years ago being at a screening and meeting Dustin Hoffman, whom I hadn't seen in a long time, and we hugged each other and the people around us were astounded.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: Don't you have the reputation of being a difficult actor to work with?
TORN: You may hear some producer say that I'm giving him a hard time, but you'll never hear that from my fellow actors. I've never missed a day's work. I've never walked off a set—I may have walked to a telephone sometimes. I would never stand for somebody cursing me or abusing me or telling me how rotten I am. It's not part of my contract to take verbal abuse. In one episode Artie was scared of being fired. I've been fired and replaced so much in my life, it's part of my persona. Because being fired is a kind of death. But a lot of times they've been amazed that after they fired me and got somebody else the whole project went down the tubes.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: You've remarked that casting a hook into Croton Reservoir has eased the pain of losing out on acting jobs. Does fishing give you the satisfaction of controlling the barb?
TORN: It's a blood sport. But I don't want to get a big string of fish, just a couple of trout to put on the table. I like to be in water, and wading in a river is soothing. Fishing is zestful. You're taking an illusion—the hackle on a dry fly looks to the fish like the feet of an insect when the fly rests on the water—and acting like a puppet master with it. That play of light and shadow is very artistic. It takes many different skills and crafts to be a good fly-fisherman. You study the water. You make a certain kind of cast. Even if you know all those things, that doesn't mean you're going to catch the fish. I want Artie to take the guys on *The Larry Sanders Show* fishing, because there's a story there. They want to fish. But the writers will never let Artie fish. They want him to be just a city guy. I think they know that I'm a better fisherman than they are.

**18.**

PLAYBOY: Theatrical marriages are notoriously unstable. What was the secret of your twenty-four-year marriage to Geraldine Page?
TORN: It was tough till I figured out how to do it. I told her never to take any messages or scripts for me and I would never take messages or scripts for her. People assumed that if they offered me a part in a project I could talk her into doing it, too. That made me very angry and I'd turn into the street Artie. I made a lot of enemies in those days. I'm not an agent. I'm not a pimp.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: Rip and Artie's use of "horseshit" sounds almost quaint at a time when "fuck" seems to be the expletive of choice. Are you out to set an example of softer speech for the nation?
TORN: Actors have a way of underlining those words that make them sound a bit unnatural. When people really use those words, they don't usually stress them so much. I just try to say them the way somebody would naturally. And now that everybody cusses a lot, I try to clean up my own language.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: You've described Artie as a "gent" and a "spiffy dresser." Do you think—or hope—he'll be allowed some sex appeal?
TORN: Fred de Cordova was known for squiring the most beautiful women in the world. Why should the character I play not have any luck at all? I've been fortunate. My first marriage was to the actress Ann Wedgeworth, who was a gorgeous woman. I was married to Geraldine Page for many years. She was sensational, just beautiful in every way. And I have two kids with Amy Wright, who certainly does not lack fans for her charm and beauty. Have I said enough good about those women? And Artie is a more glamourous guy than Rip is. Why can't he be seen with some nifty-looking gal on his arm? It's a wish for just one episode.

CANTON

# CHINESE TORTURE

They call it torture. When your
eason is threatened by your desire.
Go for it!

**The Recipe:**
**Canton Delicate Ginger (¾ oz.) and a splash of Gin. Serve with lots of ice.**

Imported by World Ltd., Phila., PA 20% ALC/VOL (40) Proof

**Canton Delicate Ginger Liqueur is made from six varieties of ginger harmonized with a touch of gentle herbs and ginseng. Blended with the finest spirits and rich brandy. Rounded with honey. Call 1-800-854-7092 for a store in your area.**

# SINS OF THE FATHERS *(continued from page 76)*

*"'Most priests have had some sexual release. Any priest who tells you different is not being honest.'"*

old estates were being converted into seminaries that opened their doors to a bumper crop of all-American boys.

"You were told that you would be the most educated individual in your community, a leader, and that you had a responsibility," says Father Jack McGinnis, a recovering alcoholic who now counsels fellow priests with sexual- and substance-abuse problems. "They fostered an elitism that we all soon found was false. I've spent a lifetime coming to terms with that lie."

He compares his days at the seminary to a prolonged high school experience in which the most important rite of passage—getting laid—was a sin to talk about. The only glimpse of sex education was a mandatory course on de Sexto, or the Sixth Commandment: Thou shalt not commit adultery. They had always been told that within the hierarchy of sin, masturbation was worse than fornication. There was no release for the sexual energy buzzing inside them. "Pray and play sports," they were told.

McGinnis confides that of course he masturbated as a young seminarian. "I was like just about everyone else. I'd masturbate and confess it every month. It's very common. Most priests have had some sexual release. Any priest who tells you different is not being honest."

The seminarians' teachings ran contrary to their natural drives and, as one psychologist states, "the psychic damage was inestimable." As an adult, McGinnis has learned to accept celibacy and has always been proud to be a priest. But he likens the guilt he felt as a teenager and the deprivation of knowledge about sex to a kind of "incestuous abuse" by the Church's patriarchy. The silence about sex left him and thousands of other priests trapped in sexual immaturity. Most would grow out of it. Some, however, would act out that immaturity.

The first time Porter showed his sexual immaturity was just after his ordination in 1960, when he was given his first assignment at St. Mary's parish in North Attleboro, Massachusetts. Porter began molesting children within a month, according to the indictment. Parents complained to other priests. One father took his concerns directly to Monsignor Humberto Medeiros. Porter was reassigned to another parish, Sacred Heart Church in Fall River, Massachusetts.

Porter, however, kept going back to North Attleboro, where the young boys had called him "the horn"—for horny. Fall River Bishop James Connolly's notes indicate that Porter would solicit a boy to get "his back rubbed, then go on from there."

Porter was told to go home to his parents in Revere, Massachusetts, where he was treated for depression. Porter wrote to Connolly, saying, "Believe me, I am striving to be priestly. . . . There have been many temptations . . . but thank God, with His grace, I have handled them well."

According to the indictment, the day after he wrote the letter Porter molested two more boys from a parish in nearby New Bedford. A few months later he was picked up by state police in New Hampshire for molesting another boy. The case was never prosecuted. Bishop Connolly's notes describe the victim as a 13-year-old "non-Cath" boy.

Porter later claimed he was tortured by what he was doing. "I was afraid to admit to myself or anyone else that I was not worthy of the priesthood," Porter wrote. "I was now using the priesthood as a crutch and shield to protect me from harm."

From 1964 to 1970, Porter was shuffled from parish to treatment center to parish, leaving a trail of molestation accusations in New Bedford, Massachusetts; Houston; Truth or Consequences, New Mexico; Las Vegas; and Bemidji, Minnesota. In the parish schools' yearbooks are haunting photos of Porter the coach posing in the gymnasium with the young boys in their basketball uniforms. In 1970, after a decade-long spree, Porter was sent to the Paraclete treatment center in St. Louis.

This nationwide pattern of complicity and cover-up has been documented by Jason Berry in his eloquent new book, *Lead Us Not into Temptation: Catholic Priests and the Sexual Abuse of Children*. Berry's research began in 1984, when he investigated Father Gilbert Gauthe, a Louisiana cleric who would ultimately plead guilty to sexually abusing more than 30 boys.

In the Chicago suburb of Berwyn, parishioners at St. Odilo's learned why their popular parish priest, Father Robert Mayer, had quietly left in the summer of 1991: He had been spotted sunbathing nude on the roof of the rectory with a 20-year-old man and a 15-year-old boy. Mayer had been shuffled among parishes for years, even though a lawsuit for sexual misconduct was brought against him in 1982. (The suit was later settled out of court.)

About the same time that Jason Berry began his work, elements within the Church were also becoming aware of the problem. Father Thomas Doyle, a canon-law expert for the Vatican Embassy in Washington, D.C., was a rising star in the Church's national hierarchy in the early Eighties. He had all the right credentials—a sturdy Irishman, big on Reagan, big on the military, macho, conservative, sharp.

But Doyle was troubled by the spate of sexual scandals that began breaking in the press and by several more that he knew were being kept quiet. He wasn't one to overlook the complicity or the apologetic tone coming from his fellow priests. The angrier Doyle got, the more annoyed his superiors grew. He set out to do a full study of the problem. In 1985 Doyle coauthored a report to be presented to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. Doyle noted that approximately 30 cases, involving 100 children, had been reported in the press. He pointed out that one diocese already had $100 million in claims pending.

He reported if one could "predict, with actuarial soundness," that exposure to civil claims over the next ten years "could be established with a limit of one billion dollars." He went on to call it a "conservative cost projection."

The report warned against the Church's practice of protecting the offending priests. "Failure to report such information is considered a criminal offense in some states," Doyle wrote. He told the bishops that, contrary to the generally held opinion, they could be forced to testify before a grand jury. He also warned that "the idea of sanitizing or purging files of potentially damaging material has been brought up. This would be in contempt of court and an obstruction of justice."

The report went nowhere. For his trouble, Doyle ended up leaving the Vatican Embassy and taking up a post in Greenland.

•

The Church's well-documented negligence has been a gold mine for litigation. And no one is better at it than Jeffrey Anderson, the St. Paul, Minnesota lawyer who has won $30 million in settlements by representing victims of sexual abuse by members of the clergy and other authority figures. His clients have been victims of abuse by the clergy of all denominations, including Catholics, Lutherans, Episcopalians and members of the Assembly of God. But, he says, "the vast majority are Catholic. The severity of the problem in the Catholic Church is unique because it is a culture in which sexuality is repressed."

Asked about the argument that there are no more sexual deviants in the priesthood than in the rest of society, he responds quickly: "Bullshit. Priests

are so naive about all this. I've taken so many depositions and heard so much crap, it all blurs into one big problem. The clerical culture is one of secrecy that converges to protect itself," he says. According to Anderson, the Church uses a three-pronged attack when confronted with accusations of sexual abuse: "Appeasing the parents, repudiating the victims, keeping it quiet."

Anderson was off to Chicago for a meeting with a judge and an attorney for the diocese in a case that he says epitomizes the Church's pattern of bullying victims and their families when they come forward with allegations.

It was the case against Father Robert Lutz, which began in 1989., A couple from the Chicago suburb of Northbrook noticed their son was acting strangely—sleeping with a toy gun, hiding knives under his pillow and locking the windows on hot summer nights.

At about the same time, allegations of sexual abuse by Lutz were being raised by the family's neighbors. The parents feared that might explain their young son's troubled behavior. His mother asked him if he had ever had any trouble with the priest. The child's answer was every parent's nightmare.

"Mom, I put that way back here," the boy said, pointing to the back of his head. When the couple told the diocesan representatives about their son, they said the priests and lawyers were less concerned with the damage to their boy than with protecting Lutz. Out of anger, the parents joined the criminal complaint and eventually filed a civil suit.

Anderson estimates the Church has spent in excess of $1 million in this legal battle, and the family has been countersued by Lutz for libel, invasion of privacy and intentional infliction of emotional distress. (The countersuit has since been dropped.)

"It is the most outrageous case I've worked on. The Church has attacked a good family," says Anderson. "The Catholic hierarchy has the power and influence to accomplish its goals quietly and cleanly. It can prevail on police not to prosecute priests, it can intimidate families into silence, it believes it is above the law."

•

In the fall of 1970 Porter was undergoing treatment at Paraclete. He was an outlaw who insisted that he wanted to return to active duty as a priest. But the psychologists at the facility were finally beginning to see the dangers. They recommended that Porter be removed from the priesthood.

Porter's troubles coincided with a time of tumult in the Church, which was clashing head-on with the sexual revolution. The center of the conflict was the 1968 papal encyclical *Humana Vitae*, which forbade contraception. Since the late Sixties, more than 100,000 men have resigned from the priesthood.

In that maelstrom, the Vatican was swamped with requests for laicizations. In 1973 Porter's request for laicization was sent to Rome. At that time Porter was working for a branch bank in St. Paul. In 1974 his request was granted.

In the real world, Porter quickly learned that his actions would no longer be covered up. A mid-level bank manager who abused kids wouldn't be moved to a different branch, he'd be put away.

In his letter to the Vatican he had written, "In the lay life, I find out of necessity that I must cope with the problem or suffer serious consequences. . . . I no longer associate with youths, as I am too preoccupied with my profession and state of life. . . . I have enjoyed the social relationships of the opposite sex by taking them dining, dancing, movies, etc. I believe this has helped tremendously to overcome my other inclinations."

Porter may have tried to leave the past behind, but there were too many victims who refused to forget. Chief among them was Frank Fitzpatrick, a private investigator living in Rhode Island. Troubled by bouts of depression, Fitzpatrick searched his memory for possible causes. That's when the images came back: a man breathing heavily in the sacristy after Sunday Mass, the sound of bedclothes rustling. Then a face. It was Father Porter. He remembered the day Porter told his parents he was taking their son to a Celtics game but instead fed him rum-soaked pies until he was dizzy. Then Porter raped him.

Fitzpatrick asked in an ad in a local newspaper: "Do you remember Father Porter?" More than 60 people came forward. He went to the Fall River diocese, where an aide to the bishop told him, "It may be best to leave it in the hands of the Lord." Fitzpatrick preferred to turn it over to the police and knew he'd need evidence.

He tracked down Porter in St. Paul and called him on the phone to ask how many children he had abused.

"There could have been quite a few," the ex-priest said on the tape Fitzpatrick played for the *Boston Globe*. Porter estimated that there may have been as many as 100, but the point was, "it happened."

Fitzpatrick asked if Porter remembered him in particular.

"No," said the ex-priest. "I don't remember names."

•

A. W. Richard Sipe, an ordained priest who has left the active ministry and now lectures in the Department of Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins Medical School, says that Porter is a "paradigm of the corruption of the Church" and that his pathology reflects a much deeper problem within the institution: The Church


WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN

ANNA NICOLE SMITH

HANGING OUT AT YOUR HOUSE?

Our 1993 Playmate of the Year and Guess Jeans model has her own poster available exclusively through Playboy. It is a 24" x 36" full-color portrait (shown above). The price: only $9.95 plus shipping and handling.

Order Toll Free:
800•423•9494

Ask for item #QH3399 and charge it to your Visa, Master Card, Optima, American Express or Discover card. Most orders shipped within 48 hours (source code: 39554).

Order By Mail:

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or send a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 39554, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2 shipping charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3 additional per poster. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

PHOTO BY STEPHEN WAYDA / ©1993 BY PLAYBOY

teaching on sexuality has lost its moral authority.

"The Church teaches us that every sexual thought, word or action outside of marriage is sinful. Do you know anyone who believes that?" he asks. "It dictates that priests practice absolute abstinence, yet does nothing to teach them how. That is how we end up with priests covering up for pedophiles and a gay subculture flourishing in the seminaries." Sipe believes that celibacy as it exists now is an inherently unhealthy institution. He points out that it wasn't until the 11th century that the Church made the vow mandatory. As these things go in the ancient Church, celibacy is a fairly recent invention. Nowhere does the Bible demand celibacy of priests. In early Christianity it was voluntary. From the Fourth to the Tenth centuries, there were many popes who fathered children.

The history of mandatory enforcement of celibacy is interwoven with two concerns that predate Christianity: property and power. For the popes to maintain primacy over kings, they had to show they could rule their own men. Women got in the way of that, and families caused problems with inheritance. So in the early part of the 11th century it was ruled that no man could be ordained unless he left his wife.

Sipe's 1990 book, *A Secret World: Sexuality and the Search for Celibacy*, based on 25 years of research and some 1000 interviews with priests, found that of the nation's estimated 57,000 priests, two percent were pedophiles, who sexually fixated on children, and four percent were ephebophiles, who focused sexual desire on adolescents. That's approximately 3420 afflicted priests. Sipe estimates that about half of them have acted on their sexual desires.

While the numbers hew to the statistical norm for the general population, the Church's atmosphere of repression and guilt may intensify these disorders. Sipe insists that the root of the priest-pedophile scandal lies in the vow of celibacy, which he says is an unrealistic requirement of any man, especially the way it is taught—or more accurately, not taught—in the seminary.

The same men who will hear confessions and advise young couples on marriage frequently know little or nothing about sexual relationships. Sipe devised a four-year course on the teachings of celibacy that includes frank discussions of sex. It is designed to help priests "psychosexually adjust to a celibate life" and begin to gather the knowledge they will need in their pastoral roles. But as he points out, it has been rejected by every seminary. Most do nothing to educate their priests about sex, Sipe adds.

But just beneath that ignorance about sex lies a thriving gay culture within the Church. Several studies have tracked a dramatic rise in the number of homosexual clergy in recent years. Andrew Greeley estimates that 20 to 40 percent of Catholic priests are gay. And in his 1990 book, *Gay Priests*, social scientist James G. Wolf asserts that 50 percent of American priests are gay. He based this finding on a questionnaire sent out to 101 homosexual clergy members. Tom Fox places the range even higher and says that of the young men entering the seminary today, as many as 75 percent are gay, even though the Church teaches that homosexuality is "intrinsically disordered."

Greeley disagrees that celibacy has fostered a culture of closeted homosexuals and sexual deviants. He dismisses Sipe as an "anticelibacy crusader." Greeley, who recently published a novel about a priest who is guilty of sexual abuse, believes that "abolishing celibacy would not solve the problem." He says that early in their own lives, most pedophiles are compelled to target children, "long before the seminary and ordination." Greeley believes the key is "more elaborate preadmission and preordination screening."

But both Sipe and Greeley agree that something in the clerical culture contributes to the behavior. As Sipe points out, "ignorance, fear and guilt are poor allies in making moral judgments. The system of celibacy fosters ignorance by not teaching sexuality. Then it makes people frightened of their own and others' sexuality. Finally, it tries to control through guilt, making priests believe that their thoughts and actions are sinful. There is a sense that you have to keep it to yourself, that if you were only good enough you wouldn't have those thoughts. It travels deeper, until it becomes unbearable, and then acting out happens in the dark. There is no light."

•

In the middle of a residential neighborhood on Fremont Avenue in Minneapolis is a large blue house that looks like all the other houses on the street. A small sign above the buzzer says Alpha Human Services. It is a residential community licensed by the Minnesota Department of Corrections for adult male sexual deviants. Alpha offers the program that Porter has been ordered to complete as part of the terms of his sentencing.

Just inside the door is a punch clock and time cards for residents, plus grease boards and logbooks to keep the men accountable for their actions. The highly controlled atmosphere at Alpha uses peer pressure, monitoring and masturbation to sexually appropriate images to encourage residents to develop, as our guide repeats almost robotically, "sexual values stressing respect and empathy for persons with whom one wishes to be sexually involved."

Porter is supposed to enter the program this summer, but the director, Gerald Kaplan—who refuses to comment on clients—is said to be having second thoughts, according to a source who knows Porter's case. The treatment center accepts residents based on applications, and the source says that Porter's statement indicated he was too deep in denial. In addition, Alpha's program contradicts Catholic teaching. Masturbation, a grave sin in the Church, is part of the therapy.

The religiously affiliated centers try to help priests live up to their vows of celibacy. Father Curtis Bryant is director of inpatient clinical services at St. Luke's Institute, a Church treatment center in Suitland, Maryland. He notes that the Paraclete center—where Porter first received treatment—used to be a clerical retreat where pedophilia was treated as a "moral crisis, not a psychiatric one." The center prescribed gardening, silent meditation and prayer. Now both programs have more sophisticated clinical procedures and treatment methods.

And yet, Gary Schoener, a psychologist who has done reviews of the clergy treatment facilities for the Church, points out a common problem: Their programs do not include confrontation by the victims, which forces the priests to be accountable for their deeds and gives a feeling of justice to the victims. It also gives the treating clinician a true picture of an offender's actions, which isn't always easy with people like Porter, who remain in denial.

•

The Daughters of Charity National Health System in St. Louis is made of the same institutional brick that built Catholic seminaries, schools and hospitals throughout the United States. In the first week of Lent last year, it hosted a gathering of 31 experts on sexual abuse by the clergy, called together by the head of St. Luke's Institute, Father Canice Connors. The group included priests, psychologists and sociologists. Also invited were one victim and one mother of a victim.

That the panel was so weighted against the victims was not surprising to the dozens of members of Survivors Network for Those Abused by Priests who protested outside. To them it was just another confirmation of the American priests' arrogance, an illustration that the clerical society was more concerned with its brethren than its wounded parishioners.

In the chill of that February morning, the protesters held up toys and poster-sized pictures of themselves as children in First Communion outfits "to capture the innocence" they lost to sexual abuse. They lit candles to symbolize how "light

breaks darkness." But as Barbara Blaine, a member of the Survivors Network and part of a Catholic lay community that runs a shelter for the homeless on Chicago's South Side, noted, "the wind came along and blew the candles out."

When Blaine was 13, she says, the parish priest in her working-class neighborhood of Toledo, Ohio took a special interest in her. One day, she continues, her priest began sexually abusing her in his room in the rectory.

"He told me I was so special and blessed by God that I was irresistible to him," says Blaine. "When he had an erection, he would say, 'It is your fault.' And then he would abuse me." When it was over, he would tell her she needed to go to confession.

This lasted for years, she says, and eventually he began encouraging her to become a nun so that they could "get married in heaven." The guilt left her with migraine headaches and nausea. As a senior in high school she told another priest about what was happening and he told her, "Jesus can forgive you. Jesus can forgive anything."

In 1986 she told the abusive priest's superiors what had happened. She told them that she didn't want to file a lawsuit but that she just wanted him to get help; but then she found out that the man who had abused her was given brief counseling and returned to ministerial work in her hometown. Since then, she says, nine other alleged victims of the same priest have come forward. Still, he remains in pastoral work.

"This is an important issue for women in the Church," says Blaine. "The Church teaches that women are inferior, that they are temptresses. But whether they are men or women, all victims need a sense of justice. That still hasn't happened for me."

Jeanne Miller, whose son said he was sexually abused by Berwyn priest Robert Mayer, believed that when she was invited to the Daughters of Charity gathering, she would be helping women like Blaine find that "sense of justice." She believed the group's findings would be presented to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

But Father Connors began to back off that position as the group sat around a conference table in St. Louis. Now Miller believes that Connors' intent was to begin a form of reconciliation between victims and clergy, which once again made her feel that the clerical leadership was more concerned with the priests and the lawsuits than with the victims.

"It is not a matter of reconciliation," Miller says, "it is a matter of resolution. I forgave Robert Mayer a long time ago. I recognize that he was a man with a problem who needed help. My son forgave him, too. What is unforgivable is that the entire faith system, the morals, values and principles, are hypocritical."

By 1991 Miller founded a group called Victims of Clergy Abuse Link Up. She got thousands of calls and used her own money to create a national network based out of her home.

On October 17, 1992, some 500 people gathered for Victims of Clergy Abuse's first national conference. They packed the ballroom of the Woodfield Hilton in Arlington Heights, Illinois. The audience held the full cast of characters. There were Jeffrey Anderson, the fearless litigator; Father Doyle, the Church's first whistleblower; Frank Fitzpatrick, the Porter victim who broke the silence; and hundreds of other victims, their families, concerned priests, nuns, theologians and clinical psychologists. Everyone, that is, but the abusive priests.

At the start of the meeting, Jeanne Miller turned the microphone over to Sipe, who was greeted with sustained applause. These were "good Catholic couples" appalled at the vitriol of their own Church, working-class fathers enraged over what had happened to their sons and daughters, young men with deep lines of pain etched on their faces from something horrible that happened a long time ago. Sipe looked out at them, took in the faces searching for truth, honesty, change, and thought about a German town where, in the year 1517, Luther posted his 95 theses and touched off the Reformation.

He opened his arms and said, "Welcome to Wittenberg."

*"This libretto tells of a young, restless nympho holed up in the Trianon, worried silly that the three tons of marijuana seized the day before can be traced to. . . ."*

# BARRY BONDS

*(continued from page 72)*

wasn't allowed in whites-only hotels and restaurants in the South. Life was even harder for his father, a black man living in prewar America.

**BONDS:** My grandfather grew up in a time when black people used to have to walk on the other side of the street, and he was never angry about it. That seemed weird to me. When he would tell about some guy calling him boy or nigger, treating him like dirt, I'd say, "Man, I would have killed him. Ain't nobody going to degrade me like that." But my grandfather said, "If you were born at that time, that was how it was. No, I would not put up with it now, but that was the way we had to live then."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel outrage for him?

**BONDS:** I felt happy, because of the way he turned out. My grandfather had a lot of reasons to be bitter and hateful but he wasn't. He didn't have a stitch of prejudice in him.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you think you would react to the bigotry he put up with?

**BONDS:** I couldn't deal with it now. But if I'd been born back then I guess I would put up with it, because I would have to. You could be killed if you didn't. I don't have to deal with anything like that, which is a good thing about society today. Life is easier for me than it was for him.

**PLAYBOY:** But society isn't color-blind yet.

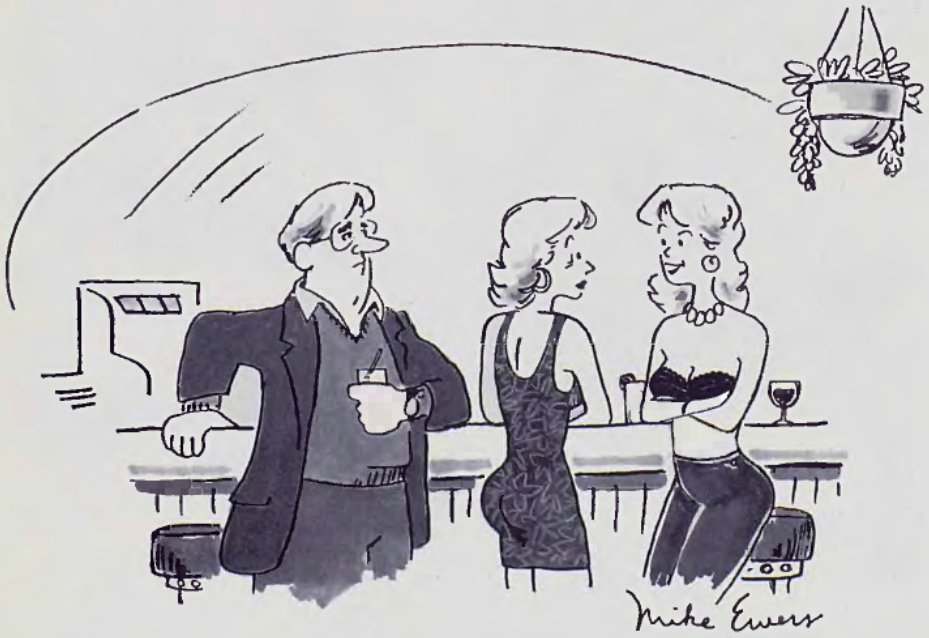
**BONDS:** No, it's not. Look at Mike Tyson in jail. The Clarence Thomas situation with Anita Hill, that's a big deal. Steve Howe got suspended for drugs eighty thousand times and he's back in baseball. Is that discrimination? I don't know, but it's upsetting. Where does it come from? What are people afraid of? Everybody fights together when there's a war. The whole country comes together, then the war is over and everybody's separate again. I wish there weren't any black and white, but there is. We can't change that, so let's try to enjoy the show together.

**PLAYBOY:** Your father in his day was considered one of the more militant black ballplayers. That may be one reason he was traded seven times. You seem to be more philosophical.

**BONDS:** I just think it's sad, the way things are even today. There are only so many black celebrities. Let us enjoy them. There's just a handful of us. All we can do is say, "Please, let us have ours." If it's me or Willie Mays or Jackie Robinson, do you have to say, "Jackie Robinson was a drug addict"? How can you criticize him when he couldn't stay at your hotel? Do you know how Mandela felt in prison? How can you make any kind of judgment when you never walked down the street with Martin Luther King? We have only a few heroes. Let us cherish our own, the little that we have. That's not asking too much.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you want to be remembered?

**BONDS:** I'm going to be forgotten, probably. I may never make the Hall of Fame. I haven't done anything yet to make it. But I want to go to the Hall of Fame, partly because of my father. Not for the status or anything. I just want my photo or my glove or my bat there, to say that this is my family and I was part of it and a part of baseball.




*"Watch it. He starts talking about the rain forest, and the next thing you know, he's up your dress."*

# ANTONIN SCALIA

*(continued from page 126)*

paper favored "hard-hitting investigative stories."

But those were free-speech issues involving governmental or commercial institutions, both of which Scalia is inclined to protect. His thinking changed when a case involved free speech as a constitutional principle. Once installed on the Supreme Court, for example, he had no problem joining Brennan's 5–4 majority in the flag-burning case, where he drew a sharp distinction between the Flag, which is a national symbol, and flags, which are pieces of fabric manufactured in flag factories. (If God is in the details, Scalia is in the sharp distinctions.)

Scalia also voted with the Court's liberals to uphold a law requiring employers to give unpaid leave to women temporarily disabled by pregnancy or childbirth, to invalidate the racially discriminatory annexation policy of an almost all-white town in Alabama and to apply, retroactively, a landmark ruling that prosecutors may not remove prospective black jurors because of race. He cast the deciding vote to free nonprofit advocacy corporations from laws that limit spending in political campaigns.

On the left, this provoked amazement and delight. Harvard Law School professor Laurence Tribe, a liberal's liberal if ever there was one, proclaimed himself more in agreement with Scalia during Scalia's first months on the Court than with any other justice. "The clarity of his analysis," Tribe said, "puts him in a class by himself." On the right, it produced dismay. "Let's hope," said conservative legal activist Daniel J. Popeo with nervous humor, "he doesn't get too friendly with the wrong crowd."

Popeo needn't have worried. Soon enough, Scalia was coming down harder than ever on the side of strong government and writing majority opinions or dissents that were implacably hostile to individual rights. He rejected the claim of a former soldier who had unwittingly been fed LSD by the Army in a secret experiment. He found no constitutional barrier to executing 15-year-olds. He crafted a bulletproof shield for federal government and military contractors that protected them against suits from service personnel and their families—even if soldiers or sailors had been killed by defects in a contractor's product.

•

How to explain these contradictions? How to comprehend someone who has seemed, at times, to share Brennan's heroic concern for individual liberties, but who, on so many other occasions, has behaved like a heartless fanatic of the extreme right?

One starting point is passion.

Throughout Brennan's long tenure, from 1956 to his retirement in 1990, there was never the slightest doubt about what he stood for: Brennan's passion for the Bill of Rights led him to defend individual freedom at every turn. Scalia is much cooler, sterner and more abstract. His passion is for order, consistency and "bright-line rules"—principles that can be applied simply and clearly. He does not join the liberal camp out of the goodness of his heart or the softness of his head but because he feels that he has found a principle that's clear and compelling enough for him to follow, no matter where it may lead.

The best example of this process came last year, when Scalia wrote a majority opinion that *The New York Times* called a "landmark" and *The Village Voice* hailed as "a startling triumph for free speech."

The case began with a cross burning in the predawn darkness of June 21, 1990, on the lawn of a home owned by the only black family in a middle-class neighborhood in St. Paul, Minnesota. Police arrested two white teenagers, described later as skinheads, and charged them with violating a city hate-crime ordinance. The older boy pleaded guilty. The younger one, a juvenile identified as Robert A. Viktora, was represented by a court-appointed attorney named Edward J. Cleary, who challenged the ordinance as unconstitutional.

Cleary, a self-described Irish Catholic Kennedy Democrat, was appalled by the crime that his client was accused of. But he also believed—without reservation—in free speech. As he studied the text of St. Paul's hate-crime ordinance—with its proscription of Nazi swastikas, of cross burnings and of words intended to arouse "anger, alarm or resentment in others on the basis of race, color, creed, religion or gender"—he saw a law that, with the best of intentions, contravened the First Amendment.

"When St. Paul said 'We don't want fighting words on the topic of race in our city,'" the 39-year-old lawyer explained recently, "they signaled that they didn't want fringe expression on the far right. That's what I felt was wrong. If you allow cities to pick and choose what they want to hear and to set political standards, you open the door to loss of liberty."

If the city had brought trespass or arson charges against Cleary's client, he would almost certainly have gone to jail. But the district attorney had chosen to prosecute him for the symbolic content of his act, and a county judge agreed with Cleary, finding St. Paul's ordinance unduly broad, impermissibly content-based and in violation of the young man's right to free speech.

When the judge's decision was reversed by the state's high court, Cleary appealed to the United States Supreme Court with a brief of uncommon clarity and eloquence. The Supreme Court agreed to hear the case and, in oral arguments, Cleary's position was promptly embraced by Scalia.

"The ideological issue that I addressed, and Scalia welcomed, was government betraying its proper neutrality," said Cleary. "Scalia played cross-examiner, but I'm a trial lawyer. I could see where he was taking me and I thought, Go ahead, take me there. When I said that defenders of these bias laws would claim that swastikas or burning crosses are only symbols rather than viewpoints being discriminated against, Scalia's basic question was, 'Well, they're not mere symbols, are they?' He was strengthening my argument, which was a sign that he sympathized with me."

In June of last year, when the Supreme Court struck down the St. Paul ordinance, Scalia used the case to redefine First Amendment protection. Writing for a majority that included Rehnquist, Kennedy, Souter and Thomas, Scalia stated flatly, as is his habit, that government may not silence "speech on the basis of its content."

Although the Court was unanimous in finding the St. Paul ordinance unconstitutional, it divided sharply on its reasons. Four justices—White, Blackmun, O'Connor and Stevens—accepted the ordinance's goal, while conceding that its language was sloppily drafted and overbroad.

To Scalia, however, the language was beyond repair because the goal—punishing some fighting words but not all—was fundamentally flawed. "Let there be no mistake about our belief that burning a cross in someone's front yard is reprehensible," he wrote. "But St. Paul has sufficient means at its disposal to prevent such behavior without adding the First Amendment to the fire."

Reaction to the decision was mixed. Like *The Village Voice*, *The New Republic* rejoiced, calling it "an occasion for the friends of free expression to dance in the streets." In St. Paul, however, the decision was greeted with anger and widespread sympathy for the victims; the local newspaper reported the story under the headline HATE CRIME LAW STRUCK DOWN.

It's almost impossible to overstate the eventual impact of Scalia's decision, which seems to have invalidated most campus codes that try to dictate politically correct speech. It also challenges the constitutionality of so-called enhancement laws that increase penalties for certain crimes if the crimes were committed with a motive of bias.

That's what happened in Wisconsin when a group of black youths who had just seen *Mississippi Burning* assaulted a white youth and left him permanently brain damaged. Because of enhancement laws, the leader of the group, a 19-year-old named Todd Mitchell, was sentenced to four years in prison instead of two. But 24 hours after Scalia's cross-burning decision was announced, Wisconsin's enhancement law was thrown out by that state's supreme court. Mitchell's sentence was thereby reduced to the original two years. Subsequently, attorneys general from 31 states joined the Wisconsin prosecutors in urging the Supreme Court to review that ruling. The Court agreed, and arguments were heard last spring. A decision is expected by July; only then will it be clear whether harsher criminal penalties for hate crimes will survive Scalia's landmark defense of free speech.

The bright-line logic of his opinion could hardly be clearer. Free can only mean totally free; neutral means neutral. As landmark opinions go, however, this one is singularly uninspiring. Even Ed Cleary felt puzzled when he read it. By any reasonable measure, the document was a remarkable victory for free speech and a triumph for Cleary. Yet the solo practitioner from St. Paul found himself wishing that Scalia, in all his lofty, steely rigor, had loosened up enough to talk about ordinary people's pain, as Brennan might have done, to say that the First Amendment can demand terrible sacrifice in exchange for its protection.

"Apart from the last paragraph of the opinion," Cleary noted, "where he says racism is reprehensible, Scalia doesn't really acknowledge the depth of the black experience. I'm sure he felt it was irrelevant to the intellectual arguments."

•

That's Scalia through and through. In content and style, his opinions are marked by bizarre bloodlessness and expressions of scorn. When Nancy Cruzan's parents tried to have their comatose daughter taken off life support, Scalia acknowledged that the case presented agonizing questions, but he yanked himself back from the brink of empathy. The answers, he added, "are neither set forth in the Constitution nor known to the nine justices of this Court any better than they are known to nine people picked at random from the Kansas City telephone directory."

He has also been quick to vent his spleen on his peers. When O'Connor's carefully hedged position in *Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services* prevented the Court from overturning *Roe vs. Wade*, Scalia denounced her refusal to address the broader issues of abortion as "perverse" and "irrational," and concluded in a furious dissent: "It thus appears that the mansion of constitutionalized abortion law, constructed overnight in *Roe vs. Wade*, must be disassembled doorjamb by doorjamb and never entirely brought down, no matter how wrong it may be."

Scalia's anger in this case was especially naked, thanks to his boundless hatred

of *Roe vs. Wade*. It's important to note, however, that despite his personal beliefs as a Roman Catholic, he has never advocated making abortion illegal. Here again, Scalia's passion is for simplicity and order. In his view, abortion is a political matter rather than a legal one, a hopelessly messy, ambiguous, contentious issue that the Supreme Court should leave to state lawmakers.

The trouble is that much of modern life is an ambiguous, contentious mess, and Scalia's loathing of disorder leads him to quick, simplistic fixes. Nowhere is this more apparent than in a test of religious freedom that began in 1985, when Al Smith, a Native American, and Galen Black, a non-Indian who had recently converted to the Native American Church, were working in Roseburg, Oregon as substance-abuse counselors for a private agency.

Recovering alcoholics themselves, they were forbidden by the terms of their employment from using alcohol or illegal drugs. When they revealed that they'd ingested peyote during religious ceremonies, they were fired. (Although some states have sanctioned the religious use of peyote, Oregon has not.)

"After I got terminated," said Smith, a member of the Klamath tribe, "I went down to unemployment to apply for benefits, and the guy says 'No, you're not entitled to unemployment because you've been fired for misconduct.' I said, 'What, for going to church? No way that's misconduct.' But he goes, 'Sorry,' so I started looking for an attorney, an Indian attorney."

Finding someone to handle the case was difficult, Smith recalled during a lull at a powwow in Siletz, Oregon. The problem was that Indian lawyers were too busy representing entire tribes to worry about one man's unemployment benefits. Eventually, though, Smith, who is now a trim and fit man of 72, got help from Legal Aid in Roseburg and brought suit against the state, claiming that his constitutional rights to the "free exercise" of religion had been violated. He won, but the state of Oregon appealed, and the United States Supreme Court agreed to hear the case.

On the surface, Al Smith's collision with the state resembled many other religious-freedom cases the Supreme Court had heard over the years. Usually the Court dealt with such conflicts by attempting to balance the importance of specific religious beliefs with the government's so-called compelling interest in enforcing certain laws. Jewish soldiers could not, therefore, wear yarmulkes on duty and Christian Scientist parents could not withhold medical treatment from their critically ill children, but neither could states compel Amish children to attend public schools.

Scalia detests such judicial balancing acts. While still an appellate judge, Scalia had contended that when a judge tries to balance all the factors in a case, "he begins to resemble a finder of fact more than a determiner of law."

Al Smith's attorney, Craig Dorsay, did his best to portray the religious use of peyote as harmless and worthy of a special exemption from Oregon's general law. But Scalia would have none of it. When he wrote his opinion for a majority that included Rehnquist, Kennedy, Stevens and White, he rejected Smith's right to use peyote in religious ceremonies. Then Scalia went further than any of his colleagues might have imagined: He also threw out the traditional test of compelling interest.

"Any society adopting such a system would be courting anarchy," he wrote, adding that "we cannot afford the luxury" of judges' devising exemptions for every minority religion. In the future, Scalia decreed, the only test of laws that conflict with religious beliefs would be whether the statutes in question were generally applicable and neutral rather than aimed at religion to begin with. As the opinion noted, states remained free to enact any laws they saw fit to protect religious practices, just as many had already done with peyote. But the Constitution, Scalia maintained, did not require them to do so.

The opinion shocked many legal scholars and religious leaders. In Scalia's relentless search for bright-line rules, he had taken a minor case and used it to rewrite the First Amendment's guarantee of religious freedom.

This provoked an emotional dissent from O'Connor. As she saw it, the state did have a compelling interest in enforcing its drug laws, so it was justified in firing the two drug counselors, but compelling interest was the key. To cast aside the Court's established balancing test as "a luxury" was, she said, "to denigrate the very purpose of a Bill of Rights."

Scalia conceded that his ruling would discriminate against minority religions in favor of those in the mainstream, since the nation's largest religious groups would always have the political clout to get legal protection. But the author of this stunning, sweeping and ultimately simpleminded decision declared the possibility of discrimination an "unavoidable consequence of democratic government." It was still preferable, Scalia said, to judges' being required to weigh the importance of individual laws against the importance of religious beliefs, or to a system in which "each conscience is a law unto itself."

•

In one of his most strenuous campaigns against ambiguity, Scalia drew a bead on the Eighth Amendment, which forbids the use of "cruel and unusual punishment." The case involved a man named Ronald Allen Harmelin, who had served as an honor guard in the Air Force but who, after leaving the military, became a pool hustler and a cocaine addict. In 1986 police in a Detroit suburb pulled Harmelin over for a traffic violation. When the cops checked the trunk of his car, they found 672 grams of cocaine and charged him with drug possession. To no one's surprise, prosecutors won a conviction.

The big shock came at sentencing. If federal sentencing guidelines had prevailed, a first-time offender such as Harmelin might have faced ten years in prison. But Michigan law mandated the toughest penalties in the nation for possessing more than 650 grams—about a pound and a half—of cocaine. Thus the judge had no choice but to give him the same punishment he would have meted out for first-degree murder—life in prison without parole.

Harmelin appealed to the Supreme Court, filing what is known as a pauper's petition from his prison cell. He claimed that his sentence violated the Eighth Amendment because it was disproportionate to his offense and to punishments elsewhere in the country.

The Court agreed to hear his case, which was unusually straightforward, since Harmelin never denied his guilt. He presented one issue only: Does the Constitution require the punishment to fit the crime?

It seemed clear to his attorney, Carla J. Johnson, that Harmelin's best hope lay in a 1983 case, *Solem vs. Helm*. There, a 5–4 majority of the Court had ruled that a criminal's sentence must indeed be proportionate to the severity of his offense. Johnson also took encouragement from a previous opinion, written by Scalia, which held that the death penalty for a juvenile was not cruel and unusual because several states allowed it. In Harmelin's case the opposite was true. Michigan was the only state to mandate a life sentence without parole for possession of 650 grams of illegal drugs.

But Scalia, the tireless advocate of states' rights, refused to buy the proposition. "Maybe Michigan has a bigger problem with drugs," he told Johnson during oral arguments. "Isn't a state entitled to feel more deeply about a problem that can cause a loss of human life?" And states' rights prevailed, in a decision of tortuous logic.

Of all the opinions Scalia has written during his seven years on the Supreme Court, Harmelin's may be the most interesting to students of English and American history, and the most alarming to students of the human heart. In 35 pages of exhaustively researched, narrowly reasoned text, Scalia, like some latter-day Marquis de Sade, lays out a compendium of man's cruelty to man that goes back to the Bloody Assizes of 17th century England, and includes such

dire punishments—perfectly legal at the time—as drawing and quartering, burning of women felons, beheading, disemboweling, pillorying, flaying alive, scourging to death, breaking on the wheel and rendering asunder with horses.

It is not that Scalia takes kindly to these techniques. On the contrary, he stresses their cruelty. But he also observes that the Eighth Amendment forbids punishment that is "cruel and unusual," not cruel or unusual. In Scalia's reading of history, the word unusual means illegal much more often than it means unfair. Thus he concludes that Harmelin's sentence, however cruel, was neither unusual, in the grand and ghastly scheme of things, nor illegal, inasmuch as the state of Michigan had enacted it into law.

And what of the already shaky precedent of *Solem vs. Helm*? "We conclude from this examination," Scalia wrote, "that *Solem* was simply wrong; the Eighth Amendment contains no proportionality guarantee." In other words, his answer to the age-old question of whether the punishment must fit the crime was a resounding no.

"In my opinion," said Harmelin in his prison cell, "Judge Scalia used my case to change *Solem*. I'm just an uneducated guy trying to read and understand what they're talking about, but that's the way I've interpreted it." His interpretation is correct. To Scalia, the seeker of bright-line law, *Solem* represented pure sophistry, because it required the Court to balance subjective judgments of the gravity of crimes against those of the cruelty of punishments.

But Harmelin is also right when he criticizes the news media for saying that the Supreme Court was trying to stiffen drug laws. "That wasn't true. In reality they were just saying they should stay out of it." One of Scalia's crusades has been removing the Court from conflicts that he believes are best resolved by elected lawmakers. By holding out the possibility of "retroactive legislation reduction" in Harmelin's case, Scalia's opinion emphasized a point he has made many times before: When the Court does get itself out of the business of balancing acts, individual states are free to change their own laws as they see fit.

That's what seems to be happening in Michigan. Shocked into action by Scalia's ruling and sympathetic to the plight of Harmelin and others like him, jurists and legislators have begun to reconsider the humanity and wisdom of the state's mandatory life sentences.

So far the most tangible result has been one narrow ruling by the Michigan Supreme Court, but it's a crucial one for Harmelin because it says that people in his situation are now eligible for parole after ten years. Harmelin, who is now 47 years old, has already served eight years, and he may be credited with one more for good conduct. He should be meeting a parole board in less than 24 months.

The possibility of parole, Carla Johnson said in her brief, makes a difference of kind rather than degree. Without it, a prisoner's life is "shattered beyond all hope." With it, a prisoner "can still plan and dream." Harmelin has started to plan and dream again, thanks, in a way, to Scalia, who insisted so pitilessly on the letter of the law that he encouraged the quality of mercy in others.

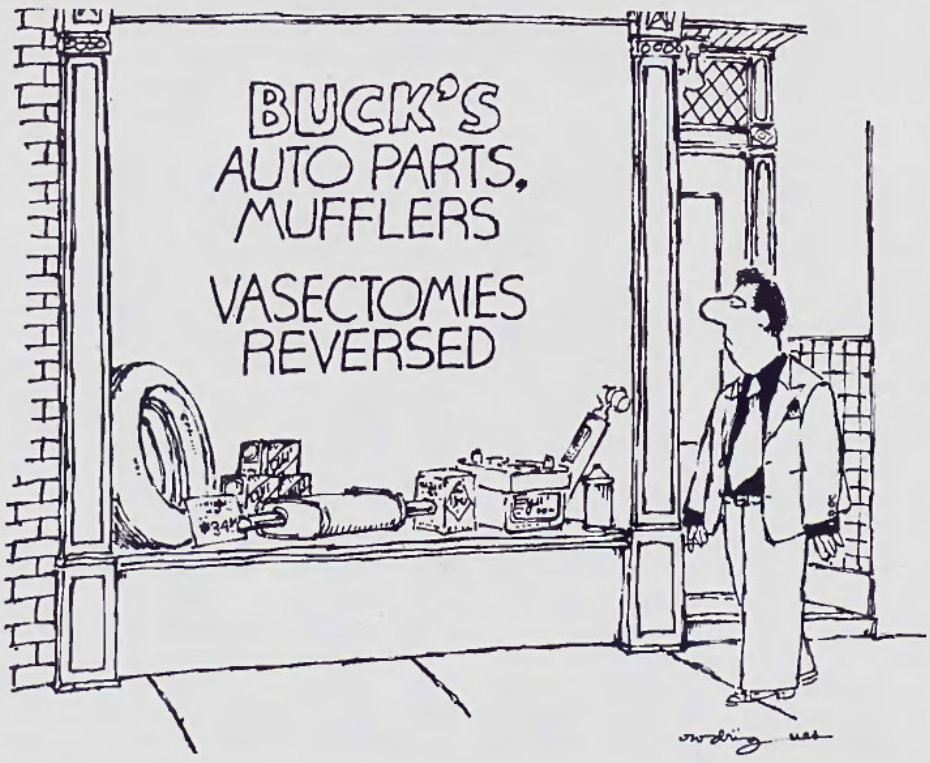
•

What's wrong with that? Not a thing, as far as this case is concerned. Then what's wrong with getting the Court completely out of the business of balancing conflicting interests that can never really be weighed accurately, let alone be put in equilibrium? That question raises a larger one: What is the Supreme Court's proper business?

Scalia's answer is simple: To judge appropriate issues—legal issues, not political ones—on the basis of a strict, literal reading of relevant law. Like his scholarly father, Scalia is first, last and always a man of the word. He has made a career of scrutinizing words, especially those in the Constitution, for their precise meaning. As we've also seen, however, he reads them with an eerie detachment from their human consequences. It's almost as if, somewhere back in childhood, little Nino had sat on his father's knee, watching him translate the glories of Dante into English. But Nino misconstrued the nature of the work, in the literal way that children do, and assumed it was merely a matter of defining what words mean rather than divining the spirit behind them.

This detachment has taken its toll: The most frequent criticism of Scalia's work is that it's mean-spirited. A more accurate term might be nonspirited, since he usually chooses, in the name of clarity and intellectual consistency, to exclude mysteries of the human psyche. Either way, though, that's what has made him a dwindling force in an expanding universe. Before Reagan and Bush embarked on their downsizing of the American spirit, the proper business of the Supreme Court was dispensing justice to ordinary citizens who could find it nowhere else. If Earl Warren, William Brennan and their allies had left it to the states to end segregation, blacks would still be sipping water from separate fountains. Now, ordinary people are hoping for justice once again.

They may have it sooner than anyone would have guessed a year or so ago. In addition to the retirement of Byron White, Justice Harry Blackmun may leave the Court soon, giving President Clinton two new appointments. Even though two new justices out of nine are more likely to moderate the Court's climate than to revise its arithmetic, fundamental change is sure to come, and Scalia may yet be a part of it. As a jurist who won't turn 80 until the year 2016, he has plenty of time to expand his horizons. For now, though, Scalia stands as the Supreme Court's clearest expression of where we were for the past 12 years, and the sharpest reminder of what those years cost us.



 *(continued from page 112)*

*"Feminism has been to the daily news what bacteria is to water. We consumed it without knowing it."*

surfaced, we were told, "Men don't get it." In fact, neither sex gets it. A man doesn't get a woman's fear of harassment, which stems from her passive role. A woman doesn't get a man's fear of sexual rejection, which stems from his initiating role. Both sexes are so preoccupied with their vulnerability that neither understands the other's vulnerability.

The difference? Feminism taught women to sue men for sexual harassment or date rape when men initiate with the wrong person or at the wrong time. No one has taught men to sue women for sexual trauma for saying yes, then no, then yes, then no during a sexual encounter. Feminism left women with three sexual options—their old role, the male role and the victim role. Men were left with less than one option—they were still expected to initiate in a relationship, but now, if they did it badly, they could go to jail for it.

Feminism justified female "victim power" by convincing the world that we live in a sexist, male-dominated and patriarchal world. In fact, the world is both male- and female-dominated, both patriarchal and matriarchal, each in different ways. Among other things, that's why patriarchy and male dominance double as code words for male disposability. The male's role—to provide and protect—led to the disposal of men in war and work (in the "death professions" of construction, firefighting, lumberjacking, trucking). While we acknowledged the glass ceilings that kept women out of the top, we ignored the glass floors that kept men at the bottom. Thus the *Jobs Rated Almanac* reveals that the majority of the 25 worst jobs "happened to be" male dominated.

By the Eighties, feminism's ability to articulate a woman's light side and a man's shadow side led to women's magazines, talk shows, self-improvement books and TV specials that equated progressivism with women as victims and men as victimizers. Rarely did we see women as victimizers and men as victims (of false accusations, emotional abuse or deprivation of visiting rights with their children).

It was soon considered progressive to criticize male legislators for making war, but not to credit male legislators for making democracy. In the United States, almost 1 million firefighters volunteer to risk their lives to save strangers. Of these, 99 percent are men. We see TV specials that ask the question, "Does the man next door molest girls?" but not "Does the man next door save girls?" In our everyday lives we might see six firefighters saving women, but no TV special points out that all six firefighters were men—or that male police officers, rescue-team members, lifeguards and ambulance technicians who save women's lives are far more ubiquitous than men who jeopardize women's lives.

During Mike Tyson's rape trial in Indianapolis, the hotel in which the jury was sequestered caught fire. Two firefighters died saving hotel occupants. Tyson's trial made us increasingly aware of men as rapists, but the firefighters' deaths did not make us increasingly aware of men as saviors. We were more aware of one man doing harm than of two men saving, of one man threatening one woman (who is still alive) than of dozens of men saving hundreds of people (and that two of those men died).

Men's expectations are about as deeply ingrained in society as women's were in the Fifties. Women's studies have helped women question their expectations. And this is positive. What isn't positive is the tendency of feminists to argue against men's studies because "history is men's studies." History books, though, do not encourage men to question their expectations. In fact, history books sell to boys the traditional male role of hero and performer. Each history book is advertisement for the performer role. Each lesson tells him, "If you perform, you will get love and respect. If you fail, you will be nothing."

To a boy, history is pressure to perform, not relief from that pressure. Feminism is relief from the pressure to be confined to the traditional female role. To a boy, then, history is not the equivalent of women's studies, it is the opposite of women's studies. It tells him that the only acceptable role is the traditional one. Women's studies do more than question the female role—they tell women they have a right to what was once the traditional male role. Nothing tells men they have a right to the traditional female role—an equal right to stay home full-time or part-time with the children, for example, while his wife supports him.

•

To acknowledge the full truth about sex roles—that both men and women are burdened by and benefit from them—was considered regressive. Worse, it didn't sell. Women bought the books and magazines, and publishers pandered to them, just as politicians pander to interest groups. Women became *Women Who Love*, and men became *Men Who Hate*. The pandering transformed a female strength—understanding relationships—into a female weakness: misunderstanding men.

In the past quarter century, feminism has been to the daily news what bacteria is to water. We consumed it without knowing it—both the good and the bad. Men were not perfect listeners. But many did absorb new concepts: sex object, glass ceiling, palimony, the battered-woman syndrome, deadbeat dads, the feminization of poverty. Slogans were focused on female concerns: "A woman's right to choose," "Equal pay for equal work," "Our bodies, our business." Men found their sexuality blamed for almost everything—sexual harassment, sexual molestation, pornography, incest, rape, date rape.

Men accepted as truth many assumptions of discrimination against women—women are the victims of most violence, women's health is neglected more than men's, women are paid less for the same work, husbands batter wives more, men have more power, ours is a patriarchal, sexist, male-dominated world. Many men condemned these so-called discriminations against women even as they accepted the necessity for discrimination against men—affirmative action for women, government-subsidized women's commissions, women's studies, government programs for women, infants and children. For men, feminism turned the battle of the sexes into a war in which only one side showed up.

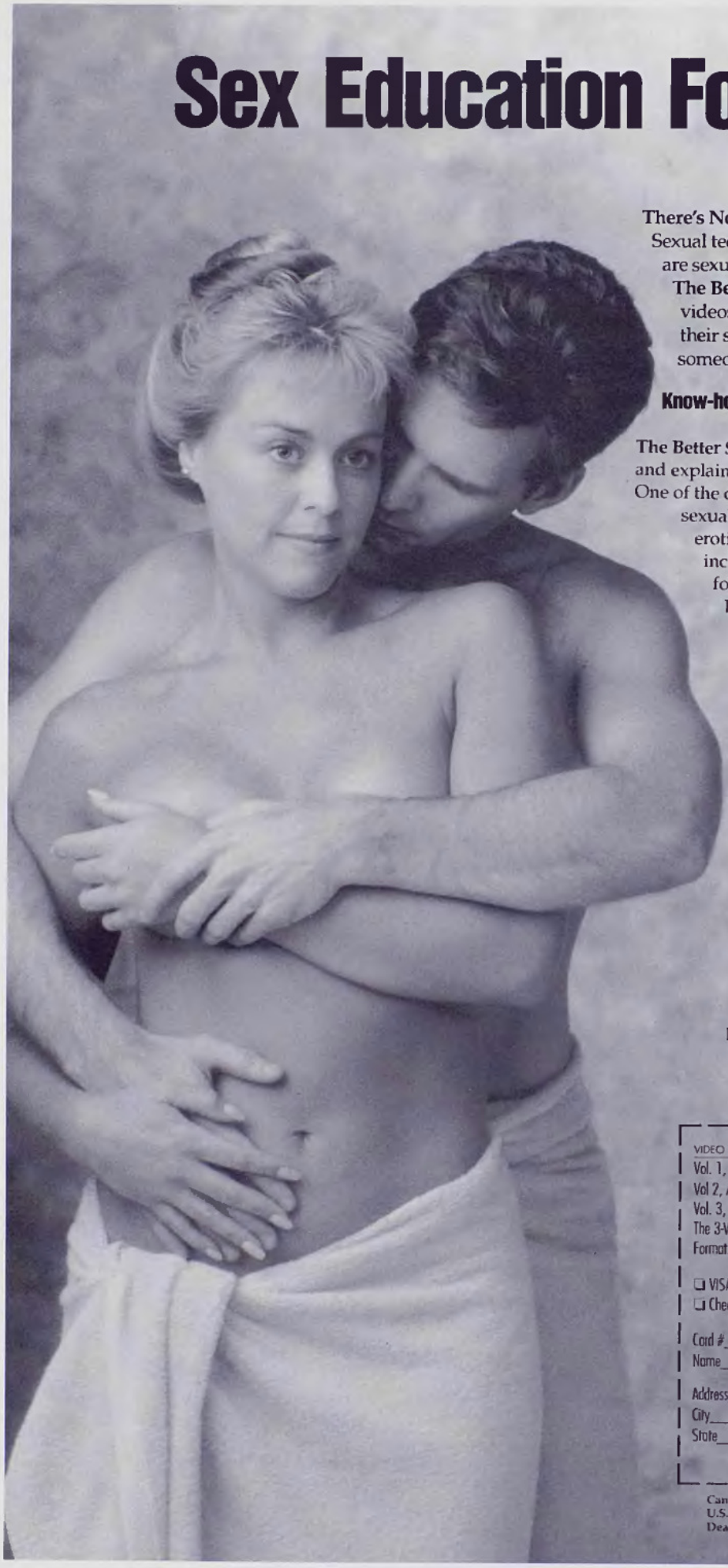
Have we been misled by feminists? Yes. Is it feminists' fault? No, because men have not spoken up. Simply, women cannot hear what men do not say. Now men must take responsibility to stand up for what they want.

Men can be thought of as searching for their inner perestroika. Just as Soviet citizens watched the world around them become freer, men watched the women around them become freer. In the same way Soviet citizens began to question if their perception of themselves as a powerful nation distracted them from facing their powerlessness, men are on the verge of questioning if their perception of themselves as the powerful sex simply distracts them from confronting their powerlessness. Men are appropriately beginning to see themselves for what they've become—a Third World sex.

•

In post offices throughout the United States, Selective Service posters remind men that they must register for the draft. Emblazoned across the body of a man is the legend "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do." Imagine the outrage if the post office posters said "A Jew's gotta do what a Jew's gotta do," or if a poster with the body of a pregnant woman

# Sex Education For Me?



**There's No Such Thing as a "Born Lover"!**
Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are sexually experienced, you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series**, the instruction videos for adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

**Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.**

**The Better Sex Video Series** visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. One of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, Dr. Judy Seifer, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

**Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy.**
All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy.
Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

**America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Videos**

# THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

**Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.**
**For fastest service with credit card orders, Call Free (800) 888-1900**
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Mail to: The Townsend Institute, Dept.ZPB31, P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

| VIDEO | QTY | PRICE EA. | TOTAL |
|---|---|---|---|
| Vol. 1, *Better Sexual Techniques* | _____ | $29.95 | _____ |
| Vol 2, *Adv. Sexual Techniques* | _____ | 29.95 | _____ |
| Vol. 3, *Making Sex Fun* | _____ | 29.95 | _____ |
| The 3-Volume Set – save $20 | _____ | 69.85 | _____ |
| Format: ❑ Beta ❑ VHS | Postage & Handling | | $ 3.00 |
| | TOTAL | | $_____ |

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard
❑ Check ***Make checks payable to The Townsend Institute. Sorry, No cash or COD's***
Card #_____ Exp._____
Name_____
*I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.*
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
Mail to: The Townsend Institute, Dept.ZPB31, P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable In U.S. Dollars. An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

had "A woman's gotta do . . . " written across it.

What might happen if steps were taken to rectify that situation? Imagine music playing on your car radio. An announcer's voice interrupts: "We have a special bulletin from President Clinton." The president announces, "Since 1.2 million American men have been killed in war, as part of my new program for equality, we will draft only women until 1.2 million American women have been killed in war."

If any other group—blacks, Jews, women or gays—were singled out to register for the draft based merely on characteristics at birth, we would immediately recognize it as genocide. But when men are singled out based on their sex at birth, it is called power.

What any other group would call powerlessness, men have been taught to call power. We don't call male-killing sexism, we call it glory. We don't call it a slaughter when 1 million men are killed or maimed in the battles of the Somme in World War One, we call it serving the country. We don't call those who selected only men to die murderers, we call them voters.

Our slogan for women is "A woman's body, a woman's choice." Our slogan for men is "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do."

Empires are often considered the quintessential example of men's desire for power and conquest.

Empires were to countries what insurance policies are to individuals: a source of security. For example, as European countries saw themselves as vulnerable to attack, empires became a buffer zone against that vulnerability. Likewise, the vast resources of an empire provided protection against food shortages and economic dislocation. It is ironic that we blame men for killing to create empires, and yet we live contentedly in the empires men create.

The accumulated wars that formed the United States are another example that men are considered less important than property. Men died for property, while women lived on the property that served as their husbands' graves.

Put another way, major powers became major powers through the deaths of men. Because men died, empires can be seen as a male form of subservience; because the intent was to protect men's families, empires can be seen as a male contribution to survival.

It is often said that women are a civilizing balance to the innately warlike male. It could be said that because men took care of the killing for women, men civilized women. When survival was the issue, men killed to protect the children that women bore; it was the male form of nurturing, their contribution to the civilizing balance. Whether killing in war or making a killing on Wall Street, men were protecting what women bore.

Throughout history, games and sports have prepared boys and men for battle. The more violent the game, the better the preparation. Today, violence against women is rightly abhorred. But we call violence against men entertainment. Think of football, boxing, wrestling, ice hockey, rodeos and auto racing. All are games used to sugarcoat violence against men, who need to accept—and find glory in—the prospect of death in battle. Yet even today the violence against men in sports is financed by our public education system and by public subsidies of the arenas in which sports teams play. Violence against men is not only called entertainment, it is also called education.

Imagine how we would feel if I wrote, "Today, violence against women is rightly applauded." We would know I favored the death of women; yet, when we applaud violence against men (as in football or boxing), we favor the death of men. We do it because we have learned that the more effectively we prepare men to sacrifice themselves, the more our women and children, our societies and our empires are protected. The subconscious translation of "our team winning" is "our society protected." We applaud violence against men and abhor violence against women because part of the purpose of violence against men is to protect women.

Death in battle isn't the only price men pay for being men. In 1920 women in the United States lived one year longer than men. Today women live seven years longer. The male–female lifespan gap has increased 600 percent. We acknowledge that blacks' dying six years sooner than whites reflects the powerlessness of blacks in American society. Yet that men die seven years sooner than women is rarely seen as a reflection of the powerlessness of men in American society.

Is the seven-year gap biological? Probably not. If it were, it shouldn't have been just a one-year gap in 1920. If men lived seven years longer than women, feminists might insist that life expectancy is the best measure of who has the power. And they would be right. Power is the ability to control one's life. Death tends to reduce control. Life expectancy is the bottom line—the ratio of life's stresses to life's rewards.

If power means having control over one's own life, then perhaps life expectancy is the best ranking of the impact of sex roles and racism on power. Here is the ranking, according to the National Center for Health Statistics:

white females—79 years
black females—74 years
white males—72 years
black males—65 years

White females outlive black males by almost 14 years. Imagine the support for affirmative action if a 49-year-old woman was closer to death than a 62-year-old man. Men face other sex-related risks as well. There was a journalist who lived near me in San Diego. Every day he went home to have lunch with his wife. Recently, as he got near his door, he heard his wife screaming. She was being attacked, so he did what most men would have done: He fought the assailant. His wife ran to call the police. The intruder killed him.

A friend of mine asked me: "What would you pay someone who said that if he was ever with you when you were attacked, he would intervene and try to get himself killed slowly enough to give you time to escape? What is the hourly wage for a bodyguard? As a man, that is your job every time you are with a woman, any woman, not just your wife."

What do men as women's bodyguards and men as volunteer firefighters have in common besides being men? They are both unpaid. Feminists make much of women's unpaid roles—chauffeur, housekeeper, nurse, etc. Men have not yet begun to investigate their unpaid roles.

•

Another way of looking at power is in dollar terms: spending power. The U.S. Census Bureau finds that women who are heads of households have a net worth that is 141 percent that of men who are heads of households. How can this be? The value of the net worth statistic is that it allows us to see what men and women have left when their expenses are subtracted from their assets. The women's median net worth is $13,885. The men's is $9883.

Among the wealthiest 1.6 percent of the U.S. population (those with assets of $500,000 or more), women's average net worth is greater than men's. How can so many of the wealthiest people be women when women hold almost none of the top corporate jobs? In part, by marrying the men who do and by living on after those men die.

A glance at any large store bears out this spending power differential. A doctoral dissertation presented at the University of California at San Diego found that retail stores in large shopping malls (including men's shops and sporting goods stores) devoted seven times as much floor space to women's personal items than are devoted to men's. Both sexes buy more for women. The key to wealth is not in what we earn, it is in what is spent on us, at our discretion or at our request.

According to *American Demographic* magazine, women control consumer spending by a wide margin in nearly every consumer category. And spending power brings other forms of power. Women's control over spending gives women control over TV programs because TV is dependent on sponsors. When this is combined with the fact that

women watch more TV in almost every time slot, shows can't afford to bite the hand that feeds them. Women are to TV what bosses are to employees. The result? Almost half of the approximately 250 made-for-TV movies in the 1991–1992 season depicted women as victims subjected to some form of physical or psychological mistreatment.

In my travels around the country, I've asked servers about the spending gap between men and women in restaurants. They tell me that men pay for women about ten times as frequently as women pay for men. The more expensive the restaurant, the more likely the man will pay. Women often say, "Men earn more." But when two women go to a restaurant, they don't assume that the woman who earns more will pay the bill. The expectation on men to spend more on women creates the spending obligation gap.

I got a sense of this gap as soon as I began dating. As a teenager, I loved baby-sitting. (I genuinely loved kids, and it was also the only way I could get paid for raiding a refrigerator.) But then I got to dating age. Alas, baby-sitting paid only 50 cents an hour. Lawn mowing, though, paid two dollars an hour. I hated lawn mowing. But as soon as I started dating, I started mowing lawns.

For boys, lawn mowing is a metaphor for the way we soon learn to take jobs we like less because they pay more. I believe that in their junior year of high school, boys begin to repress their interest in foreign languages, literature, art history, sociology and anthropology because they know an art history major will make less than an engineer. Partially as a result of different spending expectations (he may have to support a woman but cannot expect a woman to support him), more than 85 percent of college students who major in engineering are men; more than 80 percent of the art history majors are women.

The difference in the earnings of the female art historian versus the male engineer appears to be the measure of discrimination, when in fact both sexes knew ahead of time that engineering would pay more. In fact, the woman who enters the engineering field with the same lack of experience as the man averages $571 more than her male counterpart in her first year of employment.

If a man feels obliged to choose a higher-paying career he likes less, it is a sign of powerlessness, not power.

Don't men, though, have almost all the influence and power? In business and politics, yes. But we often ignore the influence of a mother over her children, including her sons. It is the mother who can make the child's bedtime earlier, take away desserts or ground the child. It is the hand that rocks the cradle that creates the child's everyday heaven or hell.

Few men have comparable influence. While traditionally the man was master of the house, a man now feels he is a visitor in his wife's castle in the same way a woman would feel like a visitor if she entered her husband's place of work. From a woman's perspective, a man's home is his castle. From a man's perspective, a woman's home is his mortgage.

Almost every woman has a primary role in the female-dominated family structure. Only a small percentage of men have a primary role in the male-dominated governmental and religious structures. Many mothers are, in a sense, the chair of the board of a small company—their family. Most men are on their company's assembly line—either its physical assembly line or its psychological assembly line.

Influence, though, is not real power. Mothers would laugh if we told them that having more children would give them more power. If we told mothers that having influence over ten children was their only path to love and respect, they would feel pressured, not empowered. But when we tell men, "The more people you supervise, the more power you will have and the more people will respect you," they buy it. Real power does not come from caving in to pressure to expand obligations. It comes from controlling your own life, not others' lives.

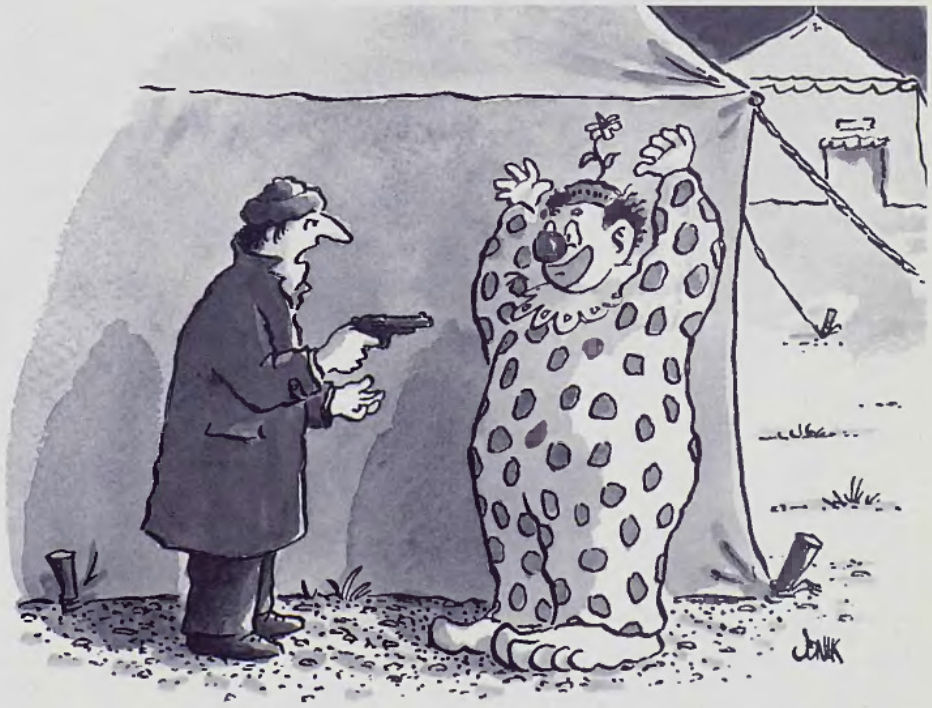
Did men historically have more control over their lives? Historically, a husband spent the bulk of his day under the eye of his boss. A stay-at-home wife did not spend the bulk of her day under the eye of her husband. She had more control over her work life than he had over his.

What about workplace security? The prohibition against divorce gave women security at work. Nothing similar gave men security in their workplaces. A man's source of income could fire him; her source of income could not fire her. Even today, if he quits his job, he doesn't get severance pay; if she initiates divorce, she takes half the corporate stock.

The media popularize studies reporting the greater amount of time a woman spends on housework and child care, concluding that women work two jobs while men work one. But this is misleading. Women do work more hours inside the home, but men work more hours outside the home. And the average man commutes farther and spends more time doing yard work, repairs and painting. What happens when all of these are combined? A study conducted at the University of Michigan (and reported in the *Journal of Economic Literature* in 1991) found the average man worked 61 hours per week, the average woman 56 hours.

Nor is this a recent change in men. In 1975 the largest nationwide probability sampling of households found that when all child care, housework, work outside the home, commuting and gardening were added together, husbands did 53 percent of the total work, wives 47 percent. So the image of women as the servants of men needs questioning.

The October 1969 article in *Psychology Today* titled "Women as Nigger" quickly led feminists to draw parallels between



*"OK, bud. Hand over your wallet. And don't try anything funny."*

The Perfect Unexpected Gift for Birthday, Anniversary or just to say "I Love You"
Panty of the Month.
Because lingerie is the gift that touches her when you can't℠
Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep—perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a foil-stamped card of affection.
Order this month and our professional lettering artist will hand-calligraph Happy Birthday or Happy Anniversary on her first package in silver ink.
This delighful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, USA Today and the Wall Street Journal.
24-hr. information hotline
1-718-P-A-N-T-I-E-S
718-748-2284 or 718-726-8437
©1992 L.A. Williams

VISION UNLIMITED ™

*Your Number One Source of...*

**Contact Lenses for Less!**

***Up to 70% Savings and MORE on all Name Brand Contact Lenses.***

For more information and orders, please call TOLL FREE.

**1/800-2 VISION**

**(1/800-284-7466)**

1009 E. 40th Street #301
Austin, Texas 78751

Clip and Save!

Clip and Save!

**CONDOMS BY MAIL!**

**50% OFF SAVINGS!**

Get the best condoms available today! Your choice of the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!), textured condoms for maximum satisfaction, SLIMS (slimmer condoms for a snugger fit), plus TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, more! Choose from 36 brands of condoms, including natural membrane, textured and colored. Plain attractive package assures privacy. Service is fast and guaranteed. Free brochure describes the features and differences between the brands.

*Send check or money order to:* DKT Int'l. Dept. 5PB41 55 Enterprise Way, P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

*Please send in plain package under your money-back guarantee:*

❑ #6403 Super 100 Collection ~~$19.95~~ $9.95

❑ #1232 21-Condom Sampler ~~$5.00~~ $3.00

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

the oppression of women and blacks. Men were characterized as oppressors, masters, slaveholders. Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm was widely quoted for her statement that she faced far more discrimination as a woman than as a black.

There was a germ of truth to the comparison. It allowed the hard-earned rights of the civil rights movement to be applied to women. But few of us realized how each sex was the other's slave in different ways.

If men had made such a comparison, they would have had every bit as strong a case as feminists. Not until we understand how men were also women's servants do we understand the sexual division of labor and, therefore, of the fallacy of comparing sex roles to slavery.

Men, like black slaves, were forced to risk their lives. Slaves did so in cotton fields so that whites would benefit economically. Males did so on battlefields so that everyone else might benefit economically. The disproportionate numbers of blacks and males in war increases the likelihood of blacks' and males' experiencing post-traumatic stress, of becoming killers in civilian life and of dying early. Both slaves and men died to make the world safe for someone else's freedom.

Slaves had their children involuntarily taken from them. Men have their children involuntarily taken from them. We tell women they have the right to children and tell men they have to fight for children.

Blacks were forced, through slavery, into society's most hazardous jobs. Men are forced, through socialization, into society's most hazardous jobs. Both slaves and men constitute almost 100 percent of the "death professions." Men still do. According to the Department of Health and Human Services, 94 percent of occupational deaths from injury occur among men. That should come as no surprise. The most dangerous jobs—firefighting, logging, trucking, construction and coal mining—are accomplished at the risk of men's lives.

When slaves gave up their seats for whites, we called it subservience. When men give up their seats for women, we call it politeness. Slaves bowed before their masters; today, traditional men still bow before women. These symbols of deference and subservience are common with slaves to masters and with men to women.

Blacks are more likely than whites to be in prison. Men are about 20 times as likely as women to be in prison. Blacks are less likely than whites to attend college or graduate from college. Men are less likely than women to attend college (46 percent versus 54 percent) and less likely to graduate from college (45 percent versus 55 percent).

Blacks who are heads of households have a net worth much lower than heads of households who are white. Men who are heads of households have a net worth much lower than heads of households who are women. No oppressed group has ever had a net worth higher than its oppressors'.

It would be hard to find a single example in history in which a group that cast more than 50 percent of the vote got away with calling itself a victim. Or an example of an oppressed group that chooses to vote for its oppressors more than it chooses to have its own members take responsibility for running. Women are the only minority group that is a majority, the only group calling itself oppressed that is able to control who is elected to every office in virtually every community in the country. Power is not in who holds the office. Power is in who chooses who holds the office. Blacks, Irish and Jews never had more than 50 percent of America's vote.

Women are the only "oppressed" group to share the same parents as the oppressor, to be born into the middle class and upper class as frequently as the oppressor, to own more of the culture's luxury items than the oppressor. Women are the only oppressed group that is able to buy most of the $10 billion dollars' worth of cosmetics sold each year, the only oppressed group that spends more on high-fashion, brand-name clothing than its oppressors, the only oppressed group that watches more TV.

The difference between slaves and males is that blacks rarely thought of their slavery as power, but men are taught to think of their slavery as power. If, in fact, men were slavemasters and women slaves, then why did men spend a lifetime supporting the slaves and the slave's children? Why weren't women supporting men instead, the way kings were supported by their subjects?

Our understanding of blacks' powerlessness has allowed us to call what we did to blacks immoral, yet we still call what we do to males patriotism and heroism when they kill on our behalf. We call it violence, murder and greed when men kill the wrong people the wrong way at the wrong time.

We try to adjust our immoral treatment of blacks through affirmative action programs. By thinking of men as the dominant oppressors who do what they do for power and greed, we feel little guilt when they die early in the process. By believing that women are an oppressed, slavelike class, we extend privileges and advantages to women that had originally been designed to compensate for our immorality to blacks. For women—and only women—to take advantage of this is its own brand of immorality. For men to cooperate is its own brand of ignorance.

# PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WAVE JUMPING

personal watercraft leave fun and excitement in their wake

Motorcycle riders know there's nothing as exhilarating as rolling on the power down a smooth straightaway or leaning their machine into a long, sweeping curve. Add sun and surf to either scenario and you'll understand why personal watercraft have become the fastest-growing segment of the marine industry. Unlike powerboats, these small, maneuverable machines let you interact with the water, dragging a knee as you carve tight turns, grabbing big air as you jump waves or cranking into a rooster-tail spin. What's more, they're propelled by a high-pressure jet pump that enables them to operate in shallow water. You can use your watercraft with a partner to explore secluded backwaters, intimate coves and other tight spots that larger boats can't reach. Factor in the freedom of the water (no yellow line on this highway) and you have the perfect summer fun machine. Here's what you need to know to get your feet wet.

### A WATERY GROOVE

Although personal watercraft have been around for 20 years, early models and current ones are as different as Model Ts and Ferraris. Kawasaki started the sport in 1973 with the first Jet Ski, a 26-horsepower stand-up machine that struggled to reach 30 miles per hour. In comparison, today's hottest models (listed in the box at center) crank out more than 70 hp and can top 50 mph. Not impressed? Take it from us: Fifty mph on a personal watercraft feels like 150 on the highway. And unlike pavement, water is an ever-changing surface that adds another dimension to the ride.

Speed aside, there are two types of watercraft: stand-up models, such as the original Jet Ski, and the more recent sit-down, or runabout, models. While stand-ups appeal mostly to athletic riders (mastering them requires good balance and coordination), runabouts are easy to ride. The hull is wider and more stable than a stand-up's, and you straddle the seat (like a motorcycle) with a foot in each footwell. Runabouts now include three groups of specialized craft. Entry-level and sport models are easy to maneuver. They feature 35-hp to 50-hp engines and can reach speeds up to 45 mph. They have a seat that can carry one or two riders and contain moderate storage space.

High-performance "muscle-craft" runabouts pack more wallop. Powered by 70-hp engines, these machines reach 50 mph and can corner nearly as tight as you can hold on.

For a different dimension in performance, check out the Yamaha Wave Blaster, an exciting new model that combines the agility of a stand-up with the seat and controls of a runabout. Created by Yamaha's motorcycle and watercraft designers, the 63-hp Wave Blaster leans in turns like a bike and is highly responsive to throttle and body position. With practice, you'll find the Blaster able to take corners even with your knee and elbow hitting the water.

If you prefer comfort to speed, try one of the touring runabouts. Longer, wider and heavier than sport and performance models, touring craft have an extended seat that can carry two or three riders, a larger fuel tank and plenty of storage space. While these machines provide a smoother ride in rough water and more stability than standard models, they also can cruise at more than 40 mph. In many states, a three-passenger touring craft may even be used to pull a water skier or kneeboarder.

### CREAM OF THE CRAFT

**Stand-up models:** Kawasaki 750SX ($5049), Yamaha Super Jet ($4949), Laser Jet Thunder Jet F-15 ($6495).

**Sport runabouts:** Yamaha Wave Blaster ($5999), Arctic Cat Tigershark ($5399), Sea-Doo SPX ($5499).

**High-performance runabouts:** Sea-Doo XP ($6199), Polaris SL750 ($6099), Kawasaki 750Xi ($6199).

**Touring runabouts:** Sea-Doo GTX ($6399), Kawasaki 750ST ($6399), Yamaha Wave Runner III ($5899).

As with any sport, you'll better enjoy riding personal watercraft if you have the right accessories. Essential gear begins with a personal flotation device (or life jacket), required by law everywhere. Eye protection is also important. Flexible wraparound sport shields, such as Uvex' Snosun goggles ($30), are a smart choice because they're lightweight and come with a strap that keeps them from sinking.

The combination of spray and air can chill you in a hurry at 40 mph, so a wet suit makes a lot of sense even in warm climates. Plus, if you "biff" (fall off) at a high speed, a wet suit will reduce the sting when you hit the water. In terms of styles, there are neoprene trunks or "shorty" suits ($80 to $100), full-length, one-piece suits ($150 to $250) and two-piece suits with separate tops and shorts ($185 to $350). The key is to choose a style that combines heavier material in the body with lighter, more flexible neoprene or spandex in the arms, knees and shoulders. Runabout riders should check out Jet Pilot's two-piece Freerider suits ($236), which come pre-bent in the rear and the knees for added comfort in the seated position. Other leading manufacturers include Ronny, Mobby's and Slippery When Wet.

As long as you're springing for a wet suit, you should also pick up a pair of gloves ($20 to $50), as well as a pair of aqua socks or watercraft shoes ($30 to $100) to protect your feet.

### OCTOBER MADNESS

If you want to witness watercraft racing's top dogs in action, take an October road trip to Lake Havasu, Arizona for the annual International Jet Sports Boating Association's Skat-Trak World Finals. The Daytona Speed Week of watercraft racing, this event draws more than 30,000 spectators and 600 amateur and pro riders from around the world to compete in slalom, closed-course and freestyle events. But there's more than racing at Havasu. New watercraft and accessories are on display in the midway, as are bikini contests. And the parties are legendary. Check it out.

—CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

Save Up To 75% On All Name Brand Contact Lenses

• No Membership Fee
• 24-Hour Delivery Available
• 100% Money-Back Guarantee
• Same Lenses As Your Doctor Has Prescribed For You
• Lowest Prices Anywhere– We Won't Be Under Sold
• FREE Cleaning Kit & Brochure

Contact Lens DISCOUNT CENTER

BAUSCH & LOMB ACUVUE
DuraSoft
Ciba Vision

INTERNATIONAL 407-998-9500

1-800-780-LENS
1-800-FAX-1552

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. © 1990 GEN MED CO

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-57
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

Searching for Hard-To-Find Videos?

Over 42,000 available videos

Call Critics' Choice Video's Video Search Line℠

1-900-370-6500

$1.95 for the first minute,
$.95 each additional minute

Cost of average call $3.40

We'll find any title, in any format—VHS, Beta, Laser or 8mm.

No search is too tough! If it's on video, we'll find it for you.

You can request specific titles, stars, or subject matter. Using our master database of 42,000 videos we can often give you immediate availability information. In other cases, we will research your request and call you back (this call is on us!) within 1-2 weeks. The decision to buy—or not to buy—is yours. There's no obligation. If you order a video through the Video Search Line, you get a $5.00 discount coupon good for your next order from Critics' Choice Video catalog, featuring 2,000-plus titles.

Call our Video Search Professionals, Mon.-Fri. 9:00-5:00 Central Time. Don't forget to ask for a free catalog. (Source Code 30172)

# necronauts

*(continued from page 96)*

"Ready?" DeCandyle called.

"Ready." But I had to say it twice before the word came out.

I felt a brief sting in my wrist. "Mr. Ray, can you hear me now?" asked DeCandyle, who had acquired a high, tinny edge to his voice, like Sorel's. I tried to answer but couldn't, wondering why, until I realized that the injection was working, that the trip was beginning.

That I was dying.

I felt an instant of panic and reached to pull off the wrist cuff, but my reflexes were slowing and by the time the impulse reached my left arm, I was too weak to lift it. Sorel (or was it DeCandyle?) was saying something now, but the voice was receding from me. I tried again to lift my hand; I can't remember whether or not I succeeded. I felt a sudden strong sense of shame, as if I had been caught doing something terribly, irrevocably wrong. Then the shame was gone. It had blown away. There seemed to be a wind blowing through the room, as if a new door had opened. My skin grew cooler and seemed to be expanding. I felt like a balloon being inflated.

In those first moments I didn't have the experience of which so many have spoken, of floating upward and looking down on their own bodies. Perhaps because of my blindness I had lost the impulse to "look" back. I was conscious only of floating upward, faster and faster, with no desires and nothing tying me to what was below. I felt myself dwindling, and there was a gladness in it, as if I were dwindling toward some tiny bright point that all of me had always yearned to be.

My naturalist's instincts, which I have carefully nurtured over the years as an essential balance to my artistic vision, were somehow missing in all this: I had no objectivity. I *was* what I was experiencing, which is just another way of saying there was no *me* to experience my experiencing it. Somehow this pleased me, like an accomplishment.

It was as I was becoming conscious of this pleasure that I saw the light, a lattice of light, toward which I was floating, as if it were the surface of a pond in which I had been submerged so long, and so deeply, as to forget that it had a surface.

I saw! I was seeing! It seemed perfectly natural, as if I had never stopped, and yet a great joy filled me.

I grew closer to the light and I seemed to slow. I felt myself spinning and "looked" back, or "down." For the first time, all in a rush, I remembered the car, my blindness, my life, the world. I saw specks floating like dust in shafts of light and wondered if that was all it had ever amounted to. Even as I puzzled over this I was turning back toward the lattice of light, which drew me toward it almost like a lover.

In their preliminary briefing, Sorel and DeCandyle had warned of the chill of LAD space, but I didn't feel it. I felt only awe and peacefulness, like the feeling one gets gazing down from a mountaintop into a sea of clouds. Perhaps my experience was moderated by the wonderful renewed gift of vision, or perhaps somewhere in my bones I knew that this death was not final and that I would soon return to earth.

I turned back toward the lattice of light (or was it turning toward me?) and saw that it was a display of light and light, no shade. I bathed in it, floated under it with a kind of bliss that I can compare only with that of orgasm, though it lasted for a long time, never peaking, never diminishing—a never-ending climax of quiet joy.

Was this heaven? Whether I asked that question then, or later, on reflection, I have no way of knowing. Memory and experience and anticipation were one to me. "After" I had bathed in this glory for what seemed an eternity (there is no sense of time in LAD space), I felt myself drifting back, down, away from the light. The light was receding and the darkness below was growing closer. I could see both in front and behind as I fell, and I was vaguely conscious (or did memory add this later?) of the darkness reaching up toward me like welcoming arms.

And I was blind again. Blind! I pulled back, toward death—and the light—and suddenly felt a sharp shock and the outrage that pain brings. Reeling, I felt another shock. Both, I learned later, were from the electroshock system built into the car, bringing me back to life.

I was conscious of hands on my face. I tried to raise my own hands but they were tied. Then I realized they weren't tied but dead.

Dead.

To describe what I felt as fear understates the terror that filled me. Although something—my consciousness? my soul?—had been revived, my body was dead. I had no sensation and couldn't move. My mouth was open, but not by my own will, and I could not close it.

It was only when I tried to scream that I realized I wasn't breathing.

The third electroshock came as a friend: I welcomed its violence as it ripped through me. I felt, for the first time in my life (or was this my life?), my heart stir in my breast as it clutched itself inward, sucking for blood greedily, like a child sobbing. I heard it bubbling as it filled. Then the blood flooded into my brain, ice-cold, and I could hear screaming all around me.

It was my own scream, echoing.

•

I must have lost consciousness again, or perhaps there was an injection to smooth out the reentry. When I awoke I

was breathing smoothly, relaxed, lying on a two-person gurney. It was 4:03 P.M. according to my braille watch. Only two hours had passed since my trip had begun.

I heard voices and sat up. A paper cup of hot tea laced with bourbon was thrust into my hand. My lips were numb.

"That first retrocution can be rough," DeCandyle said.

"How do you feel?" Sorel asked, at the same time. "Are you with us?"

I hurt all over but I nodded.

Thus began my journey to the Other Side.

•

"There is something creepy about those two," my ex said when she picked me up at five P.M. as arranged.

"They're OK," I said.

"She has no chin, but her nose makes up for it."

"They're researchers, not models," I said. "It's an experiment where I paint dream-induced images. Perfect job for a blind man." This was the agreed-on lie; there was no way I could tell the truth.

"But why a blind man?" she asked.

My ex is a cop. It is to her that I owe the independence I have enjoyed since the accident that blinded me. It was she who brought me home from the hospital and stayed with me, commuting daily from Durham where she works. It was she who managed the contractors and used the financial settlement from the Mariana Institute to rework my mountainside studio so that I was able to move (at first on ropes, like a puppet, and then independently) from bed to bath, from kitchen to studio, with as little hassle as possible.

Then it was she who went ahead with the divorce she had been planning even before the accident.

"Maybe they want somebody who can paint with his eyes closed," I said. "Maybe I'm the only fool who'll do it. Maybe they like my work, though I realize you would find that a little farfetched."

"You should see her hair," she said. "It's white at the roots." She turned off the highway onto the short, steep driveway to my studio. The low-slung police cruiser scraped on the high spots. "This driveway needs fixing."

"First thing in the spring," I said.

I couldn't wait to get to work. That night I began my first painting in almost four months—the one that appeared on the cover of the "Undiscovered Country" issue of the *National Geographic* and now hangs in the Smithsonian as *The Lattice of Light*.

•

One week later, at ten A.M. as arranged, Sorel picked me up at my studio. I could tell by the door handles that she was driving a Honda Accord. Funny how the blind see cars.

"You're probably wondering what a blind man's doing with a shotgun," I said. I had been cleaning mine when she arrived. "I like the feel of it, even though I don't shoot. It was a gift from the Outer Banks Wildlife Association. I did a series of paintings for them."

She said nothing. Which is different from not saying anything.

"Ducks and sand," I said. "Anyway, it's real silver. It's English, a Cleveland, from 1871."

She turned on the radio to let me know she didn't want to talk; the college FM station was playing Roenchler's *Funeral for Spring*. She drove like a bat out of hell. The road from my studio to Durham is narrow and winding. For the first time since the accident, I was glad I couldn't see.

I decided I agreed with my ex: Sorel was creepy.

•

DeCandyle was waiting for us in the lobby, eager to get started, but first I had to stop by his office to "sign" the voiceprint contract—that is, to affirm our agreement on tape. I was to join them on five "insertions into LAD space" one week apart. *National Geographic* (which already knew my work) was to get first reproduction rights to my paintings. I was to own the prints and the originals and get a first-use fee, plus a fairly handsome advance.

I signed, then said, "You never answered my question. Why a blind artist?"

"Call it intuition," DeCandyle said. "I saw the *Sun* article and said to Emma—Dr. Sorel—'Here's our man.' We need an artist who is not, shall we say, distracted by sight, who can capture the intensity of the LAD experience without throwing in a lot of visual referents. Also, quite frankly, we need someone who has a reputation—for the *Geographic*, you understand."

"You also need somebody desperate enough to do it."

His laugh was as dry as his palms were moist. "Let's just say adventurous."

Sorel joined us in the hall on the way to what DeCandyle called the launch lab. I could tell by the rustling sound of her walk that she had changed clothes. I later learned that she wore a NASA-type nylon jumpsuit on our LAD insertions.

I was pleased to find myself in the driver's seat again. Sorel strapped herself in beside me this time. My right hand was guided into an oversized, stiff rubber mitten.

"The purpose of this glove, which we call the handbasket," DeCandyle said, "is to join our two LAD voyagers more closely together. We have learned that through constant physical contact, some perceptual contact is maintained in LAD space. The name is our little joke. To hell in a handbasket?"

SAVE 50%!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Adam & Eve, one of the largest, most respected suppliers of condoms, offers you condom variety, including *Trojan, Lifestyles, Skinless Skins,* plus *Prime* with **nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubricant** and *Texture Plus,* featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of Japanese brands—the finest condoms in the world. All delivered right to your door.

As an introductory offer, you can get our 100-condom collection featuring 16 leading brands—a full $50 value—for only $9.95. **That's a 50% savings!** Or try our 21-condom or 38-condom samplers at fantastic introductory prices.

**Here's our no-risk guarantee:** If you don't agree that our products and discreet, direct-to-your-door service are the best available anywhere, we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

**Use the coupon below to claim your 50% savings now!**

**VISA or MasterCard orders call toll free 1-800-274-0333 24 hours, 7 days**

Send check or money order to:

**Adam & Eve**
P.O. Box 900, Dept. PB117, Carrboro, NC 27510

**Please rush in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee:**

- ☐ #1232 21-Condom Sampler...~~$6.00~~... **$3.00**
- ☐ #6623 38-Condom Sampler...~~$9.95~~... **$4.95**
- ☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler....~~$19.95~~... **$9.95**

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

"I get it," I said. Then I heard a *click* and realized he had not been talking to me but into a tape recorder. "How long will this trip last?" I asked.

"Insertion," DeCandyle corrected. "And we have found it's best not to discuss duration. That way we avoid clashes between objective and subjective time. As a matter of fact, we prefer that you not verbalize your experiences at all but commit them strictly to canvas. You will be driven home immediately after retrocution, or reentry, and will not be expected to participate in debriefings with Dr. Sorel and myself." *Click.*

"Now, if you have no further questions. . . ."

If I had further questions, I couldn't think of them. How much can you want to know about getting yourself killed?

"Good," DeCandyle said. I heard his footsteps walking away, and then I heard the drawing of the curtain that meant the trip—insertion—was about to begin.

"Ready, Dr. Sorel?" The car's monitoring systems started up with a low hum, like an idling engine.

Sorel said, "Ready." Her hand joined mine in the glove. It felt awkward. Rather than hold hands, we turned them so that only the backs of our hands touched.

"Series forty-one, insertion one." *Click.*

Again I felt the tiny sting, the sudden sense of shame and then the wind from somewhere else, and I was floating once more upward toward the lattice of light. This time, alarmingly, I could "see" a dark shape below that could only be the car, with two bodies slumped forward hideously, one of them mine. But I was gone. Then far off I saw the Blue Ridge and Mount Mitchell, which I had painted from every side in every season, even though I knew it was not visible from Durham. The mountains are lost forever to the blind, and I felt a sharp sorrow; then my sorrow, with my mountain, was lost in the light. The light! A shadow, chasing from below, drew closer and flowed into me and then out again as light. I felt it as an *other*: a presence not quite separate, womanly, yet part of me, linked to me like two fingers on one hand, as under the lattice of light we spun. Again I felt the sweet warmth like unending orgasm, only there was no again: Each moment was as the first. The lattice of light stayed always at the same distance, almost close enough to touch and yet as distant as a galaxy. Space was as indistinct and undifferentiated as time. The presence linked with me somehow doubled my own ecstasy; I felt, I was, twice everything.

Then something pulled me downward and I was alone, unlinked, unwhole again, spinning away from the light, feeling the warmth fade behind. Life from here looked as dark and lonesome as the grave. As before, there was the shock, the insult of pain, the agony as the cooled blood with its cold understandings rushed in. . . .

Bringing another darkness.

"Retrocution at five-thirty-three P.M." *Click.*

I was on the gurney again. Sorel must have revived (or retrocuted) first, for she was helping DeCandyle. I sat dazed, silent, numb, while they recorded my vital signs. Her fingers felt familiar and I wondered if we had held hands while we were dead.

"How long?" I asked, finally.

"I thought we weren't going to ask that question," DeCandyle said.

"I'll drive him home," said Sorel. She drove even faster than before. For the 20-minute ride we listened to the radio—Mahler—and didn't speak. I didn't invite her in; I didn't have to. We both knew exactly what was going to happen. I heard her footsteps behind me on the gravel, on the step, on the floor. While I knelt to light the space heater—the studio was cold—I heard the long pull of the zipper on her jumpsuit. By the time I had turned around, she was helping me with my clothes, silent, efficient and fast, and her mouth was cold, her tongue and her nipples were cold. I was naked like her and falling with her into my own cold, unmade studio bed, exploring that body that was so strange and yet so utterly familiar. When I entered her, it was she who entered me. We came together in a way I had forgotten was possible.

Twenty minutes later she was dressed and gone without a word.

•

My ex came by on Thursday with her boyfriend—excuse me, her partner—to drop off some microwavables. She left him in the cruiser with the engine idling. "You're painting again?" she said. I could hear her shuffling through my canvases, even though she knows it annoys me. "That's good. They say abstract art is good therapy."

She was looking at *Lattice of Light*, or perhaps *Spinners*. My ex thinks all art is therapy.

"It's not therapy," I said. "Remember the experiment? The dreams? The professors at Duke?" I felt a sudden foolish impulse to explain myself to her. "And it's not abstract, either. In the dreams, I can see."

"That's nice," she said. "Only, I had those two checked out. I have a friend in the dean's office. They're not professors, at least, not at Duke."

"They're from Berkeley," I said.

"Berkeley? That explains everything."

•

On Monday morning at ten, Sorel picked me up in the Honda. I offered her my hand, and from the tentative, almost reluctant way she shook it, I could tell that our sexual encounter had taken place in another realm altogether. That was fine with me. I found the university's FM station on the radio and we listened to Shulgin all the way to Durham. *The Dance of the Dead.* I was beginning to like the way she drove.

DeCandyle was waiting impatiently in the launch lab. "On this second insertion we're going to try to penetrate a little deeper," he said. *Click.*

"Deeper?" I asked. How could you get deeper than dead?

He spoke to me and the tape at the same time. "So far on this series we have seen only the outer regions of LAD space. Beyond the threshold of light there lies yet another LAD realm. It, also, seems to have an objective reality. On this insertion we will observe without penetrating that realm." *Click.*

Sorel entered the room; I recognized the swishing of her nylon jumpsuit. I was strapped into the car and my hand was guided into the glove—and I recoiled in disgust. Something was in there. It was like putting my hand into a bucket of cold entrails.

"The handbasket now contains a circulating plasma solution," DeCandyle said. "Our hope is that it will keep a more positive contact between our two LAD voyagers." *Click.*

"You mean necronauts," I said.

He didn't laugh; I hadn't expected him to. I slid my hand into the hand basket. The stuff was slick and sticky at the same time. Sorel's hand joined mine. Our fingers met with no awkwardness but with a kind of comfortable, lascivious hunger. DeCandyle asked, "Ready?"

Ready? For a week I had thought of nothing but the intensity, the excitement, the light of LAD space. The lab's machines started with their low harmony of hums. It seemed to take forever. The solution in the glove began to circulate while I waited for the injection that would free me from the prison of my blindness.

"Series forty-one, insertion two," DeCandyle said. *Click.*

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? My heart was pounding.

Then it stopped.

I could feel my blood pool, grow thick, grow cool. My body seemed to elongate—then suddenly I was gone, peeling away, up from the car, away from my body, into the light.

I was rising as if being pulled. There was no time to look back at my own body or the mountains. Faster and faster we were ascending into the realm of the dead: LAD space. I say we, for I was a shadow pursuing a shadow, yet together we were a circle of light, spinning in a harmonious dance. I ached for Sorel as a planet aches for its sun. The light loved us—and we spun, basking in its sweet climactic endless glow, luxuriating in a nakedness so total, as when the body itself has been stripped off and set aside. I

# THE ULTIMATE IN NATURAL HAIR REPLACEMENT SURGERY

## Beverly Hills, California

You're fit, you're muscular, your body's young, but your ever-receding hairline makes you look older than your years. Though baldness can be caused by various conditions (such as illness, burns, or accidents), most men with baldness (over two thirds of the male population) have male pattern baldness over which they have no control.

That doesn't mean they are doomed to live with baldness or an unnatural surgical result. A revolutionary breakthrough in surgical hair replacement, perfected by Beverly Hills facial plastic surgeons Richard W. Fleming, M.D., and Toby G. Mayer, M.D., makes it possible to eliminate baldness virtually overnight for most men.

Dr. Fleming and Dr. Mayer researched an idea conceived by a South American surgeon and have spent 16 years enhancing and perfecting this procedure to make it the most natural form of hair replacement surgery in the world. They have made so many major innovations to the technique that many people now refer to it as the "Fleming/Mayer Flap."

The technique involves taking a banana-shaped flap of skin covered with healthy, growing hair from the side of the head and lifting it over to replace the bald area. The donor area from where the flap was removed is then brought together and stitched, leaving an undetectable fine line within the hair.

The results are unlike those of any hair replacement technique. Unlike other methods of hair replacement, such as punch grafts ("plugs"), the Flap gives the patient a head of completely natural-looking hair. What makes this procedure even more remarkable is the immediate results. Because the hair is never totally deprived of its blood supply, there is no temporary hair loss as in punch grafting. This means a patient with frontal baldness can return to work one week after a Flap procedure with a full head of hair.

The hair density provided by this technique permits easy and varied hair styling because it is uniform and as thick as the hair on the side of the head. Unlike transplants, the Flap method allows hair to be parted in any manner the patient chooses, because there is not a "rows of corn" appearance and no change in hair texture.

For patients with extensive baldness a second Flap can be moved in about three months from the opposite side of the head and placed behind the first Flap.

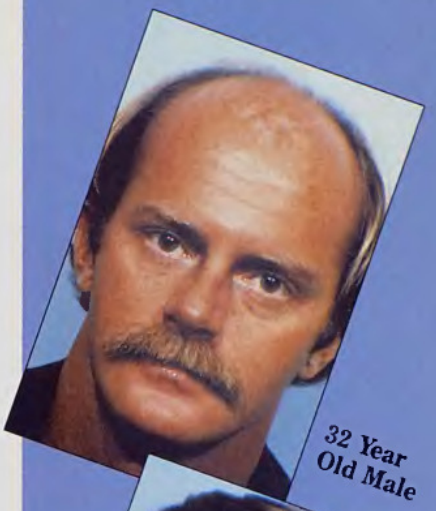
Drs. Fleming and Mayer are continually refining the art of hair replacement. The resulting system of the Flap and related procedures is designed to address any type of treatable baldness. One of their significant improvements is the "Fleming/Mayer Sculptured Hairline" procedure whereby the Flap is sculpted to create a very natural hairline.

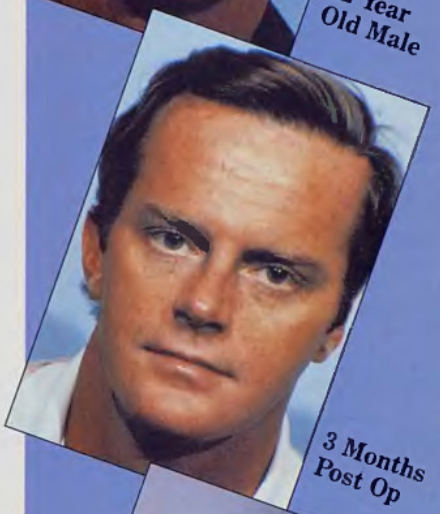
### KNOW YOUR SURGEONS

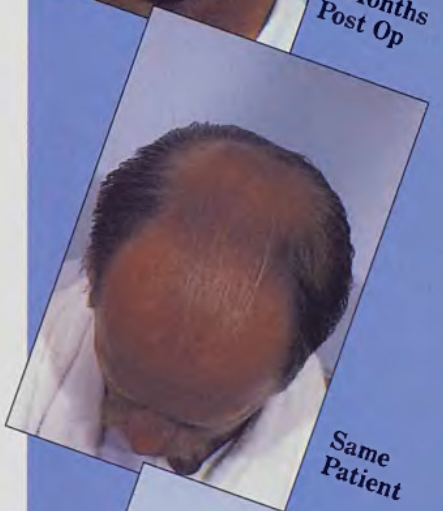
Toby G. Mayer, M.D., F.A.C.S., and Richard W. Fleming, M.D., F.A.C.S., are Medical Directors of the Beverly Hills Institute of Aesthetic and Reconstructive Surgery. They each have dual Board certifications, and are Fellows of both the American Academy of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery and the American College of Surgeons.

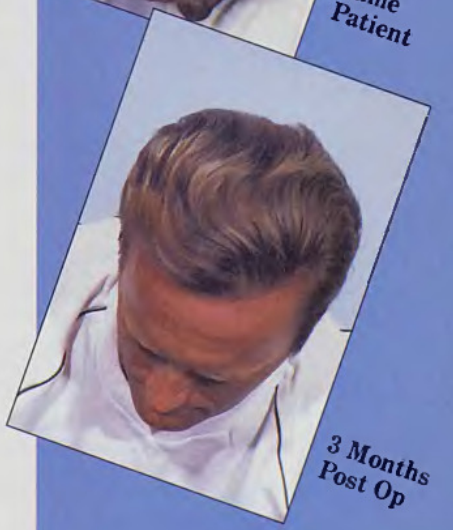
Dr. Fleming and Dr. Mayer are Clinical Professors and Past Co-Chairmen of the Division of Facial Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, Department of Head and Neck Surgery, at the University of Southern California. As recognized leaders in hair replacement surgery they have co-directed the International Symposium on Hair Replacement Surgery seven times. Their newest textbook, *Aesthetic and Reconstructive Surgery of the Scalp*, is destined to set the standard for this rapidly evolving field of medicine.

Ask your doctor about Dr. Fleming and Dr. Mayer's reputations as the world's specialists in hair flap surgery. Then call the Beverly Hills Institute for a free brochure or to schedule a confidential, personal consultation with the doctors.




### FLEMING/MAYER FLAP VERSUS PUNCH GRAFTS (PLUGS)

1. Hair uniform, can be combed in any direction, even straight back, with natural appearance.
2. Surgery is undetectable even when hair is blown or wet.
3. No change in hair texture.
4. Hair density thick.
5. Never need additional work in a Flap area.
6. Results are immediate. Hair does not fall out. Patient returns to work 4-6 days after Flap with dense, natural hair.
7. Cost comparable or less than equivalent number of plugs needed with much better and immediate results.

1. Hair must be styled to cover "rows of corn" appearance of plugs.
2. Plugs visible when hair is parted through transplant area or when hair is disturbed.
3. Hair is kinky and wiry.
4. At best, only 50% density.
5. Continual hair loss in "plug" areas. Requires future procedures.
6. Usually 2-3 years to complete. Transplanted hair falls out. Takes months to grow back.
7. Cost $15-$75/plug but can be spread over the several years it takes to complete the process.

**Free Hair Education Video**
**($10 refundable deposit)**

**The Beverly Hills Institute of Aesthetic & Reconstructive Surgery**
**416 North Bedford Drive, Suite 200**
**Beverly Hills, California 90210, (310) 278-8823**

felt like the gods must feel, knowing that the world we lurch through in life is only their cast-off clothes. We rose into the lattice of light and it opened before us.

I felt a sudden fear. It was slight, like the chill on the back of your neck when a door opens that shouldn't be opened. The light was darkening around me and the presence at the end of my fingertips was suddenly gone. I was alone. I thought (yes, dead, but I thought) something had gone wrong in the lab.

All was still. I was in a new darkness. Only, this was a darkness unlike the darkness of blindness: Here, somehow, I could see. I was alone on a gray plain that stretched forever in every direction, but instead of space, I felt claustrophobia, for every horizon was close enough to touch. The chill had become deep, cruel, vicious, bone-cold.

"Retrocution at three-oh-seven P.M.," DeCandyle was saying.

Sorel was slapping my cheeks. "We lost contact," I heard her say.

I wasn't in the car, I was lying on the gurney. I was freezing. "Duration one hundred thirty-seven minutes," DeCandyle said. *Click*. I sat up and held my face in my hands. Both cheeks were cold. Both hands were shaking.

"I'll drive him home," Sorel said.

"Where were we?" I asked, but she wouldn't answer me.

My studio was cold and I knelt to light the space heater. I fumbled with the damp matches, afraid she would leave, until I felt her hand on the back of my neck. She was undressed already, pulling me toward the bed, toward her plump, taut, cool breasts, her opening thighs. I forgot the chill I had felt in her womb, as cold and sweet as her mouth. How backward romance's metaphors are! For it is the flesh, scorned in song for so many centuries, that leads the spirit toward the light. Underneath our nakedness we discovered more nakedness still, entering and opening each other, until together we soared like creatures that cannot fly alone but only joined, the naked flesh going where our naked spirits had been just hours before. What we made was more than love.

"Does he know?" I asked afterward, when we were lying in the dark. I like the darkness; it equalizes things.

"Know? Who?"

"DeCandyle. Who do you think?"

"What I do is none of his business," she said. "And what he knows is none of yours." It was the end of our first and longest conversation. I slept for six hours and when I woke up she was gone.

•

"Turns out I have a friend at Berkeley, too," my ex said when she came by that Thursday to drop off more food. Cops have friends everywhere—at least they think of them as friends.

"DeCandyle was in medical school until he was kicked out for selling drugs. The other one was in Comparative Lit until she was kicked out in her junior year. All very hush-hush, but it seems she was using drugs to recruit students for experiments. I think there was even a death involved. I have another friend who's checking through the police department files."

"Dum de dum dum," I said.

"I'm just giving you the facts, Ray. What you do with them, if anything, is up to you." She was shuffling through my stacked canvases. "I'm glad to see you're doing mountains again. They were always your best-sellers. And what have we here? Pornography?"

"Eye of the beholder," I said.

"Bullshit. Don't you think this is a little gynecological for the *Natural Geographic*? I know they show tits and all, but——"

"It's *National*," I said. "And do me a favor." I nodded toward her partner, who was standing just inside the door foolishly thinking that if he stood perfectly still, I wouldn't know he was there. "As long as you and your boyfriend are playing Sergeant Friday, check out one more name for me."

•

On Monday I was supposed to deliver the first batch of paintings in the series. DeCandyle sent a hired van to pick me up. I knew the driver. He was a local part-time preacher and abortion-clinic bomber. I was careful to keep the paintings covered as we loaded them in.

"I hear you're working with the Hell Docs," he said.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm just going in for a treatment," I lied. "I am blind, you know."

"Whatever you say," he said. "I hear they're sending a man and a woman to hell. Sort of a new Adam and Eve."

He laughed. I didn't.

•

"Magnificent," said DeCandyle when he unwrapped the paintings in his office. "How do you do it? I could understand touch, sculpture; but painting? Colors?"

"I know what it looks like while I'm working on it," I said. "After it's dry, no. If you need a theory, my theory is that colors have smells, smells that are pitched too high for most people. So I'm like a dog that can hear a high-pitched whistle. That's why I paint in oil and not acrylic."

"So you don't agree with the article in the *Sun* that it's a psychic ability?"

"As a scientist, surely you don't believe that crap."

"As a scientist," DeCandyle said, "I don't know what I believe anymore. But let's go to work."

There was something different about the echoes in the launch lab. I was led directly to the gurney and helped onto it. "Where's the car?" I protested.

"We are dispensing with the car for the rest of this series," DeCandyle said. I knew he was only partly talking to me when I heard the *click* of his recorder. "With this insertion we will begin using the CT—or cold tissue—chamber developed while I was in Europe. It will allow us to penetrate deeper into LAD space." *Click*.

"Deeper?" I was alarmed. I didn't like lying down. "By staying dead longer?"

"Not necessarily longer," DeCandyle said. "The CT chamber will cool the home tissue more rapidly, allowing faster LAD penetration. We hope on this insertion to actually penetrate the threshold barrier." *Click*.

By home tissue he meant the corpse. "I don't like this," I said. I sat up on the gurney. "It's not in my contract."

"Your contract calls for five LAD insertions," DeCandyle said. "However, if you don't want to go——"

Just then Sorel came into the room in her jumpsuit. I could hear the swishing of the nylon between her legs.

"I didn't say I didn't want to go," I said. "I just want——" But I didn't know what I wanted. I lay back down and she lay down beside me. I heard the snap of tubes being attached. Guided by hers, my hand slid into the smelly, cold mash of the glove. Our fingers met and intertwined. They were like teenagers, getting together in secret, each with its own little libido.

"Series forty-one, insertion three," DeCandyle said. *Click*.

The gurney was rolling and we were pushed into a small chamber. I felt rather than heard a door close just behind my head: a softer *click*. I panicked, but Sorel clutched my hand and the smell of atropine and formaldehyde filled the air. I felt myself falling—no, rising—with Sorel, linked hand in hand, toward the light. This time we went more slowly and I saw our bodies laid out, spinning, naked as the day we were born. We rose into the lattice of light and it parted around us like a song.

And it was gone.

All around was gray darkness.

We were on the Other Side. I felt nothing. It filled me. I was frozen.

Sorel's presence now had a form: She who had been all light was all flesh. I find it impossible to describe, even though I was to paint it several times. She had legs, but they were strangely segmented; breasts, but not the breasts my lips and fingers knew; her hands were blunt, her face was blank and her hips and what I can only call her mind were bone white. She moved away into the gray distance and I moved with her, still linked hand to hand.

I felt—I knew—I had always been dreaming and only this was real. The

space around me was a blank and endless gray. Life had been a dream; this was all there was.

I drifted. I seemed to have a body again, though it was not in my control. For hours, centuries, eternities we drifted through a world as small as a coffin, yet never reached an end. At the still center of it all was a circle of stones. I followed Sorel down toward them. Somebody or something was inside.

Waiting.

She passed through the stones toward the Other, pulling me with her. I pushed back, then pulled away, filled with terror. For I had touched stone. Nothing here was real and yet I had touched stone. Suddenly I knew I was awake because everything was dark, only I could no longer see.

Beside me was her body, its dead hand clutching mine. I had never previously awakened—retrocuted—before Sorel. I reached up with my left hand, fearfully, tentatively, until I felt the lid of my coffin just where I knew it would be. It was porcelain or steel, not stone. But cold as stone. I tried to scream but there was no air. Before I could scream, there was a shock, and I fell into another, a darker, darkness.

•

"What you felt was the roof of the CT chamber," DeCandyle was saying. "It enables you to remain in LAD space longer without damage to the home tissue. And with ultrasonic blood cooling, to cross directly to the Other Side." It was the first time he had used the term, yet I knew exactly what he meant.

Someone was clutching my right hand—it was Sorel. She was still dead. I was lying on the gurney; it rocked on its wheels as I struggled to sit up.

I shuddered as I remembered. "Before I touched the lid, while I was still dead, I touched stone."

DeCandyle went on: "Apparently there are realms in LAD space whose accessibility depends on residual electrical fields in the home tissue." I waited for the click, which never came, and realized he was talking only to me. "There is a magnetic polarity in the body that endures for several days after death. We want to find out what happens as the electrical field decays. The CT chamber allows us to explore this without having to wait for the actual mortification of the flesh."

Mortification. "So there's dead and then there's deader."

"Something like that. Let me drive you home."

I was still holding Sorel's hand. I pried my fingers loose.

•

I couldn't sleep. The horror of the Gray Realm (as I was to call it in a painting) kept leaking back in. I felt like a man halfway up the Amazon, afraid to go on but afraid to turn back, because no matter what horrors lie ahead, he knows too well the horror that lies behind. The Devil's Island of blindness.

I ached for Sorel. We blind are said to be connoisseurs of masturbation, perhaps because our imaginations are so practiced at summoning up images. Afterward, I turned on the lights and tried to paint. I always work in the light. Painting is a collaboration between the artist and his materials. I know that paint loves light; I figure that canvas at least likes it. But it was no good. I couldn't work. It wasn't till after dawn, amid the harsh din of the awakening birds, that I realized what was bothering me.

I was jealous.

•

My ex came by a day early (I thought) to give me the microwavables. "Where have you been?" she asked. "I was trying to call you all day."

"I was at the university on Monday, as usual," I said.

"I'm talking about Tuesday."

"Yesterday?"

"Today is Thursday; you've lost a day. Anyway, we struck pay dirt with your other name. Noroguchi was the real thing, a tenured professor at Berkeley, in the medical school, no less. That is, until he was murdered."

I could hear her flipping through my canvases, waiting for me to respond. I could imagine her half smile.

"Don't you want to know who murdered him?"

"Let me guess," I said. "It was Philip DeCandyle."

"Ray, I always said that you should have been a cop," she said. "You take the fun out of everything. Manslaughter. Plea-bargained down from murder two. Served six years at San Quentin. The creepy one was an accessory, but she never went to jail."

"I thought you said they were both creepy."

"She's creepier. Did you know her tits are different sizes? Don't answer that. Did you know you have a blank canvas here in the finished pile?"

"It belongs there," I said. "It's called *The Other Side*."

•

On Monday it was DeCandyle who picked me up in the Honda. "Where's Sorel?" I asked. I had to know. Even if she was dead I wanted to be with her.

"She's OK. She's waiting for us at the laboratory."

"I'm dying to see her," I said. I didn't expect DeCandyle to laugh. He didn't.

He drove maddeningly slowly. I missed Sorel's breathtaking speed. I asked him about Noroguchi.

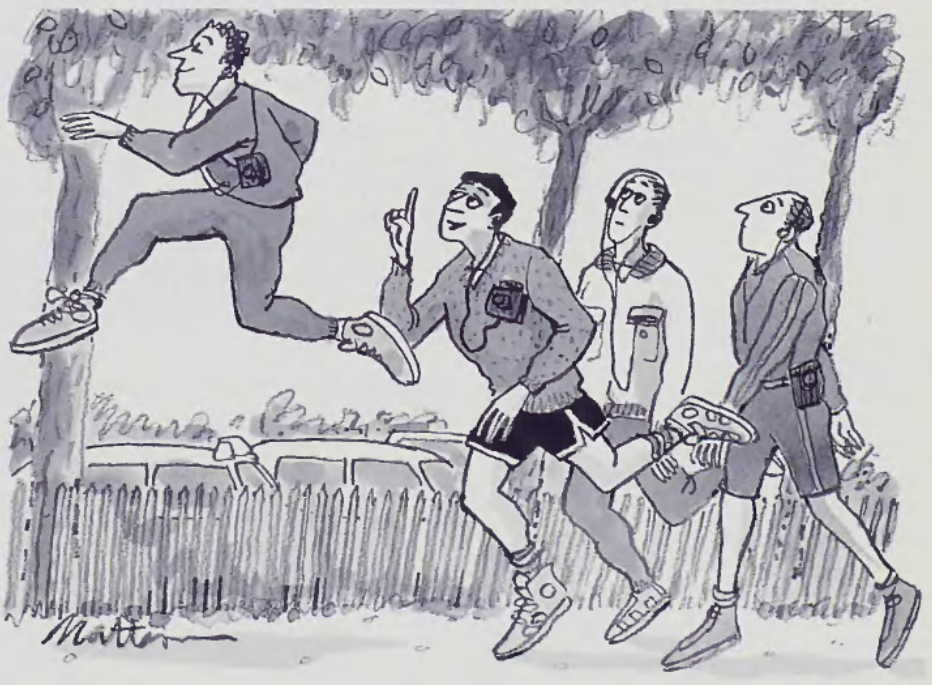
"Dr. Noroguchi died during an insertion—that is, he failed to retrocute. I was blamed. But I get the distinct feeling you've heard the whole story."

"And he's still there."

"Where else?"

"But why him? Millions of people are dead, but we don't see them."

"You've seen Edwin?" DeCandyle stopped and there was a scream of brakes as someone almost hit us from behind. He stepped on the gas. "We don't know why," he said. "Apparently, the connection persists when it's strong



*"Excuse me—which station are you tuned to?"*

enough. He and Emma were partners on many insertions. Too many. Emma's convinced that it's possible to penetrate deep enough to find him."

"To bring him back?"

"Of course not. He's dead. Edwin always insisted on going deeper, even though we didn't have the CT chamber then. It's Emma's obsession now. If anything, she's worse than he was."

"Were they——"

"Were they lovers?"

It wasn't what I was going to ask, but it was what I wanted to know.

"Toward the end they were lovers," he said. He laughed a bitter little laugh. "I don't think they knew I knew."

•

When we got to the institute, I heard rhythmic shouts and the unfamiliar crunch of gravel.

"We'll have to enter through the back," DeCandyle said. "We have demonstrators out front. A local preacher has been telling the natives that we are trying to duplicate the Resurrection."

"They always get it backward," I said.

We entered through a side door, directly into the lab. I sat on the gurney waiting to hear the swish of Sorel's nylon jumpsuit between her legs. Instead, I heard the sound of rubber tires and the faint ringing of spokes.

"You're in a wheelchair?"

"Temporarily," she said.

"Thrombophlebitis," said DeCandyle. "The blood clots when it pools in the veins for too long. But don't worry, the CT chamber diffusion fluid now contains a blood thinner."

We lay down together, side by side. My hand found the glove, which was between us. Was the solution getting old? There was a funny smell. Sorel's hand found mine and our fingers met in their lascivious, fond embrace, except——

She was missing a finger. Two.

Stumps.

My hand froze, wanting to pull away. The handbasket started gurgling and we were rolled forward, then stopped.

"Ready?"

"Ready." A part of me was scared. Another part of me was amazed at how impatient a third part of me was to die. We were rolled forward again, feet first, into the cold, slightly acrid air of the chamber. A door closed behind my head. Before I had time to panic, Sorel's fingers found mine and comforted them, opening them like petals, and there was the sting. My heart stopped, like a TV that has been turned off.

Or on. For there came a kaleidoscope of colors through which I rose, faster and faster. There was no looking back, no basking in the lattice of light. No sooner had I seen—no, glimpsed—the familiar splendors of LAD space than they were gone and we were in that other darkness. The Other Side.

It stretched around us, endless and yet enclosing. The "sky" was low like a coffin lid. Sorel and I moved stiffly, drifting, no longer spirit but all flesh. I was dead awake. I was conscious of her buttocks, the flesh on her arms that was fluted somehow, like toadstool skin, the cold insect smell as we circled the stone pillars that pinned down the low sky.

We seemed to get no closer as we circled the Pens (as I was to call them in a painting): They spun slowly in the center of our immobility, like a system of stone stars. Again, someone, some Other, waited inside. Under the lattice of light there was no sense of time's passage, perhaps because the spirit (unlike the body) moved at time's exact speed. But here, on the Other Side, time no longer buoyed us in its stream. There was no movement. Every forever was inside another forever, and the moments were no longer a stream but a pond—concentric circles that went nowhere.

There were other differences. In LAD space I had known, even dead, that I was alive. Here I knew I was dead. That even alive I was dead, that I had always been dead. This was the reality into which all else flowed, from which nothing came. This was the end of things.

My terror never diminished, nor did it grow: A still panic filled every cell of my body like uncirculating blood. Yet I was unmoved. I watched myself suffer as dispassionately as a boy watches a bug burn.

Sorel was dead white. She was somehow closer to the Pens, and when she reached out, the stone was right there. She turned toward me and her face was blank, a gaze of bone. Mine back at her was the same; our nothingness was complete. We were at the standing stones and through them I could see a figure. He (it was a he) beckoned and Sorel passed through the stones, but I pulled back. Then I, too, touched the stone (colder than cold) and I was with her again. We were inside the Pens and now there were three of us, and it was as if there had always been. We were following Noroguchi (it was surely he) into a sort of dark water, which grew deeper. It was I who stopped; it took all my will. I turned away and this time, Sorel, her face bone-blank, turned away with me.

I woke up in darkness, the blind darkness of the world.

I touched the lid of our coffin. It was porcelain, smooth and cold. I felt Sorel's hand locked in mine in the steel grip of the dead. I felt not panic but peace.

There was a shock, then another shock, and darkness came over the darkness, and all was still.

•

"We made contact," I heard Sorel's voice say. I was glad. Wasn't I?

I was on the gurney. I sat up. My hands were burning, my fingertips were on fire.

"The pain is just the blood coming back around," said DeCandyle. "You were inserted into LAD space for more than four hours."

It was unusual for him to volunteer a duration. And there was no click. I knew he was lying.

"I'll take him home," Sorel said. Her voice sounded tinny and far away, as when we were dying. "I can still drive."

It was morning. Dawn may not "come up like thunder," as Kipling put it, but it does have a sound. I rolled down the Honda's window and bathed in the cold air, letting the new day cover over the night's horror like a fresh coat of paint.

But the horror kept bleeding back through.

"We were gone all night," I said.

Sorel laughed. "Try two nights," she said. It was the first time I had heard her laugh. She seemed happy.

She pulled into my driveway but left the engine running. I reached over and turned off the key.

"I'll come in if you want me to," she said. "You'll have to help me in the door."

I did. She could hop on one leg OK. Under her nylon NASA-style jumpsuit, I was surprised to find smooth silk underwear with lace through the crotch. I could tell by my fingertips that it was white. One leg was puffy like a sausage. Her skin was tight and cool.

"Sorel," I said. I couldn't call her Emma. "Are you trying to bring him back or go with him?"

"There's no coming back," she said. "No body to come back to." She pressed my hand to the stumps of her fingers, then to her cold lips, then between her cold thighs.

"Then stay here with me," I said.

We fumbled for each other, our lips and fingers numb. "Don't take my bra off all the way," she said. She pulled down one cup and her nipple was cold and sticky and sweet. Too sweet. "It's too late," she said.

"Then take me with you," I said.

That was the end of my final conversation with her.

•

"Sort of a Stonehenge," my ex said when she came by on Thursday. She was shuffling through my paintings again. "And what's this? My God, Ray. Porn is one thing. This is, this is——"

"I told you, they're images from my dreams."

"That makes it even worse. I hope you're not going to show these to anybody. It's against the law. And what's that smell?"

"Smell?"

"Like something died. Maybe a raccoon or something. I'm going to send

William over to check under the studio."

"Who's William?"

"You know perfectly well who William is," she said.

•

On Saturday night I was awakened by a banging on the studio door.

"DeCandyle, it's two in the morning," I said. "I'm not supposed to see you till Monday, anyway."

"I need you now," he said, "or there won't be a Monday." I got into the Honda with him. Even when he was hurrying, he drove too slowly. "I can't get Emma to retrocute. She's been in LAD space for more than four days. This is the longest she's ever been gone. The home tissue is starting to deteriorate. Excessive signs of morbidity."

She's dead, I thought. This guy just can't say it.

"I let her go too often," he said. "I left her inserted too long. Too deep. But she insisted; she's been like a woman obsessed."

"Step on it or we'll get hit from behind," I said. I didn't want to hear any more. I turned up the radio and we listened to *Carmina Burana*, an opera about a bunch of monks who are singing their way to hell.

It seemed appropriate.

•

DeCandyle helped me up onto the gurney and I felt the body beside me, swollen and stiff. I quickly got used to the smell. Tentatively, with a feeling of fear, I slipped my hand into the handbasket.

Her hand in the glove felt soft, like old cheese. Her fingers, for the first time, didn't seek mine but lay passive. But of course—she was dead.

I didn't want to go. Suddenly, desperately, I didn't want to go. "Wait," I said. But even as I said it, I knew I hadn't a chance. He was sending me after her. The gurney was already rolling and the small square door shut with a soft *click*.

I panicked; my lungs filled with the sour smell of atropine and formaldehyde. I felt my mind shrink and grow manageable. My fingers in the glove felt tiny, miserable, alone, until they found hers. I expected more stumps but there were only the two. I made myself quiet and waited like a lover for the sting that would—I floated free at last, toward light, and saw the dark lab and the cars on the highway like fireflies and the mountains in the distance. I realized with a start that I was totally conscious. Why wasn't I dead? The lattice of light parted around me like a cloud, and suddenly I was standing on the Other Side alone—no, she was beside me. She was with the Other. We drifted, the three of us, and time looped back on itself: We had always been here.

Why had I been afraid? This was so easy. We were inside the Pens, which were a ring on the horizon in every direction, so many, so much stone, close enough to touch yet as far away as the stars I could barely remember. And at my feet, black still water.

Plenty of darkness but no stars on the Other Side.

I was moving. The water was still. I understood then (and I understand now) what physicists mean when they say that everything in the universe is in motion, wheeling around everything else, for I was in the black still water at the center of it all: the only thing that doesn't move. Was it a subjective or an objective reality? The question had no significance. This was more real than anything that had ever happened to me or ever would again.

There was certainly no joy. Yet no fear. We were filled with a cold nothingness; complete. I had always been here and will be here forever. Sorel is in front of me, and in front of her is the Other, and we are moving again. Through the black water. Deeper and deeper. It is like watching myself go away and get smaller.

This is no dream. Noroguchi is going under. Sorel grows smaller, following him into the black water. I know that there is another realm beyond this one, and other realms beyond that, and the knowing fills me with a despair as thick as fear.

And I am moving backward, alive with terror, ripping my hand from Sorel's even as she pulls me with her. Then she, too, is gone under.

Gone.

I reach up with both my hands and touch the lid of my coffin. My hand out of the glove drips the cold plasma down on my face. I am screaming soundlessly without air.

Then a shock, and warm darkness. Retrocution. When I woke up I was colder than I'd ever been. DeCandyle helped me sit up.

"No good?" He was weeping; he knew.

"No good," I said. My tongue was thick and tasted bad from the plasma. Sorel's hand was still in the handbasket, and when I reached in to pull it out, her flesh peeled off like the skin of a rotten fruit and stuck to my fingers. Outside we could hear the protesters' chants. It was Sunday morning.

DeCandyle and I waited until the demonstrators left for church, and then he drove me home. "I have killed them both," he lamented. "First him and then her. With twenty years in between. Now there is no one left to forgive me."

"They wanted it. They used you," I said. Like they used me.

I made him let me off at the bottom of the drive. I was tired of him, sick of his self-pity, and I wanted to walk up to the studio alone. I couldn't paint. I couldn't sleep. I waited all day and all night, hoping irrationally to feel her cold touch on the back of my neck. Who says the dead can't walk? I paced the floor all night. I must have fallen asleep, for I had a dream in which she came to me, naked and shining and swollen and all mine. I woke up and lay listening to the sounds coming through the half-open window over my bed. It's amazing how full of life the woods are, even in the winter. I hated it.

•

The next Wednesday I got a call from my ex. A woman's body had been found at the Psy Studies Institute, and there was a chance that I would be brought in to help identify it. Dr. DeCandyle had been arrested. I might be asked to testify against him, also.

But I was never questioned. The

*"I see a handsome man . . . unmarried, well-built, charming. He will burglarize your apartment."*

police aren't eager to press a blind man for an identification. "Especially when the university is trying to hush up the whole business," my ex said.

"Especially when the body is as erratically decomposed as this one," said her boyfriend.

"What do you mean?"

"I have a friend in the coroner's office," he said. "Erratically is the word he used. He said it was the most peculiar corpse he had ever seen. Some of the organs were badly decomposed and others almost fresh. It was as if the decedent had died in stages, over a period of several years."

Cops love words like decedent and corpse. They, doctors and lawyers are the only ones left who still speak Latin.

Sorel was buried on Friday. There was no funeral, just a brief graveside procedure so the proper papers could be signed. She was buried in the part of the cemetery set aside for amputated limbs and used medical-school cadavers. It was odd mourning someone I had known better dead than alive. It felt more like a wedding—when I smelled the dirt and heard it hit the coffin lid, I felt I was giving away the bride.

DeCandyle was there, handcuffed to my ex's boyfriend. They had let him come as the next of kin.

"How's that?" I asked.

"She was his wife," my ex said as she led me to her cruiser so she could drive me home. "Student marriage. Separated but never divorced. I think she ran off with the Jap. The one he killed first. See how it all fits together? That's the beauty of police work, Ray."

•

That was two and a half months ago.

The rest of the story you already know, especially if you receive the *National Geographic*. The story was a Ballantine Prize nominee: the first pictures ever from the Other Side, the Far Realm, or as Shakespeare put it best, the Undiscovered Country. DeCandyle even made it into *People* magazine—"The Magellan of the Styx Speaks from His Prison Cell"—and my gallery show in New York was a huge success. I was able to sell, for an astonishing price, a limited edition of prints, while donating (for a generous tax break) the paintings to the Smithsonian.

My ex and her boyfriend picked me up at the Raleigh-Durham airport when I flew back from New York. They were getting married. He had checked under the studio but found nothing. She was pregnant.

•

"What's this I hear about your fingers?" my ex asked when she called last Thursday. She no longer has time to stop by; a countrywoman cooks for me. I explained that I had lost the tips of two fingers to what my doctor claims is the only case of frostbite in North Carolina during the exceptionally mild winter of 199–. Somehow my touch for painting has gone with them, but no one needs to know that yet.

It's spring at last. The wet-earth smells remind me of the grave and awaken in me a hunger that painting can no longer fill, even if I had my fingers. I have painted my last. My ex—excuse me, the future Mrs. William Robertson Cherry—and her boyfriend—excuse me, fiancé—have assured me that they will send a driver to pick me up and take me to the wedding next Sunday.

I may not make it, though. I have a silver shotgun behind the door that I can ride like a rocket anytime I want to.

And I hate weddings.

And spring.

And envy the living.

And love the dead.

*"I said, 'Why in the fuck don't you watch where you're going?'"*

# HOW TO LOVE A LOBSTER

*(continued from page 130)*

including the wheelhouse. Crates for bait and lobsters take up the remaining space, leaving room for the crew to work.

Also in the wheelhouse are a radar, a loran and a VHF radio, none of them in use at the time. The only navigational instrument switched on was a depth-sounder. It has a brightly colored screen that shows the condition of the bottom of the bay: green and blue for soft bottom, red for hard. Depending on many variables, the lobsters might be on soft or hard ground, but since Pot Luck's traps had already been set, the screen wasn't used so much as a guide to lobsters as a map that, in conjunction with visible landmarks on nearby islands and on the mainland, told Mike where he was resetting his baited traps.

The Hutchings lobster kingdom contains close to a thousand traps laid out in pairs on the bottom of Penobscot Bay, marked on the surface with buoys painted in Mike's colors, red and yellow, and stenciled with his initials and license number. Each pair of traps, with line and buoys, costs him about $110.

Property and secrecy are two of the most important words in the lobsterman's glossary. But territory is definitely word number one.

"This is a wickedly territorial business," Mike said. "By law, people can fish where they like. Well, that particular idea doesn't mean a hell of a lot out here. You make the wrong move—fish where you shouldn't, haul the wrong traps—and it gets pretty mean. Fast. Some of those guys will threaten you first, maybe. More likely they'll cut your lines. Or they'll haul your traps and wreck them. Sink your boat if they have to. A lobster war is the same as a range war. It's all about territory. You have to protect your own. We haven't had much trouble up around here, but you look at Stonington, Vinalhaven, well, that's something else. In Casco last summer they were pointing guns at one another. Cutthroat, that's what it is, this business."

Whatever it is, the lobster-fishing business seems to work. Right now, there are more lobsters off the Maine coast than there have been in years. Although there was a slight decline in 1992, the 1991 catch was 30.8 million pounds, the biggest annual haul since records were instituted in the 1880s. In Canada they catch about three times that amount every year.

The marine scientists who study lobsters in the Maine fishing industry have theories about this abundance. As scientists engaged in the same work for the same reasons, some of them disagree with one another, some disagree with the fishermen and none of them pretends to know the true cause.

Theories include:

• Volcanic activity, which has temporarily changed the climate and increased water temperature. A warmer ocean has encouraged lobsters to think they're having a good time and thus breed in greater numbers.
• Lack of predators. The lobsters' natural enemies—cod, for instance—are disappearing because of overfishing.
• The fishing industry. If the industry had spent as much money on conservation in the past 50 years as it has spent on improved technology for hoovering the seabed, scientists say, there would be more cod. But it hasn't, so there isn't.

But there are lots of lobsters.

My personal belief is that while the population is booming, sensible innovations are needed to maintain it, such as forcing lobstermen at gunpoint to use fly rods and hypnosis.

In the absence of those controls, this is how to catch lobsters in Penobscot Bay:

Drive the boat up to the buoys that mark the traps, haul the buoys aboard and take a couple of turns of line around a hydraulic winch, which is driven off a belt from the engine. Then turn up the throttle until the traps surface, keeping fingers and loose clothing well clear of the winch, and let the spare line fall on the deck.

Loaded traps and a couple hundred feet of pot warp coming over the side and around the winch carry water, weed and bits of shell that spew in all directions. That's why you need oilskin pants. Mike's and Kenny's pants were bib types, while mine stopped at the waist. Within an hour I smelled as ripe as a clump of wet seaweed.

Lobstermen don't use the rounded wood-lath pots you see on postcards. The modern version is rectangular and made of plastic-coated steel wire, roughly 4′x 2′ and divided into two compartments, one for bait, the other to trap the lobsters after they've eaten. If they wanted to, the lobsters could get out the same way they came in, the dummies, but they are not known for deep thinking, so they usually blunder around inside the trap and wait for more grub. Undersized youngsters can escape through a special trapdoor if they can find it, but they're not as bright as they should be, either. Mike routinely catches and releases the same lobsters, recognizing them by marks or by the V-shaped notch lobstermen cut in the tails of egg-bearing females before they throw them back.

As each pair of traps came on board, Mike removed the inmates, then slid the trap along the starboard rail to Kenny, who took out the old bait and replaced it with fresh. This meant threading twine through the eye of a baiting iron, a thick, needlelike tool, and then through the eyes of a few salmon carcasses that he clipped inside the trap.

Every incoming lobster was measured, except those that were clearly too big or too small to be legal. The big ones go back because they make good breeders. To be a legal catch in Maine, a lobster must measure between three and a quarter inches and five inches from its eye socket to the back of its head, not that lobsters have heads as we know them. What they have is a carapace, which is the front end of the lobster. This is where you find the essential organs, including the lumpy slime that causes squeamish diners to cry, "I'm not eating that green junk!"

As all truly enlightened lobby lovers know, however, the only parts of a lobster you don't eat are the gills, the stomach and the vein—it's actually a waste canal—running down its back. The shell can be simmered in the water used to cook the lobster—this makes a base for lobster broth—or ground up and stored in a freezer for use in sauces and soups. The green junk is called tomalley and should be eaten along with the watery white meat inside the shell and all the other good bits that can be scraped off or sucked out.

I asked Mike how he liked his lobsters.

"My personal favorite," he said, "is the soft-shell. When you talk food, there's nothing sweeter on this earth than a soft-shell lobster."

•

Once the traps were rebaited, Mike dropped the buoys overboard and drove toward the next set of markers, leaving the line and newly baited traps to slide along the gunwale and over the stern. They don't slide gently off the boat, they go over in a great speeding rush, fast enough to take you with them if you get your foot caught in a loop. Nobody swims at their best while being dragged underwater by a pair of lobster traps and a couple hundred feet of wet rope.

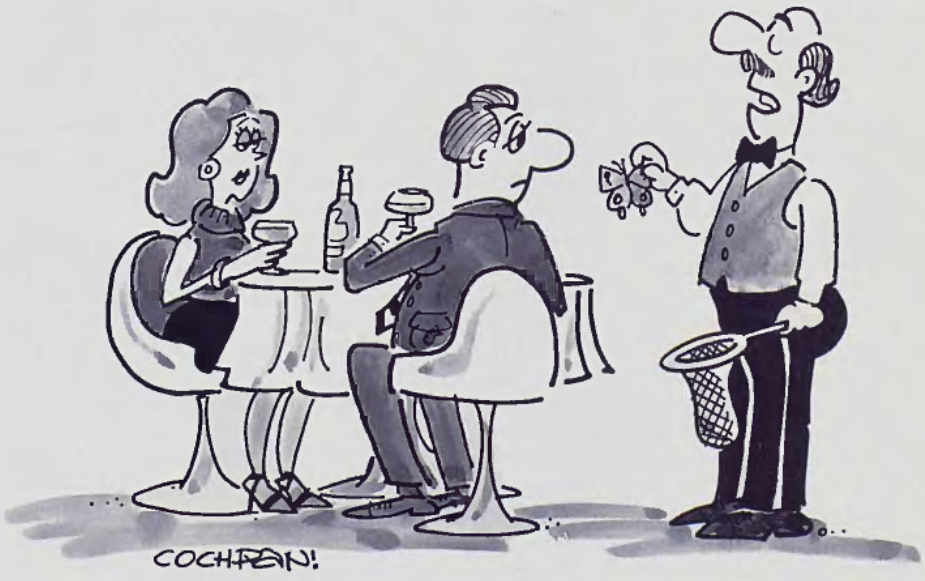
There was no idle chat while we worked. I concentrated on sticking rubber bands on the claws. For this you use a tool that looks like a pair of pliers. You slip a band over the closed end and squeeze the handles to stretch the band so it fits over the claw. After a couple hours your hand feels as if people have been walking on it with hobnailed boots.

Here's how to hold a live lobster: Grasp it behind the claws—firmly, but don't use a death grip—with the claws roughly parallel to each other. If your grip is too flabby, the lobster will flex its mighty tail and spring out of your hand.

"This is better than I expected," Mike said when we stopped to eat our sandwiches. He pulled back the throttle to a low rumble. Out of the lunchtime sun a prop-driven silver monoplane swooped down on us and banked off the starboard side, just above the water. It was one of Mike's friends. "He usually drops by if he knows that I'm out here." Mike was grinning like a big kid. "We might as well stay out till the candle falls out of the sky."

The candle started falling around five. By then we had four boxes of lobsters and a bushel of culls—lobsters that have lost a claw. The culls end up at Chinese restaurants or in the pots of buyers who cook the meat and sell it. Chances are that when you buy lobster salad, you are exploiting a handicapped lobster.

As we unloaded at the dock, I asked Mike whether the fishing was always as good as it had been that day. You can ask a commercial fisherman that question in any part of the world and you will get the same answer, even if his boat is sinking under the weight of the day's catch: "I've seen better." Damned if I have, but what do I know?




*"Who had the catch of the day?"*

# Bambi Chronicles *(continued from page 118)*

*"'I have no doubt in my mind. She'd kill again. If she wants something, she will kill.'"*

paying, or promising to pay, witnesses thousands of dollars to testify on her behalf. One convicted murderer was supposed to confess to the killing but then clammed up on the stand.

It was also during this time that a private investigator named Ira Robins decided to make the Bembenek case his life's work. He began an eight-year (and counting) crusade that would see him dredging up all kinds of new evidence, both credible and incredible, that something fishy had led to Bembenek's conviction. He almost singlehandedly kept the story in the news.

He also honed a gift for loopy invective. He called Assistant District Attorney Robert Donohoo and District Attorney E. Michael McCann criminals and called a judge a "paid whore . . . prostituting herself for the government."

Even with Robins on Bembenek's side, two appeals failed. Nothing much else happened until, as Bembenek recounts in her autobiography, *Woman on Trial*, her "testosterone radar" went off one day in late August 1989 during visiting hours at Taycheedah.

"Ooooh, who's *that!!!*" she quotes herself saying—complete with three exclamation points—when she saw Dominic Gugliatto (he was visiting his sister) walking through the prison yard in white tennis shorts and a crisp white shirt. She and Nick met, began corresponding and saw each other at visiting hours. After a trademark whirlwind romance ("She doesn't have a real good track record with guys, period," her friend Wally Janke says), they were engaged.

On July 15, 1990, less than a month before the planned prison wedding, Bembenek squeezed out a laundry-room window, gashed her leg on barbed wire as she scaled a fence, then slipped into Gugliatto's waiting car. The next day they were in Thunder Bay, Ontario.

And there they stayed for three months while Bembenek's story took on renewed momentum. Fred Schultz appeared on *Geraldo* via satellite from his Florida home to say he feared for his life. "She would do anything," he said. "I have no doubt in my mind. She'd kill again. If she wants something, she will kill." The camera then pulled back to reveal, sitting next to Schultz, Bembenek's original trial attorney, Donald Eisenberg, who dropped his own bombshell. "I also believe she is guilty. Everything I know points to the fact that she did it."

Meanwhile, Milwaukeeans donned Bambi masks, entered Bambi look-alike contests, slapped BAMBI ON BOARD stickers on their bumpers and hummed along to *Run, Bambi, Run*, a novelty song that flooded the local airwaves.

In Thunder Bay, Gugliatto couldn't find a job, so Bembenek took two, one as a fitness instructor and the other, again using her renowned judgment, as a waitress at a busy bar and grill half a block away from a police station.

It was there that she waited on a tourist passing through from California who later, watching *America's Most Wanted*, saw a face that looked strikingly familiar. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police went to the bar to question her after the tip had been faxed in, and they later arrested the two fugitives as they were trying to make a break for it.

Gugliatto was immediately sent back to Wisconsin, where he was convicted of aiding the escape of a felon and was sentenced to a year in jail. He quickly faded from Bembenek's heart. (The two continue to juggle the hot potato of who dumped whom.)

Still in Canada, Bembenek made a plea for refugee status. "Her refugee claim was that she could not receive a fair trial anywhere in the United States," says Donald MacIntosh, the Canadian Justice Department lawyer who conducted the government's case. "That is the single most preposterous allegation that any person has ever made in any court proceeding in either the U.S. or Canada." The architect of this defense was Frank Marrocco, a high-powered Toronto lawyer who wrote the book on Canadian immigration law. Marrocco spun out the proceedings for more than a year, virtually retrying Bembenek's murder conviction and squeezing out every drop of favorable PR he could while the Canadian government squealed that the whole thing was unfair.

Then, on the eve of the Canadian government's case—they'd dug up some stuff that might have tarnished Bembenek's Joan of Arc persona—the fugitive and her lawyers decided it would be more noble to return to Milwaukee, confront her persecutors in the district attorney's office and fight for justice toe-to-toe. Amazingly, that's how her retreat played out in the press: not as a brilliantly calculated public-relations ploy but as a courageous act of conscience.

At the time, a judicial inquiry called a John Doe had been launched in Milwaukee to determine if Bembenek had been railroaded by the police department and the D.A.'s office in its investigation of the Christine Schultz murder. The decision came down in mid-August, about four months after Bembenek returned to the States.

It was largely a slap in the face to her defense. Not only had no crimes been committed, the special prosecutor said, but the pet theory of the Bembenek camp—that Fred Schultz had hired Fred Horenberger to murder his ex-wife, and that somehow Judy Zess was involved—didn't make sense.

But it did offer Bembenek a glimmer of good news in finding that "significant mistakes were made that cannot be condoned or excused" in the original investigation and in detailing seven particularly serious police blunders.

Enter Sheldon Zenner, Bembenek's latest high-powered defense attorney, whose influence waxed while Ira Robins' waned. Says Zenner, "We took the case out of Ira Robins' realm of 'I'm working out of the trunk of my car and I have a document I'd like to show you.'" Even those who have a healthy respect for Robins' bulldog approach think Zenner was smart to stiff-arm the guy. "I can see why they froze him out," says Duane Gay, a Milwaukee newscaster and veteran of the Bembenek case. "Robins became an embarrassment. One time, Ira had filed some motion and had been turned down, and he stood up in court, cursed at the judge, walked out and pissed next to the courthouse. Is that the kind of guy you want in your corner when you're arguing the case?"

Getting dumped on by Bembenek and her lawyers has made Robins extremely bitter. To discuss the case with him is to get an earful of bile. "I believe that Lawrencia Bembenek is not guilty in this murder," he says. "I also believe she's a board-certified cunt."

Robins is still pursuing Horenberger. It's easier to blame him now because he can't put up much of a defense: He's dead. That's not his only qualification for taking the rap. He used to hang out at one of the bars Fred Schultz frequented, was a convicted murderer and burglar whose modus operandi—military garb, wig, .38-caliber gun, gagging the victim—was apparently similar to the one used by whoever killed Christine Schultz.

While he was alive, Horenberger loudly proclaimed his innocence in Christine Schultz's murder, and Fred Schultz backed him up. Now that Horenberger is gone, eight confidants, mostly cellmates and other shady characters, have sworn that he confessed to them.

It's the way Fred Horenberger died that has Robins' conspiracy juices flowing. One morning in late November 1991, Horenberger and a friend decided to knock off a Milwaukee doughnut shop. The caper went awry, though, and after a chase, Horenberger, finding himself cornered with two elderly hostages in a south-side bungalow, went into the basement and blew his brains out.

"That he committed suicide, we have a

problem with that," Robins says. "There were dog bites all over his legs from the police dog. These fucking people are not above murder. We're dealing with some people who are bad news."

•

In the legal profession, there's an old saw that goes: If the facts are against you, argue the law; if the law is against you, argue the facts; and if the facts and the law are both against you, attack the police department. After years of being pulled along by Robins' scorched-earth, attack-the-cops tactics, the Bembenek defense took a turn toward facts when Sheldon Zenner came on board.

The facts in this case are circumstantial and always have been. Both the judge at Bembenek's preliminary hearing and the one at her trial called it the most circumstantial case they'd ever seen. After years of scrutiny, the case hasn't gotten any less circumstantial. But Bembenek supporters have never been able to come up with anything but their own circumstantial evidence to battle the state's circumstantial evidence. The whole thing is a circus of circumstance, and may the best clown win.

Zenner filed a motion for a new trial. In the supporting brief he subjected the prosecution's original case to death by a thousand cuts. He took every piece of key evidence presented at the trial and cut it off at the knees, suggesting that witnesses were lying or that evidence had been tampered with.

A few examples:

- The wig. At trial the jury was shown a reddish-brown wig that had been removed from a drain common to the Bembenek–Schultz apartment and the one next door. The obvious implication was that Bembenek had flushed her disguise down the crapper. Recently, the neighbor, Sharon Niswonger, has come forward to say that she received an odd visit in early June 1981 from an acquaintance who said she was on her way to the gym and asked if she could change in Niswonger's bathroom. The next time the toilet was used, it overflowed. The visitor? Judy Zess.
- The strands of hair. The jury was told that color-treated blonde hairs—Bembenek was a hair tinter—had been recovered from the victim's body and from the gag in her mouth. At the trial, Dr. Elaine Samuels, who conducted Christine Schultz's autopsy, testified that the envelope the hairs were in was the envelope she'd put hairs in during the autopsy. But she was never told that the prosecution claimed that they were *blonde* hairs. Since the trial, Samuels has insisted that she never recovered any blonde hairs in her autopsy.

Ira Robins discovered that during the police investigation the gag had been checked out of the crime lab and was unsealed so that it could be shown to a potential witness—Judy Zess. It was only after the gag was returned to the lab that the blonde hairs were found on it.

- The witnesses. Two key prosecution witnesses at the trial were Fred Schultz and Judy Zess. Because no one had written down the serial number of the gun Schultz and his partner had inspected the night of the murder, Schultz was needed to testify that the murder weapon was his off-duty gun, which had been in his apartment with Bembenek that night.

At the time of the preliminary hearing, Schultz was under internal police department investigation for dancing nude at the picnic and also for perjury—something Bembenek's defense team should have been told. When two officers went to District Attorney McCann to get a John Doe inquiry into Schultz's activities, McCann's response was, "Do you want Bembenek or do you want Schultz?"

Zess was used to connect Bembenek with virtually every other piece of prosecution evidence. She testified that Bembenek had owned a plastic travel clothesline, which was never found. She said she'd seen a green jogging suit at the apartment, though it was never discovered. She said Bembenek and Schultz


# Sensual Products

**How to order them without embarrassment.**

**How to use them without disappointment.**

From *Sexual Secrets, A Couples Guide to Sexual Ecstasy*, available from the Xandria Collection

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

**What is The Xandria Collection?**

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 18 years (since 1974).

**First, we guarantee your privacy.** Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

**Second, we guarantee your satisfaction.** If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

**Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year.** If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection...a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

**The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0793**
**P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131**

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

often wore bandannas like the one the murderer had used as a gag. And she quoted Bembenek on having Christine Schultz blown away.

Zess has recanted her testimony (and then recanted her recantations) so many times since the trial that she would be crucified if brought before another jury.

None of this stuff is new, and Assistant D.A. Donohoo has developed an uncontrollable verbal tic when confronted with this kind of evidence. "So what?" he'll say. "So what?" Over and over.

Zess used the neighbor's bathroom before the toilet overflowed? "So what? All it proves is that Judy Zess is capable of going to the bathroom by herself."

As for Elaine Samuels' testimony about the strands of hair, Donohoo seems almost gleeful at the prospect of getting her up on the stand and tearing her apart. Samuels is an eccentric of the 50-cat-owning variety. She made headlines in the late Seventies for collecting jars of human testicles from her autopsy subjects, supposedly for a research project. More to the point, her job was abolished after she ruined key evidence in three murder cases and took too long to complete autopsy reports.

And while District Attorney McCann surely regrets asking if the police would rather go after Bembenek or Schultz, the underlying theory wasn't too outrageous: Schultz's perjury was for such things as lying on his marriage-license application. For that, you're going to let a murderer walk?

But Zenner's brief did highlight one piece of new evidence:

• The gun. According to members of the jury, it was Bembenek's access to the murder weapon that convicted her. But while Bembenek was fighting extradition in Toronto, her defense team struck on a novel argument.

When Christine Schultz was shot, the gun was pressed against her back. The pressure of expanding gases from a close gunshot forms a distinct reddish imprint of the muzzle around the wound. Mary Woehrer, a Milwaukee attorney and cohort of Ira Robins, had the inspiration to send photos of the wound, with measurements, and muzzle impressions made in modeling clay to top forensic specialists in Canada and the United States. The finding, from five separate forensic pathologists, was that the muzzle imprint around the wound was two and a half times as wide as the muzzle of the supposed murder weapon. That gun, they said, couldn't have committed this murder. And if the gun was innocent, so was Laurie Bembenek.

But, of course, it isn't quite that easy. Donohoo produced his own expert, Dr. Vincent Di Maio, a man who has written a book on gunshot wounds and who says he often sees muzzle imprints two or two and a half times the size of the muzzle. Furthermore, Di Maio says his testimony is more credible than those of Bembenek's five experts. "They run medical examiner's offices," he says. "I run a medical examiner's office and a crime lab. I get the body and I get the gun. I just have to put the two together."

So it comes down to dueling experts, dueling theories, dueling contentions about the original evidence. No one knows how a new jury would have reacted, but it's hard to read Zenner's brief and imagine anyone finding Bembenek guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

Donohoo was clearly struck by this once the brief was filed. He began negotiating with Zenner over a plea bargain for Bembenek. "Criminal prosecutions rarely improve with age," he said later at her plea-and-sentencing hearing. "This case is no exception, and the state has identified several areas that would make a second prosecution substantially more difficult than the first."

Bembenek was looking at spending three more years behind bars while justice was slowly grinding through a motion for a new trial, the trial itself (if granted) and the inevitable appeals. In the end she decided to sacrifice the hope of exoneration for the lure of freedom, and Zenner and Donohoo struck a deal. They would go to the original trial judge to vacate the conviction for first-degree murder and the life sentence that went with it. Bembenek would then plead no contest to a lesser charge of second-degree murder and would be sentenced to 20 years in prison, reduced to time already served plus parole.

On December 9, 1992, the actors appeared in court and played their roles to perfection. "They went in and basically said, 'Hocus-pocus, mumbo jumbo,' and then they walked out," says Jim Rowen, who covered the case for *The Milwaukee Journal*. "All the reporters swarmed around Zenner out in the hall, asking him what had just happened. He said, 'Oh, she's free.'"

Relatively free, anyway. Bembenek will be under court supervision through the Nineties and needs permission to travel. The government wouldn't let her fly to Toronto to watch the shooting of the NBC miniseries in March, but it did let her go to Los Angeles for a press conference, where she stood onstage in front of the entertainment press and listened while Tatum O'Neal summed up her saga: "She's been betrayed and yet she has so much strength and so much fight in her that it's like nothing could stop her. After spending an evening with her, I was just blown away."

•

It's early March in Toronto and the cast and crew of *Woman on the Run* are trying to shoot July in Milwaukee. Inside an office building, throngs of anxious media vultures mill about the lobby, then attack as "Laurie" and her lawyer emerge through the revolving door, over and over, from several camera angles.

Upstairs in the room where the crew hangs out, a large stack of accordion cardboard folds out to reveal a shooting schedule for the production, with tersely slugged scenes grouped by days. (Day 33: Nick Receives Laurie Letter. Sex Fantasy Now Reality. Laurie Succumbs to Love. Laurie Primps for Love. Bath Better than Sex.) By the time production wraps, the crew will have spent more than 40 days on set in Toronto and North Carolina, shooting most of the American scenes in Canada and most of the Canadian scenes in the United States.

"There's a pretty clear profile of what works in TV movies," says Todd Leavitt, executive vice president of NBC Productions. "Movies tend to attract a very strong women's demographic, so a story with a strong, appealing female lead is something you always look for. Another category that always works is true crime. The story of Lawrencia Bembenek fits both of those profiles. It has a strong central woman character and it's ripped from the headlines."

Still, NBC Productions optioned the story when Bembenek was in Canada fighting extradition; there was real concern about the risks of tackling a story that didn't yet have an ending. "If she's just extradited and reincarcerated, the story kind of stops there," Leavitt says. "It becomes difficult to make a statement about her innocence. Here, the system has validated our statement. At the ending, you bite your lip a little if you truly believe in her innocence."

Of course, there are those who would argue that a plea of no contest to second-degree murder isn't much of a validation of innocence. CBS, for one, didn't buy it, thereby killing Bembenek's opportunity for an Amy Fisheresque hat trick on network TV.

"CBS said, 'She just ruined the ending for your movie. She's pleaded to second-degree murder. Therefore, she's not in fact innocent,'" says Francine LeFrak, who was set to produce the network's entry in the Bambi sweepstakes, this one based on Kris Radish's authorized biography, *Run, Bambi, Run*. "I said to the network people, 'Are you kidding? Can you imagine what a dramatic moment it is when they take the shackles off Lawrencia and she hugs her parents in front of the judge? That isn't dramatic to you? And a crawl going up the screen saying she's pleaded no contest but she's still trying to prove her innocence? That's not powerful to you? You don't get goose bumps?' And they said, 'No.'"

Some people just can't tell a heroine when they see one.

# WITCHCRAFT

*(continued from page 86)*

"Hi, Sharon," I croaked.

"I don't know why I'm calling you," she said.

I don't know why I'm calling you. The words sent tingly sensations across my scalp and down the back of my neck. Well, Sharon, maybe you don't know why you're calling, but I might have some idea.

We spoke for more than an hour, Sharon and I, and a curious thing happened. During our conversation, the rosy fog that had obscured the real Sharon since the moment she announced she wouldn't see me again began to dissipate, revealing her as I'd seen her before: as somebody who wasn't refined or subtle, as somebody who was, frankly, a little trashy.

At the end of the conversation I found I had no desire to commit to a serious future with Sharon, or even to see her again. I was miraculously cured of my obsession.

I owed it all to Harriet the witch, whose trust I had so callously compromised in the throes of my obsession. I needed to thank her, but I was afraid to confess my faithlessness. Finally summoning the courage, I picked up the phone and dialed her number.

"Harriet," I said when she answered, "I have good news. I am completely cured of my obsession with Sharon."

"Excellent," she said.

"Unfortunately," I added, "in the process of getting cured I'm afraid I, uh, violated your trust a tiny bit."

"How did you violate my trust?" she asked.

"Well," I said, "the fourth time I did the incantation, I think I may have used Sharon's name."

"You *think* you used Sharon's name," she said.

"I almost certainly used Sharon's name," I said.

"I see," she said.

"I, uh, also may have used her photograph. And a piece of her jewelry. And an article of her lingerie."

"Anything else?" she said.

"No," I said, "that's about all she left behind. Are you mad at me?"

"Would you like me to be mad at you?" she asked.

"Harriet," I said, "you're not my shrink, you're my witch. Are you mad at me for using the other stuff in the incantation or aren't you?"

"Dan," she said, "do you honestly think I believed you wouldn't use her name and other stuff in the incantation?"

"You knew I'd use it?"

She chuckled softly.

"It probably wouldn't have worked if you hadn't," she replied.

# WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY *expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 22, 26, 88–93, 120–123, 157 and 173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.*

**WIRED**

Page 22: "Where the Interactive Action Is": **Interactive television programming** by *NTN Communications*, for information, 800-755-5459. "Road Warriors": **Car security systems:** By *Peripheral Electronics*, for information, 619-695-2133. By *Hofco*, for information, 310-397-2104. By *KTK*, for information, 800-332-3355. By *Secure Products*, for information, 310-281-3132. **Smart cellular phones:** By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404. By *Alpine*, for information, 310-326-8000. "The Right Connection": **Data transmission system** by *Command Communications*, for information, 800-288-3491. "Wild Things": **Video projector** by *Fuji*, for information, 800-442-FUJI. **Camcorder** by *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. **Car stereo:** By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404.

**STYLE**

Page 26: "Call of the Wild": **Jackets:** By *Robert Stock*, at J. Rich Clothing for Men, 22 Masonic St., Northampton, MA, 413-586-6336. By *Nigel's Drape Clothing*, at Mark Shale, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-440-0720. By *Dolce & Gabbana*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. By *DKNY-Men*, at Bergdorf Goodman (Men), 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. By *Industria*, at Ron Herman Fred Segal Melrose, 8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. "Disco Redux": **Jeans:** By *Calvin Klein*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 212-695-4400. By *Silver USA*, at Urban Outfitters nationwide. By *UFO*, at Pop Icon, 202 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C., 212-229-0613. **Shirt:** By *Silenzio*, at fine department stores nationwide. By *Bon Homme*, at fine department stores nationwide. **Jacket** by *Byblos*, at fine specialty stores nationwide. "Hot Shopping: Hamptons": Mark, Fore & Strike, 516-324-1496. Carol Rollo-Riding High, 516-287-3996. Amagansett Square, 516-324-6200. Above the Potatoes, 516-324-6814. Springer's, 516-324-8840. "Clothes Line": **Sportswear** by *Patagonia*, for a catalog, 800-366-9090. **Clothing** by *Polo by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren shops nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*, for information, 800-843-4444. "AIDS Crusade": **Red ribbons:** By *James Arpad*, to order, 212-727-3100. By *Jeffrey Lawrence*, to order, 800-969-0969. By *Jo Gelbard for Art & Design*, at Kaplan Jewelers, 1196 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-944-8188.

**BEACH MUSCLE**

Pages 88–93: **Swimwear:** By *Hobie*, at International Male, 9000 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, 310-275-0285. By *Mossimo Inc.*, at Luke's, 3607 Oak Lawn, Dallas, 214-528-1290. By *Island Trading Co.*, at the Marlin Hotel, 1200 Collins Ave., Miami Beach, FL, 305-673-8770. By *Newport Blue*, at fine department stores nationwide. By *Ocean Pacific*, for store locations, 800-899-6775. **Personal watercraft:** By *Kawasaki*, for authorized dealers, 800-661-RIDE. By *Bombadier Sea-Doo*, for authorized dealers, 800-882-2900. By *Arctco*, for dealer locations, 218-681-4999. By *Yamaha*, for authorized dealers, 800-442-2282. By *Polaris*, for authorized dealers, 800-POLARIS. **Personal flotation devices:** By *Jet Pilot*, for store locations, 800-487-4568. By *Body Glove International*, at Riva Yamaha, 3801 N. Dixie Hwy., Pompano Beach, FL, 305-785-4820.

**PLAYBOY COLLECTION**

Pages 120–123: **Microcassette recorder** by *Olympus*, for authorized dealers, 800-221-3000. **VCR** by *Samsung*, at Tops, Route 3 West, Secaucus, NJ, 210-902-6900. **Nylon bags** by *Ogio*, for store locations, 800-922-1944. **Pens** by *Montblanc*, for store locations, 800-995-4810. **Talking translator** by *Dictiomatic*, to order, 800-827-7859. **Bicycle helmet** by *Bell Sports*, for local bike shops, 800-456-BELL. **Keyboard** by *Kawai*, to order, 800-421-2177. **Video tracking system** by *Parker Vision*, for dealer locations, 800-532-8034. **Camcorder** by *JVC Company of America*, for information, 800-252-5722.

**PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WAVE JUMPING**

Page 157: **Sport goggles** by *Uvex*, to order, 800-431-2204. **Wet suits:** By *Jet Pilot*, for store locations, 800-487-4568. By *Ronny*, for information, 800-263-5723. By *Mobby's*, for dealer locations, 800-347-1010. By *Slippery When Wet*, to order, 800-647-4799. **Personal watercraft** by *Laser Jet Performance*, for dealer locations, 714-895-3329.

**ON THE SCENE**

Page 173: **Wide-screen televisions:** By *RCA*, for information, 800-336-1900. By *Panasonic*, for information, 201-348-9090. By *JVC Company of America*, for information, 800-252-5722. By *Philips*, for information, 800-221-5649.

# WE HEAT UP WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

# PLAYBOY At Night

## Hugh Hefner's Once Upon a Time

Follow the remarkable psychological travelogue of the man, his life and the making of the PLAYBOY empire.

## 1993 Playmate of the Year

...And your GUESS is correct. Meet the newest sensation and see why gentlemen prefer blondes!

## 101 Ways to Excite Your Lover

Learn how to enhance your erogenous zones through a deep exploration of sensory experiences. Guaranteed to add a new dimension in your sexual excitement!

**All month long, be sure to tune in to these exclusive Playboy cable programs —and so much more!**

**July on Playboy TV.**

**Call your local cable operator to order.**

© 1993 Playboy. All Rights Reserved.

# HDTV UPDATE

It's been like listening to a Red Sox fan. We were told that 1993 was to be the year for high-definition television. Instead, it seems to be turning into another Bill Buckner bounce. In case you haven't heard, HDTV is the television system that's been under discussion since 1987. With it you get a movie-theater-like wide-screen television image and CD-quality sound. The only problem is that HDTV is currently on the disabled list.

Earlier this year the Advisory Committee on Advanced TV Service was scheduled to pick the winner of its HDTV technical contest and recommend it for approval by the Federal Communications Commission. In effect, this new system would be the standard for all TV video signals, dramatically changing television programming. But after a year and a half of rigorous testing, the advisory committee determined in February that none of the proposed systems was recommended and ordered everyone back to the drawing board. Here's a brief explanation of how all this came about.

Originally, the HDTV battle was among 23 systems from 14 electronics groups. By July 1991 this was whittled down to five teams, each with its own method of transmitting high-definition signals. The prize? Billions of dollars in royalties as the world moved away from the current 40-year-old TV standard to the digital HDTV era. The companies involved in the final shootout included some of the biggest names in electronics—AT&T, RCA, Philips, NBC, MIT, Zenith, General Instrument and NHK, Japan's national broadcasting company. When the smoke cleared in February, NHK was eliminated because it used an analog system rather than a digital one. The remaining companies were then asked by committee chairman Richard Wiley to form a "grand alliance" so the final system would feature the best aspects of each. In the meantime, the competing companies are attempting to develop "new and improved" HDTV systems. The head of the test center, Peter Fannon, told us that the upgraded systems began another round of testing in April. Since each series of tests takes about six weeks, it will be late 1993 before they're completed. Consequently, the optimistic scenario for FCC approval (barring legal challenges) is 1994, with a limited number of HDTV sets appearing in stores two years later.

So when can you expect to watch the World Series on HDTV? Possibly three years after approval if you live in a big city, six years if you live in the boonies, or somewhere in between if you subscribe to certain cable or satellite services.

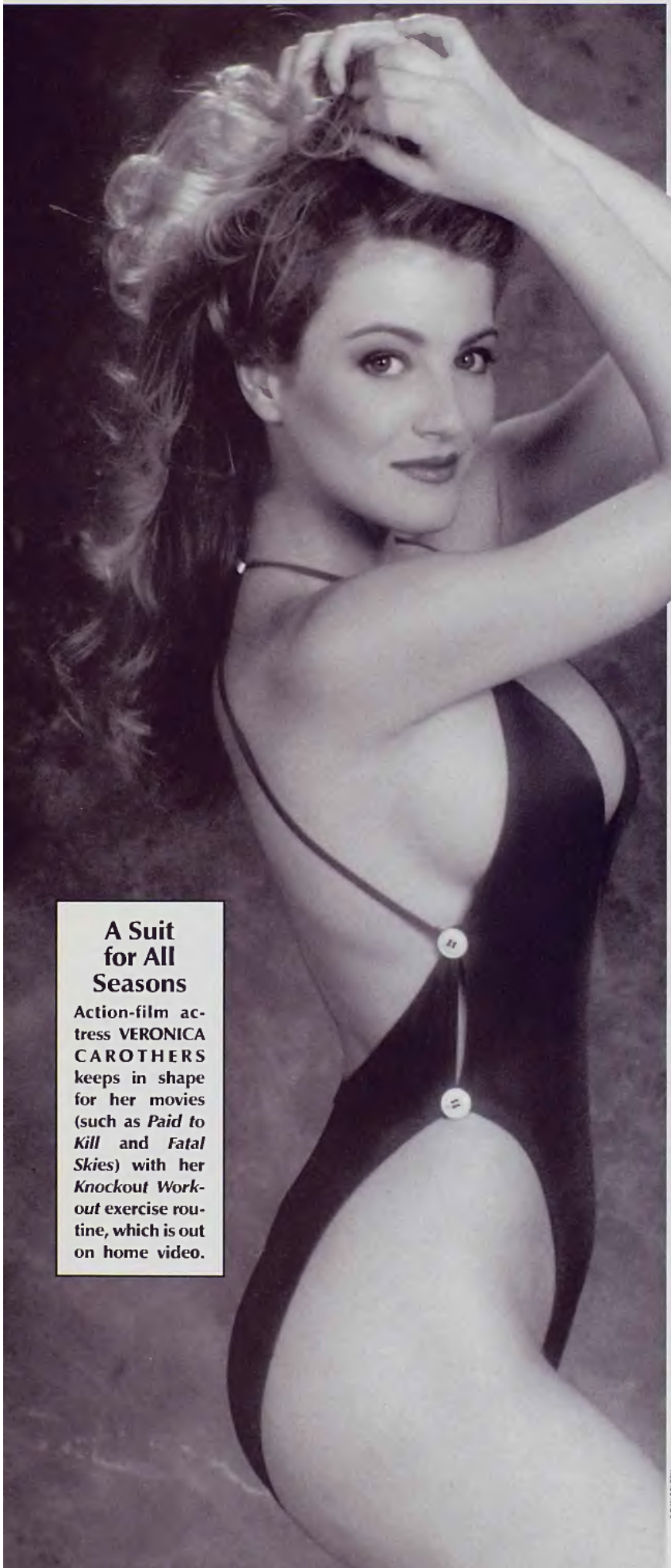
While some bemoan HDTV's delay, there's a way—right now—to get an experience that's fairly close. It's called wide-screen, or 16-to-9 ratio (the proportion of a theater movie screen), television. RCA just introduced the first wide-screen TV set compatible with today's video signals. Although the styling is unique, it's the screen that makes the set stand out. On the $4500 tube, you'll be able to watch letterboxed movies without the annoying black lines on the top and bottom of the screen. There are more than 600 letterboxed films you can enjoy simply by hooking up a laser disc player or VCR to the set. Plus, cable stations are getting into the act: Turner Network Television and American Movie Classics hold wide-screen film festivals, and MTV and VH-1 show letterboxed music videos regularly. When you're not watching wide-screen entertainment, the RCA set and its sibling, the Pro Scan 34190, also have digital tricks built in. For example, you can enlarge the traditional 4-to-3 TV image to wide-screen size, or use the picture-outside-picture function to view one program in standard size plus three others stacked vertically in the screen's unused space.

**RCA's 34" Cinema Screen TV set, shown above, has a 16-to-9 picture tube, six speakers, both picture-in-picture and picture-outside-picture, plus a space for your VCR or laser disc player, $4500.**

Will your wide-screen TV be upgradable to HDTV? Possibly, but since RCA executives and other electronics insiders don't know which system will be adopted and how costly a resulting upgrade would be, they aren't making a commitment. Still, most of the industry is supporting the wide-screen format. Panasonic, JVC and Philips will have 16-to-9 sets on the market by the end of the summer, priced between $4500 and $6000. And Sharp and other companies are considering offering versions later this year. In short, wide-screen sets may not be high-definition television, but they're here now and they can deliver a home theater experience that's worth the price of admission.

—DAVID ELRICH

Where & How to Buy on page 171.



© DAN GOLDEN

## A Suit for All Seasons

Action-film actress VERONICA CAROTHERS keeps in shape for her movies (such as *Paid to Kill* and *Fatal Skies*) with her *Knockout Workout* exercise routine, which is out on home video.

© LISA O'CONNER/CELEBRITY PHOTO

## Celine Undercovered

CELINE DION has a platinum LP on the charts, a couple of hit singles, a slew of Canadian Juno awards (you know, like Grammys) and an outfit that leaves little to the imagination. Celine's smiling. So are we.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC

## It's Never Dark Before This Dawn

P.M. DAWN have two reasons to cheer: their LP *The Bliss Album?* and a cut on the *CB4* soundtrack called *The Nocturnal Is in the House*. These Anglophiles, Beatles lovers and pop mystics bring unexpected samples to rap. Listen up.

## The Son Also Rises

Musician IVAN NEVILLE has perfect bloodlines (his father, Aaron, and talented uncles) and rock credentials (playing with Keith Richards). Who could ask for more?

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

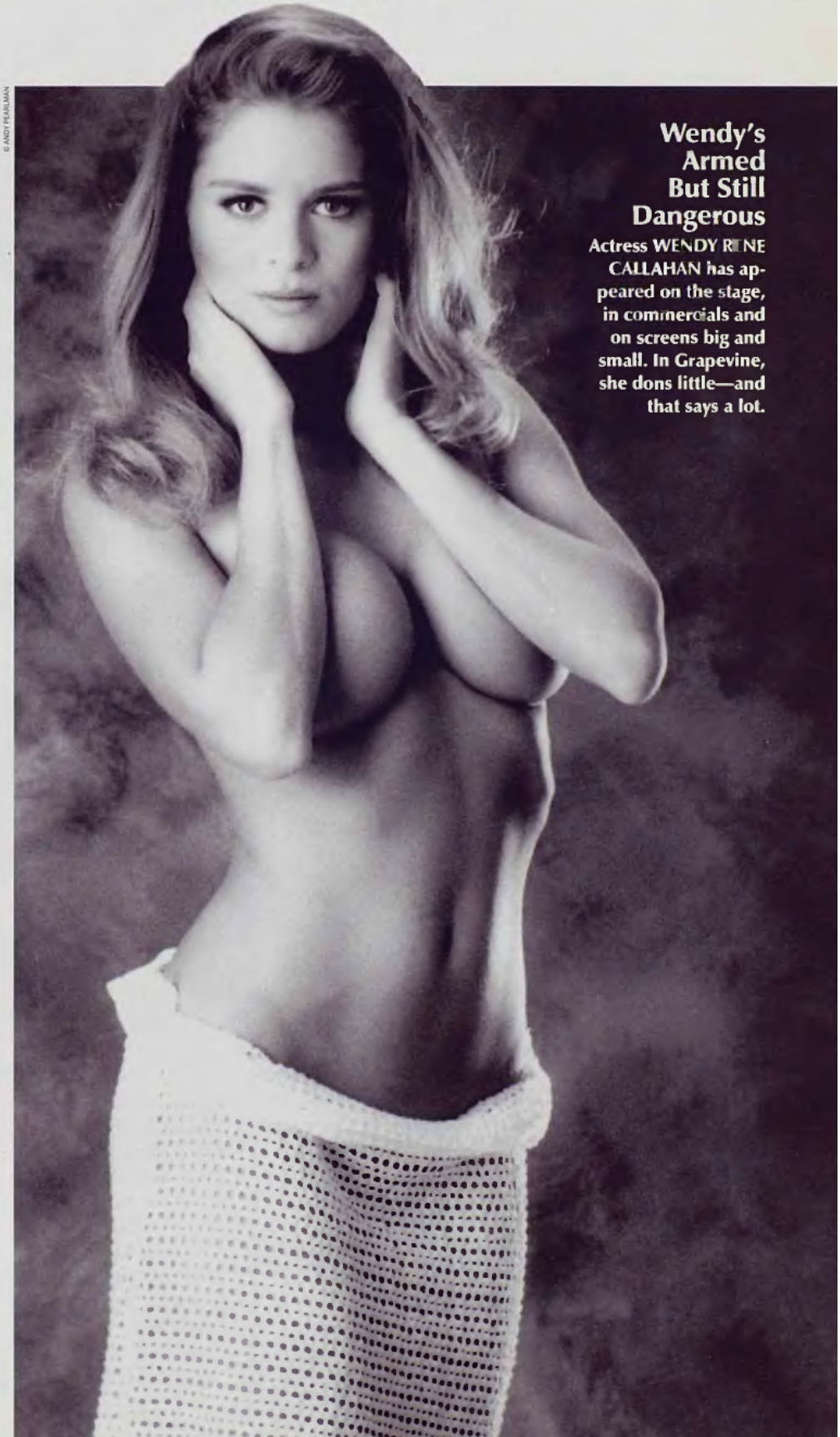
## Soul Brothers

A tour with the X-Pensive Winos, a shot on *Saturday Night Live* and good sales of *Grave Dancers Union*: SOUL ASYLUM is an overnight success ten years later. Who says Minneapolis belongs to Prince alone?

JEFF HYMAN

## Hot Top and Cool Bottom

Model and calendar girl LINDA HOPPER is also the queen of jeans. She did some national commercials for Jordache and Cavaricci. To celebrate summer, Linda does jeans—short—for the fun of it. We're delighted.



© ANDY FRAILMAN

## Wendy's Armed But Still Dangerous

Actress WENDY RENE CALLAHAN has appeared on the stage, in commercials and on screens big and small. In Grapevine, she dons little—and that says a lot.

### OTTO PREMINGER, WE PRESUME?

So now you have a camcorder and a VCR, but your productions still look like something *America's Funniest Home Videos* would reject? Then check out the *Video & Video Editing How-To Book*, a 524-page loose-leaf guide that even Bob Saget could understand. Chalange Sales, P.O. Box 31086, St. Louis, Missouri 63131 sells it for $56, postpaid. Chapter updates will be available for $10 to $25 as technology changes. Your move, C.B. Rolling on stage one.

### SPOT TO BE COOL

Yes, the laid-back character in black sunglasses pictured here is Cool Spot, the 7UP character that Virgin Games has brought to life for the Sega Genesis Entertainment System. According to Virgin, gamesters will travel through 11 levels of carbonated adventure while firing effervescent shots at bad guys. And if you don't keep Cool Spot moving, he'll give you attitude. Cool Spot's price is cool, too—about $55.

### HOT TUB TO GO

Sorry all you $60-an-hour plumbers, Westbrook Sales Group in Greensboro, North Carolina has introduced a 150-gallon three-ply PVC hot tub that measures 6'5" in diameter and inflates anywhere there's an electrical outlet or adequate generator. Think of it as a spa in a bag. You just plug in the tub's air compressor, toss in a hose and—voilà—45 minutes later it's bubbles and bubbly time. (The same compressor also pumps the tub dry.) The price: $1200, postpaid. For more information, call 919-373-0700.

### UNIVERSAL THRILLS

Universal Studios Hollywood is introducing Back to the Future: The Ride this summer. If you've ever wanted to blast through space, thunder through caverns, crevasses and canyons of jagged ice, collide with a glacier, free-fall down volcanic tunnels afire with molten lava and fly through the mouth of a tyrannosaur while aboard a DeLorean time-travel car, this is the experience for you. Plus, you'll be enthralled by images on a seven-story-tall, 70mm hemispherical screen with multichannel sound and be subjected to kinetic motions so exhilarating that "studio guests' senses will continue to move long after the ride is over." Rocketing through space in a DeLorean? Jumping gigawatts! That takes guts.

## FIVE-STAR EYED

Mobil Travel Guides recently announced its coveted Five-Star Award restaurant winners for 1993. The good news is that Le Français, a French restaurant situated just a cork pop away from our offices, in Wheeling, Illinois, is back on the list along with Los Angeles' Hotel Bel-Air (illustrated below). Off-trail winners include the Quail Lodge in Carmel, California; The Inn at Little Washington in Washington, Virginia; Tall Timber, a remote resort near Durango, Colorado; the C Lazy U Ranch in Granby, Colorado; and Harralds, a restaurant in Stormville, New York that you know doesn't do takeout.

## PAINTED BUD FOR YOU

Now there's a good reason to drink Bud Dry in bars as well as at home. Its new on-premise, long-neck bottle features a distinctive white-and-blue painted version of the brand's vertical label. In fact, the bottle is so good-looking, we discovered one secretary in our office using her empty as a bud vase. (Get it? Bud vase?) Bud Dry for home consumption will retain the paper label.

## PUTTING THE NATURAL WAY

The Natural Golf putter has some interesting things going for it: a large square grip to allow maximum contact with your dominant palm, even weight distribution in the small putter head, center shafting for less twist, dynamic balance for a smooth stroke and zero loft for a true roll. According to the manufacturer, Natural Golf Company in Bartlett, Illinois, all this gives you a putter you control "with your natural subconscious stroke." For only $75, postpaid, we'll try it. Want to order one quick? Call 312-845-3353 and ask for Luke Brennan.

## CARRY ON, TRAVELER

The Packasport System company in Bend, Oregon wants to send you packing—in style. It manufactures five different-sized fiberglass rooftop storage boxes designed to augment the cargo capacity of a typical car or truck. Each box attaches to a standard roof rack or truck ladder, and the containers are lockable, waterproof and long enough to house even cross-country skis. Prices range from $495 to $895. Call 800-359-9870 for a brochure.

## BETTY GOES NATIVE

Reproductions of classic Betty Page memorabilia continue to appear, fueled in part by our recent coverage of her. The latest is a copy of a 1954 comic book, *Betty Page in Jungleland*, that's filled with black-and-white photos—plus a color center spread pictured here—of Betty in an animal-skin bikini surviving some of the perils of Africa, including a pair of prowling cheetahs and some decidedly unfriendly natives. The photography is by the famous pinup shooter Bunny Yeager. *Jungleland* is available from Conquest Press, 14629 SW 104th Street, Suite 244, Miami, Florida 33186, for $5.50, postpaid.

# NEXT MONTH

TAIL TALES

BASIC BLACK

FAMILY FUN

LIFE PRESERVERS

**OUTLAW HEAD AND TAIL**—A BOUNCER WITH A PENCHANT FOR *BONANZA* IS IN BIG TROUBLE WHEN HE VIDEOTAPES THE CARTWRIGHT CLAN OVER HIS WIFE'S SONOGRAM—FICTION BY **GEORGE SINGLETON**

**SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE AIRPLANE**—AN IN-FLIGHT PRINCE CHARMING LONGS TO SHARE THE RAREFIED AIR OF HIS BEAUTIFUL SEATMATE EN ROUTE FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK—FICTION BY **GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ**

**HOLLY TOMOLLY**—OUR FAVORITE ANARCHIST TALKS ABOUT LIFE WITH HIS IRREPRESSIBLE BUNDLE OF PSYCHOTECHNIC JOY IN A ROLLICKING ACCOUNT OF FATHERHOOD—BY **PAUL KRASSNER**

**THE MYTH OF MALE POWER**—THE SECOND EXCERPT FROM **WARREN FARRELL'S** NEW BOOK ON MASCULINITY. PLUS **OUR BODIES, OUR SHELVES,** A MEN'S GUIDE TO WOMEN WHO READ BOOKS ABOUT MEN—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

**SCOTT TUROW,** AMERICA'S PREEMINENT LAWYER-NOVELIST, PONDERS LEGALIZED DRUGS, SEXUAL HARASSMENT DEVOID OF SEX AND THROWS THE BOOK AT OUR JUDICIAL SYSTEM IN A PROVOCATIVE 20 QUESTIONS

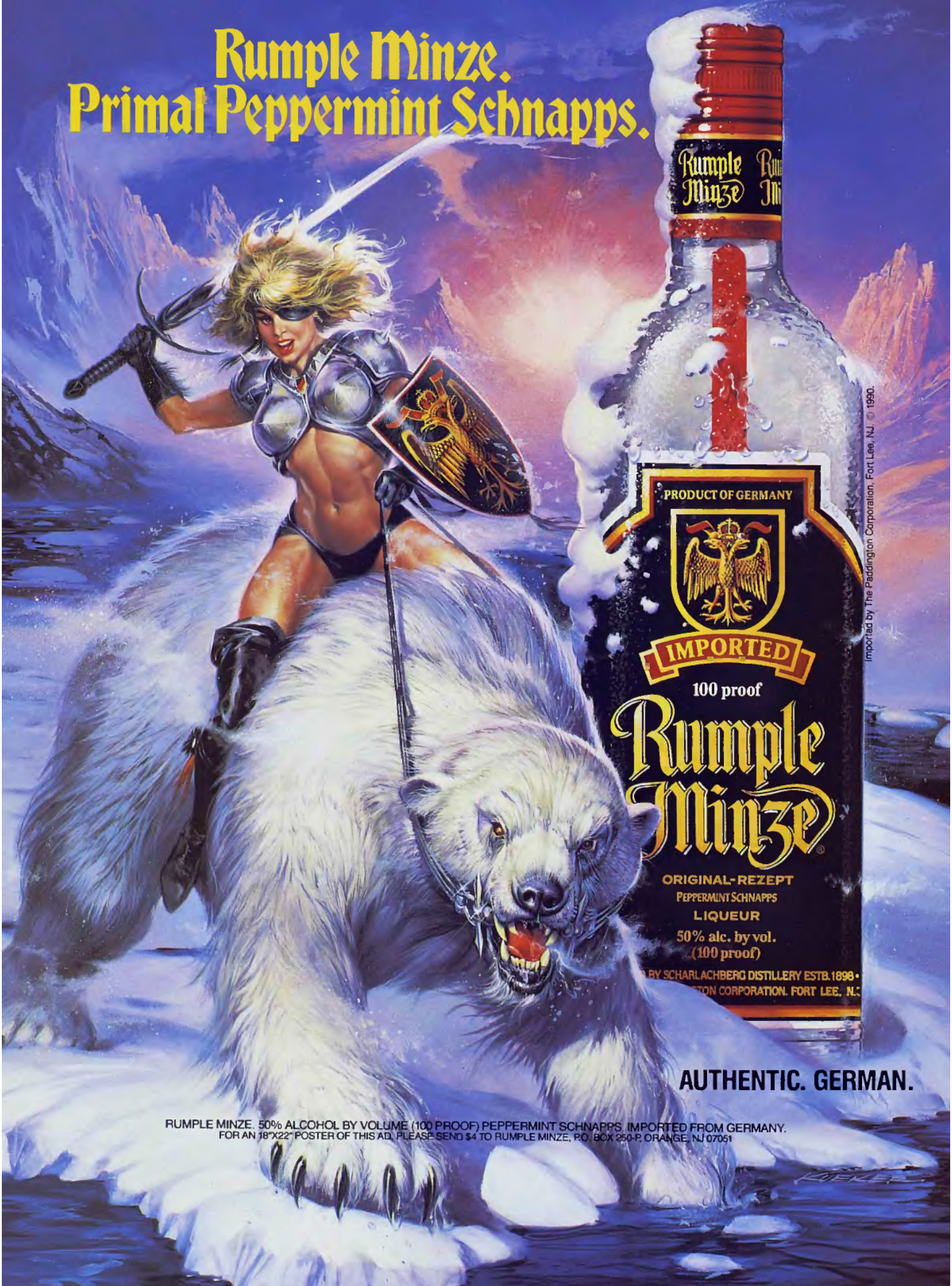
**THE REPRESSION THAT KILLS**—A STARTLING LOOK AT THE TIES BETWEEN HOMICIDAL SADISM AND SEXUAL REPRESSION—BY FORMER MANHATTAN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND CRIME WRITER **DAVID HEILBRONER**

**DAN AYKROYD,** BLUES BROTHER, GHOSTBUSTER AND KILLER BEE, GOES EN CONE AND REVEALS HIS PERSONAL SIDE IN A WILD AND CRAZY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

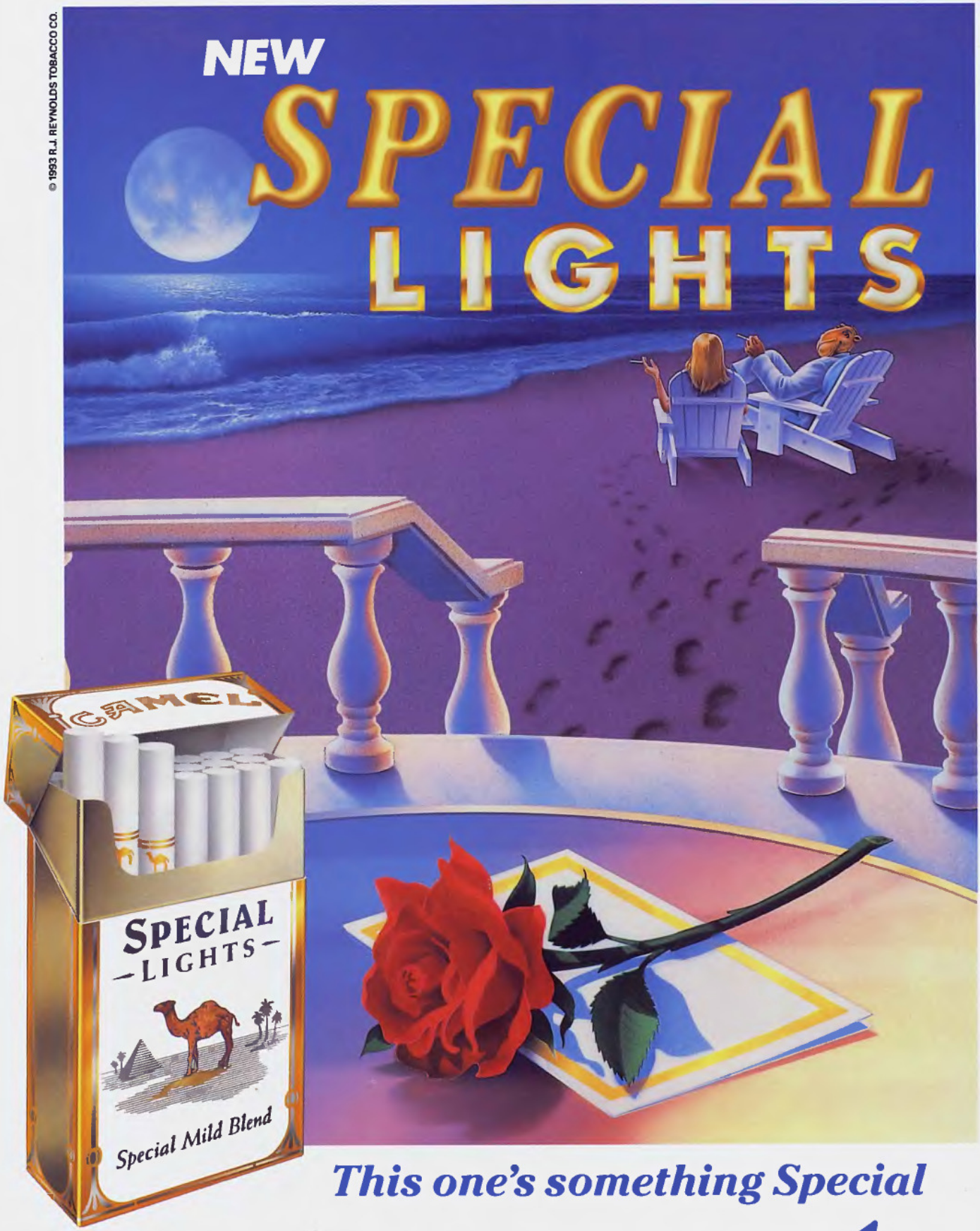
**DOCTOR, DOCTOR, WHAT IS THE NEWS?**—WHILE HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON WRESTLES WITH AMERICA'S HEALTH CARE SYSTEM IN WASHINGTON, **JONATHAN GREENBERG** COMES UP WITH SOME CANNY IDEAS ABOUT REFORM

**ERIC BOGOSIAN,** STREETWISE PUNDIT AND CONSUMMATE PERFORMANCE ARTIST, COMES CLEAN ABOUT THE STRANGE APPEAL OF A FEMALE-ORDERED DESTINY IN A MANTRACK GUEST OPINION

**PLUS: JEFF GOLDBLUM,** STAR OF *JURASSIC PARK*, IN FASHIONABLE BLACK; PLAYMATE **JENNIFER LAVOIE;** THOSE EXCLUSIVE SMALL-BATCH BOURBONS; A MOM AND HER DAUGHTERS; CD STORAGE UNITS; AND TEN HEART-STOPPING PAGES ON LADY LIFEGUARDS


Rumple Minze.
Primal Peppermint Schnapps.
Rumple Minze
PRODUCT OF GERMANY
IMPORTED
100 proof
Rumple Minze
ORIGINAL-REZEPT
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
LIQUEUR
50% alc. by vol.
(100 proof)
BY SCHARLACHBERG DISTILLERY ESTB. 1898
Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ. © 1990.
AUTHENTIC. GERMAN.
RUMPLE MINZE. 50% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (100 PROOF) PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY.
FOR AN 18"X22" POSTER OF THIS AD, PLEASE SEND $4 TO RUMPLE MINZE, P.O. BOX 250-P, ORANGE, NJ 07051

© 1993 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.




***This one's something Special***

11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Joe

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.